PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE F

AUGUST 1980 **$2.50**

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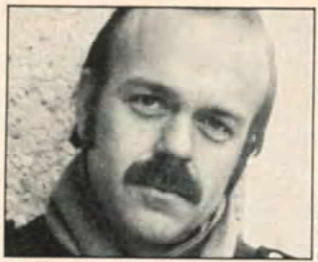
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HOUSECALL

Inflation has now reached an effective rate of 25 percent, and the end is not in sight—not, that is, unless the Carter administration manages to reduce rising costs by plunging us into another Great Depression. Clearly, something is terribly, if not fundamentally, wrong. But, according to **James Dale Davidson** in "The Planned Destruction of the Dollar" (page 54), inflation could have been avoided. In a secret meeting in 1910 at the estate of J. P. Morgan at Jekyll Island, Ga., Morgan and some of the other most powerful bankers and politicians in the country (including Sen. Nelson Aldrich, grandfather of David Rockefeller) drafted the infamous Federal Reserve Act of 1913, which allowed the government, contrary to tradition, to print money not backed by gold. "Despite all the wars and innumerable inflationary banking 'bubbles,'" writes Davidson, whose latest book, *The Squeeze*, has just been published by Summit Books, "the dollar in 1913 was worth as much as it had been in 1813. The dollar remained a sound money because the government could not create additional dollars beyond what the people really wanted." But the Federal Reserve Act changed all that. Politicians and bankers are now able to enrich themselves by printing geometrically increasing amounts of valueless paper money, to the point where today's dollar is worth only one-eighth as much as a Confederate dollar.

The brutal moral bankruptcy of the medical establishment is once again exposed by **Gary Null** and **Leonard Steinman** in the sixth of our relentless series of articles on "The Politics of Cancer" (page 72). This is the story of Dr. Josef Issels, whose cancer clinic in Bavaria became the target of a far-reaching campaign of political harassment and denunciation by the scientific community. Issels was blacklisted, the authors report, not because he committed any crime but because "he refused to conform to conventional medicine's narrow concept about how cancer should be treated." Incredibly, the fact that three independent studies have confirmed a 16.6 percent cure rate lasting more than five years among all the *terminal* cancer patients treated by Issels (a claim that no other doctor or hospital in the world can make) has not diminished the establishment's war against Issels. But judging from the overwhelming response we've had to Gary Null's series of articles on alternative cancer therapies, we expect that public outrage will insure that Issels's treatment will be properly tested in the scientific arena, instead of being yet another subject of an establishment vendetta.

The late Supreme Court justice William O. Douglas, who died earlier this year, would certainly have approved of *Penthouse*'s challenge to the medical establishment—or any other establishment, for that matter. Doctors assured Douglas's family, when he was just three years old, that polio had made the boy a permanent cripple and that he would be lucky to live to the age of 40. Fortunately, Douglas didn't listen to them, and he spent much of his childhood forcing his limbs back into full use through hiking and mountain climbing. He lived to be 81. In "The Last American" (page 120), **Nat Hentoff** (author of *The First Freedom*, recently published by Delacorte) celebrates this great public servant. "Bill Douglas's value to the nation," says Hentoff, "was far more than as a jurist. He was the last of the truly great men in public life. . . . Our officials are smooth, small in scope, fearful of being too controversial, tailoring their principles to polls. And on the High Court, the majority now treats the First Amendment as if it must be steadily cut down." Douglas believed that *all* speech and writing was protected by the First Amendment, not simply political speech and writing. As our freedoms grow increasingly diminished, we should remember what Douglas said in 1972: "Since when have we Americans been expected to bow submissively to authority and speak with awe and reverence to those who represent us? . . . We who have the final word can speak softly or angrily. We can seek to challenge and annoy, as we need not stay docile and quiet."

This month's interview subject, **Charlton Heston**, specializes in portraying great men—he has been Moses, El Cid, Marc Antony, Henry VIII, Michelangelo, Andrew Jackson, and many, many others. As Heston told interviewer **Lawrence Linderman** (page 106), although "you could hardly pick men more different from one another . . . I found that the one quality they all shared was energy, plus a passionate capacity to focus that energy." Heston is not too happy with the current Hollywood "preoccupation with the victim," which, he says, "reflects an anxiety, a loss of confidence, a feeling of inadequacy." And while he has nothing but praise for fellow Oscar-winner Dustin Hoffman, Heston is emphatic about their differences: "I want to make it clear that I think Dustin Hoffman is a brilliant, brilliant actor who's made some marvelous films—and I also want to make it clear that I think Michelangelo is a much more interesting man than Ratso Rizzo."

And you'll find much more in this issue to help you while away the lazy summer hours: "The Child Pornographer," by Pulitzer-prize winner **William Sherman**, a true story from his new book *Times Square* (which will be published soon by Bantam); the exciting conclusion of **Tom Eyen**'s "Weeds," in which a political dynasty meets disaster (page 78); award-winning artist **Danny Maffia**'s instructions—in the style of Leonardo da Vinci—on how to play darts (page 113), with text by **Bill Lee**; and, of course, extraspecial, extra cool pictorial Pets, to help make this summer one you'll long remember.

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AUGUST

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Memory lane

We are two 21-year-old females who both attend small colleges at opposite ends of the country. Neither of us ever thought we'd have the occasion to write to "Penthouse Forum" until recently, when we spent our spring breaks together. Our names are Sue and Shelley, and we became best friends during our junior year abroad in England. Sue and I immediately established a bond—we both shared the same high-caliber sense of humor, similar academic experiences, and, later on, the same man. But it wasn't until this year, when Sue flew out to visit me at my college on the West Coast, that the latter experience occurred.

My boyfriend, Bill, came with me to pick up Sue at the airport. Later, when Sue was unpacking, she confided in me that she had always thought Bill was cute, and that a year's separation hadn't lessened her feelings. At first, I didn't take any notice of this remark, but later that evening, after having one of our sorely missed "girl talks," I asked her how she would feel about engaging in a threesome. I confessed to her that both Bill and I had been feeling a little bored with our love life; perhaps the addition of my petite brunette friend would spice things up a bit.

We conceived a plan: we would invite Bill over for a drink and a trip down "Memory Lane." Sue and I prepared numerous surprises for this special evening. For starters, Sue had underneath her slinky dress a pair of black-and-red-lace garters. A black bra, visible through my sheer white dress, barely concealed my large yet firm boobs. We tied some cords to the bedposts of my huge double bed, we set up the bar, and rolled a sufficient number of joints to last us the better part of the evening. So, when Bill knocked on my door, we were already wet with anticipation and excitement.

After a few drinks, Sue broke the ice by stretching sensuously on the fur bedspread. I lay down next to her and beckoned Bill to join us. We knew that our plan was not going to fail when we noticed the conspicuous bulge in his crotch.

"O God," he murmured, upon realizing our obvious intentions. "Shelley . . ."

"Don't speak," I interrupted him. "Just lie back and enjoy."

Sue worked on removing Bill's tight jeans while I thrust my tongue into his mouth. Soon Bill was naked, and Sue and I started fervently licking his tanned body. A clear drop of semen appeared on the tip of his turgid member.

"It's for you, girls," Bill said. "Which one of you is thirstier?"

We disputed the privilege of sucking his gorgeous cock, and happily I won. This was my specialty; my mouth music was a guarantee of ecstasy.

Meanwhile Sue let her dress drop to the floor and then straddled Bill's face. He cupped her soft buttocks in both hands and proceeded to lap up her natural nectar greedily. We then changed positions; Bill and I got into a 69 while Sue got a handful of ice from the bar and applied it to his balls. We soon had come on the rocks.

After recovering, Bill lit a joint and leaned back, inhaling deeply. Sue and I looked at each other, and a mutual agreement was silently reached. Then I dropped my lips to her stiffened nipple. She caressed my hair and moaned softly, delighting in my delicate touch. Inspired by her positive response, I painted graceful patterns with my tongue down to her silken snatch. She began to writhe as I darted my tongue over her engorged clit. My face was getting wet with her wine, but I continued nibbling and, at the same time, thrust two long-nailed fingers into her glistening cavern. By now her moans had crescendoed, and her hips were gyrating. Suddenly her body became taut, and with a final, convulsive shudder, she gave herself up to the ultimate pleasure.

All this time Bill had been watching us and now began to stroke his once-again rock-hard rod.

"C'mere," he growled, "and sit on this." He grabbed me from between Sue's dripping thighs and thrust his shaft into my eager box. Pumping madly, our pelvises danced into a frenzied orgasm. But that wasn't enough. He flipped me over onto my stomach, raised my hot butt up to meet his still-pulsating penis, and spread my cheeks. Sue applied some Vaseline to Bill's member, and he slid it in. I tensed, as I had never experienced his full nine inches in this particular opening. With Sue underneath me, skillfully running her tongue around my moistened clitoris, I relaxed, and Bill drove his way to another spurting climax.

Now Sue pleaded with us to tie her up. Bill took her hands and firmly secured them to the bedposts. I forced her long legs apart, and Bill took his place between them, burying his face into her muff. I maneuvered myself between the firm mounds of his ass and licked his

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pursed rosebud while cupping his tightening scrotum in his hands.

"God, yes! Eat me deep. Oh! There, that's it!" panted Sue. Straining against the ropes that held her, her body rose against Bill's face, and she erupted in a tumultuous climax. I then shoved my finger up Bill's ass hole, and this proved to be too much: burrowing ever deeper between Sue's legs, he let go a silvery stream of tepid semen.

By now we were all exhausted but fully satisfied. Bill made the brilliant suggestion of ordering out for a pizza, and as I dialed the phone number, we joked about how nothing was going to compare with the eating out we had just done.—*Name and address withheld*

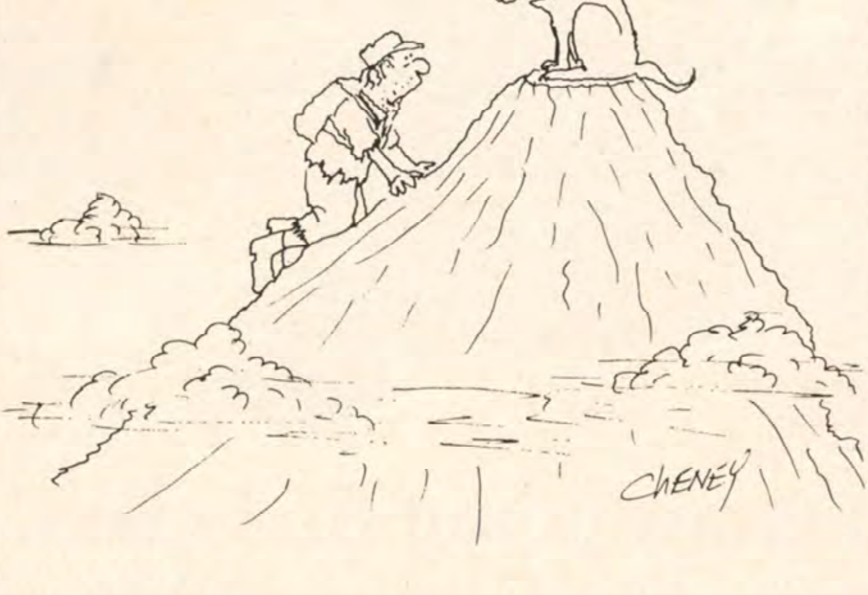
Whistling Dixie

I am currently in my fourth year of college at a prestigious university in the South. Until recently my sex life was nothing to brag about, but this past weekend it was so incredible I thought it should be in the "Forum." This past weekend my fraternity had its annual Formal Weekend, which is patterned after old southern tradition.

After a few strong mint juleps at the dance, I felt myself growing hornier and hornier as I stared at the deep, tanned valley formed by my date's low-cut gown. Dressed as a general in the old Confederate Army, I felt I should set an example to my men and press home any advantage, and so I did with the next dance. Responding to the rising battle flag between my legs, I maneuvered my date into a secluded back room. As my hands roamed under her gown, massaging her magnificent mammaries, her hand found my zipper and she unsheathed my saber. With a moan she dropped to her knees and engulfed my pulsating member, deep-throating me in a way that would have made Stonewall Jackson crumble. With her hot little tongue running up and down the length of my eight-inch shaft, it wasn't long before she was able to cause my cannon to fire its barrage of creamy jism into her waiting mouth.

Suddenly, we heard someone coming. With no time to holster my love pistol, I quickly dove underneath my startled date's hoop skirt, which was so wide I could easily remain hidden beneath it. With my face now inches away from my own Scarlett O'Hara's golden honey pot, the unmistakable scent of female love juice was almost overpowering. As Liz stammered a reply to the intruding couple's innocent inquiries, I quickly lowered her thoroughly soaked panties, revealing her heavenly Old Soldier's Home. Tara was never so plush!

As my eager tongue quickly found her hot love button, Liz had to bite her lip to suppress her moans of ecstasy, lest my presence be revealed. In her excitement she had two orgasms in five minutes, drenching my face with her secretions.



"What did you expect? Life is *a royal bitch."*

We left the dance early and went back to my room for some of the best straight fucking I've ever had. Old South rose again—three times, in fact—as Liz and I balled until sunrise. Now, when I whistle Dixie a lot, you'll know why!—*K. R., Durham, N.C.*

Wonderful love

I've been in love with Andy for almost four years now, and our lovemaking seems to get more exciting each time we make love. The other night we had a session that left my whole body tingling for days after.

After kissing me and cuddling for a while, he got out a soft, thick rope, and with it he tied my wrists together and then tied them to the headboard of my bed. In my mind I was going crazy with anticipation of what he was going to do to me. Being tied to the bed and totally overpowered by my sweet lover is a fantasy of mine that Andy has made a very real and very exciting reality. He has total control over my naked body. I can already feel him teasing me to one heavenly orgasm after another.

I can feel his warm body next to mine, and for the next few moments he just looks at me, his eyes meet mine, and I can almost feel them talking to me. I felt as if they were saying, "I love you." He starts touching my face. I love it when he does this. His hands are so gentle, so loving, I feel like I'm floating on clouds. With his hand caressing my cheek, he moves closer, and his lips meet mine with soft, warm kisses and then more soft kisses all over my face. I want to throw my arms around him and squeeze him with all my might, but my hands are tied to the bed, and I can't get loose. He's devouring me with kisses, moving ever so slowly down my neck to my breasts. I'm watching his soft, wet tongue licking my nipple, making it hard and erect. I see my nipple disappear into his mouth, and he sucks it long and hard. My whole body is aching for more, my breathing is getting faster and faster, and soon I'm moaning in ecstasy and wanting more of his licking and sucking and kissing.

He sees that I'm really turned on now, and he starts talking, telling me what he's going to do to me. That really drives me wild! I can actually feel every word he says. "I'm going to lick you out," he says. With that my moans of pleasure get louder." "Oh, yes, do it. Do it!" I say to him. My pussy starts aching for his tongue. I can already feel the warmth and wetness flowing between my legs. He spreads my legs apart, and his fingers start caressing my mound. Gently parting the lips of my cunt, his fingers slide inside, searching out my clit. My buttocks tighten, pushing my pussy upward as if it's begging for more. His fingers are exploring every crevice, massaging every pleasure spot. He knows exactly where to touch to drive me mad with passion.

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He has one finger massaging my clit and another sliding in and out of my now dripping-wet cunt.

I know I'm going to explode any minute, and so does he. So, without wasting one precious second, his head is between my legs, and his warm, wet tongue now replaces the finger on my clit. Now I lose all awareness of everything except that delicious feeling between my legs. His tongue is licking and teasing my clit and then sliding in and out of me. It feels so wet, so soft, and so very, very warm. My whole body is going crazy, my hands are still tied to the bed, and the feelings going through me are unbelievable. Being tied up while he's devouring my pussy is making every part of me go wild. I can feel my clit getting hard and ever so sensitive to his licking, my pussy is dripping wet, and I want him to fuck me, but instead he takes out a hard rubber dildo that looks just like a real cock. He lubricates it with oil, spreads open my pussy with his fingers, and slides this rubber cock deep inside me.

It's cold at first but warms up very fast inside me. Then it starts vibrating. He's still licking my clit while pushing this vibrating cock in and out of me. My whole pussy is pulsating, tingling, and sending sparks all over me. The feeling is so fantastic I'm hitting one orgasm after another. I'm sure I'll scream any second. He moves his body around till we're in a 69 position, his legs straddling my face. His cock looks huge, and I wrap my lips around its head. It feels so smooth and warm against my tongue. I slowly suck his whole shaft deep into my mouth. I can feel it growing harder and thicker as I suck on it as hard as I can. His cock is fucking my mouth faster and faster, my tongue is licking his warm cock all over, his juices are uncontrollable and seeping out, and I'm sucking in every drop.

The warm skin of his cock is getting so tight I think it will burst any minute. He puts an electric vibrator on my clit to replace his tongue so that he can turn and watch me suck on his cock. He says he loves to watch me, and I love it, too! This new vibrator on my clit is driving me crazy, and I start desperately trying to get loose from my bonds with no success. He pulls his now rock-hard cock out of my mouth, throws my legs over his shoulders, and rams that beautiful cock deep inside my cunt. I scream with sheer delight as my cunt swallows up all his wonderful hardness. Andy is talking again, his words are full of lust, and I love them. "That's where my cock belongs. Want it deeper?" he says, and with that he plunges his cock deep inside me, so deep I feel like he's splitting me in half. He lowers my legs to his waist, and I wrap them around him as hard as I can, pulling my cunt against him to meet his thrusting cock. His cock is so thick and warm inside me I can feel it rubbing the walls deep inside my tunnel of love. My juices are flowing all over his swelling cock; he's pumping into me harder and deeper with every thrust, filling my throbbing cunt with every delicious inch of his powerful shaft. "Come, baby, come now!" he says, and we both explode in a climax that sends fireworks through me from the tip of my toes to the tips of my fingers. I can feel his hot cream pumping out of his cock, flooding me with warmth and beautiful ecstasy.

914
Wintermantel

"Dinner was wonderful and I really enjoyed the movie, Arthur. You may touch one of my breasts."

He then unties me, and I wrap myself around him, getting as close to him as possible. We rest in each other's arms, and I can't explain to you how wonderful I feel, but I can say that it's a feeling of complete fulfillment, a feeling of real love and happiness.

Andy and I have had many wild and exciting nights like this, and I'm sure we will have many more, each one better than the last. We both enjoy pleasing each other (I've tied him to the bed, too), and we've got a wonderful love that always seems to be getting stronger and more sensuous.—*Name and address withheld*

No energy crisis here!

I thought I'd fill you in on some of the benefits of working overtime. I've been coming in to my office on weekends for the past month, putting in some 12-hour days in order to complete reports by deadline. My benefits started three weeks ago.

I signed in at the guard desk in the lobby about 5:00 A.M. and noticed that we had a new guard. Pops was there as usual, but his partner for the shift was a young black woman whom I'd never seen before. As I signed in and said hello, she said, "That's really nice cologne you're wearing," and gave me a big smile. I thanked her for the compliment and told her I was glad she liked it. Then, thinking nothing more of it, I headed up to my office.

About two hours later I heard a noise, looked up from my desk, and found her standing in my doorway. She said, "Hi, I hope I'm not disturbing you, but I'm making the rounds on this floor, and I thought I'd stop by and ask you what that wonderful cologne was." She again gave me a big smile. She stood about five feet six inches, had a small butt, a narrow waist, and about 34-inch breasts that turned up and pushed against her uniform shirt very nicely. I told her, "No, you're not disturbing me, and in fact I'm just taking a coffee break. Why don't you come in and have a cup?" Actually, I was on my fourth cup of the morning, but I wanted a chance to speak with this black fox; so I turned on my hot-pot to boil some water and got out an extra cup from my desk.

She came in and sat down in the chair across from my desk, saying that she could sure use a cup to help her stay awake because she hadn't gotten used

My new home, portable video recorder. Panasonic calls it Omnivision. I call it "Reggievision."

"This Panasonic portable Omnivision™ VHS™ video tape recorder is like an all-star team. The PV-3100 recorder with its optional programmable tuner/timer (PV-A35P) lets you record up to 6 hours of TV at home and 8 different shows over 14 days when you're making a road trip.

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"The portable recorder comes complete with a Panalloid™ rechargeable battery so you can shoot for up to 1 hour. And for an extra hour of taping, there's an optional battery pack. There's also an optional car-battery adapter. (The Panasonic portable video recorder has almost as many options as my contract.)

"And this Omnivision ought to win the MVP (Most Valuable Panasonic) award with its special features that let you freeze any frame. Or advance slowly frame by frame and see every detail of the action.

"With all this going for it, just one more touch would make it perfect—a name with a certain inimitable style and grace. Which is, of course, why I call it 'Reggievision'."

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

TV picture simulated.

to this shift (4:00 A.M. to noon) yet. I asked her what her name was, and she told me it was Pam. As we waited for the water to boil, we chatted and I found out that she was 22, a psychology major, and had taken this job on weekends as a roving substitute for the guard agency. She explained that the money was better than being a waitress and that she could usually catch time to study when she was at the guard desk.

All the time we were talking, I noticed that she was caressing (that's the only word to describe it) her 20-inch nightstick. She had her thumb on top and two fingers on the underside of the stick as it rested beside her leg and was lightly stroking back and forth a few inches each way. She was doing it so naturally that it was almost an unconscious act, but the more I watched, the stiffer my own "stick" became. I must have stared at her hand for 20 to 30 seconds before she said, "I think the water is hot." I looked up to her face and saw that same wonderful smile and noticed that her nipples had risen and were protruding dramatically against her shirt. I said, "That's not the only thing that's getting hot. What are you doing to that nightstick?" Without the slighest embarrassment she said, "This is my trick stick, and I'm treating it nice because it's nice to me." I said I didn't understand, and she said, "I'll show you what I mean."

She got up, went over and shut my office door, then used her walkie-talkie to tell Pops that the tenth floor was secure and that she was going to be in the ladies' lounge for a quick 20. She told me that she and Pops had an understanding, and each would sometimes take a 20-minute nap during their rounds as long as nothing was happening. She came back to my desk, pulled the nightstick out of its holder, and placed it on top of my desk, with about six inches of it lying over the edge. One end was pointing at me, the other at her. She took off her slacks and straddled her end of the stick. She had a nice bush outlined under her panties, and I could see her juices had started flowing from the glistening hairs peeking out from her pussy. She unbuttoned her shirt and surprised me with her cherry-sized nipples, which were standing at attention at least an inch. Those tits were just like a magnet. I wet my fingers and reached out and started playing with those fantastic nipples, rolling them between my thumb and fingers. While I was doing this, the nightstick, clenched tightly by her legs and pressed hard against her box, started inching away from me across the desk. She said, "Put your hand on my trick stick's end and help me ride." I lowered my hand to the end of the nightstick as she reached out both her hands to pull my head to hers for a glorious, tongue-probing, wet, warm kiss. She kept her hands on my shoulders as I rose from my chair and leaned halfway across the desk with my "nightstick" now at full attention and pressing against the edge of the desk.

While we were embracing, her nightstick started to dance. I started moving the stick back and forth and flicking it from side to side as Pam started to undulate her hips. Her end of the stick was now shiny with cunt juices, and the thing started moving as if it had a mind of its own. Pam started gasping, and the stick kept moving between her legs, tugging my end closer to her dark, wet box. My fingers found their way under her pantie leg and inside her drenching pussy lips. As soon as I found her clit, she let out a scream and flooded my hand with love juice.

I reached back with my left hand and undid my belt, pulled down my pants, and grabbed my own eight-inch nightstick. Pam, who had almost collapsed on the desk after her orgasm, let her trick stick drop to the floor, swung her legs up and around, and ended up sitting on the desk directly in front of me, all the time keeping her pussy available to my probing fingers. She reached out for my cock and said, "I'll teach your nightstick how to be nice, too." With that she lay on the desk and engulfed the head of my cock with her lips. I pulled my fingers out of her soaking box long enough to pull her panties down the rest of the way. My fingers flew back to her pulsating pussy lips and spread them apart. I was surprised at how pink the flower petals of her quim were and at how high her clit was protruding.

Her action on my cock was bringing me to the point of no return. With each stroke of her head she brought her lips farther down my shaft until she got it all in. I was going out of my mind. No one had ever deep-throated my rod before—my wife only takes in the top three to four inches when she blows me. When Pam reached out with her tongue and flicked at my balls while my entire cock was down her throat, I exploded. I must have sent a quart of sperm down to her tonsils while she pumped faster and faster. She sucked up every drop of come that I had and pulled her head away. My cock was so drained that it felt numb. My come was dripping out of the corners of her mouth as she smiled, sat up on the desk, pushed me back into the chair, and slid into my lap. Her pelvis was pinning my nightstick between us, and she just raised her box to the top of my shaft and slid back down. Her pussy was so warm, wet, and tight as it swallowed my cock that I was at a loss for words. Pam didn't give me a chance to speak anyway. She meshed her lips to mine and swirled some of my own come into my mouth. I grabbed her hips and placed my finger on her anus as she started riding my shaft. As my finger started snaking into her ass, she started bucking and shak-

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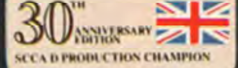

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ing. Within a minute she had me pumping more cream into her tunnel, and then she leaned back and had a ball-drenching orgasm.

Pops brought us back to reality when he called her on the walkie-talkie and asked her to return to the guard desk. She slid off my finger and rod, kissed its slippery head, then radioed a 10-4 to Pops. Since then, we've made it four more times.—*Name and address withheld*

Walking the dog

I used to think that most of the experiences related in the "Forum" column were made up, but—well, all that's changed now. My roommates and I are juniors attending a prestigious southern private university. We live in an off-campus apartment, next door to a young female freshman law student, whom I'll call Sharon. Lately, Sharon has been taking our dog out for walks and taking him back to her apartment. The dog had really begun to take a liking to her and spent a lot of time next door.

Yesterday, my roommates and I were outside in the street, tossing the football around, when Sharon drove up, apparently returning home from class. We said hi and jokingly accused her of stealing our dog. Mike said that we should start charging a fee every time she took the dog out for a walk. She laughed and went inside. My roommates and I decided to go in and shower off before dinner. Charlie went up to shower, and Mike and I were sitting around having a beer. After a few minutes the doorbell rang, and when I went to answer it, I found Sharon standing there. She had changed her clothes and was now wearing the tightest pair of cutoffs I had ever seen, topped with a very loose-fitting T-shirt. Naturally, I invited her in and asked her what she wanted. She replied that she had come to get the dog to take him for a walk.

So I said that there was a fee and went to get the dog. Mike and Sharon shot the breeze while I caught the dog, and when I finally brought him to Sharon, Charlie came downstairs from his shower, wearing only his towel. As Sharon took the dog, Mike said, "There's a small fee, madam." Sharon laughed and said, "Okay, name the price." With a playful gleam in his eye, Mike said, "Well, you'll have to kiss each one of us." I couldn't believe it, but she went up to him and laid a truly passionate smacker on his lips. Then she came to me, and I swear she had the best tongue and lips I have ever tasted. Finally she came to Charlie, who was still wearing his towel, which now didn't adequately cover his erection. She went to kiss his lips, but he stopped her. "Hold it," he said. "We didn't say *where* you had to kiss us." She obviously knew what he meant. She slowly removed his towel and went to work on his cock. Mike and I couldn't believe it. She was really getting off on blowing Charlie, and the look on Charlie's face was one of indescribable ecstasy. He came all over her face, and she lapped up every drop.

She stood up and asked, "Is that all?" I couldn't resist; "Of course not," I replied. Sharon smiled—and removed her T-shirt and cutoffs, revealing a pair of firm, well-rounded tits, and a neat, small brown bush. She lay down on the rug and spread her legs. Mike and I wasted no time in dropping our Levi's. Mike knelt at her head, and she hungrily swallowed his cock. I buried my face in her pungent muff, my tongue parting her labia and darting at her clit. She moaned now, and her hips squirmed in pleasure. She came almost immediately, quivering and humping, all the time with Mike's dick plunged in her mouth. He finally shot his load, and then Charlie, now recovered from his blowjob, came to take his place. I slid my cock into her dripping cunt and slowly moved it in and out. She spread her legs even wider to receive me, as I plunged again and again in her hot, wet warmth. All three of us came together explosively.

We spent the rest of the afternoon fucking and sucking Sharon in every position imaginable. Needless to say, she walks our dog as often as she wants—as long as she pays the price.—*Name and address withheld*

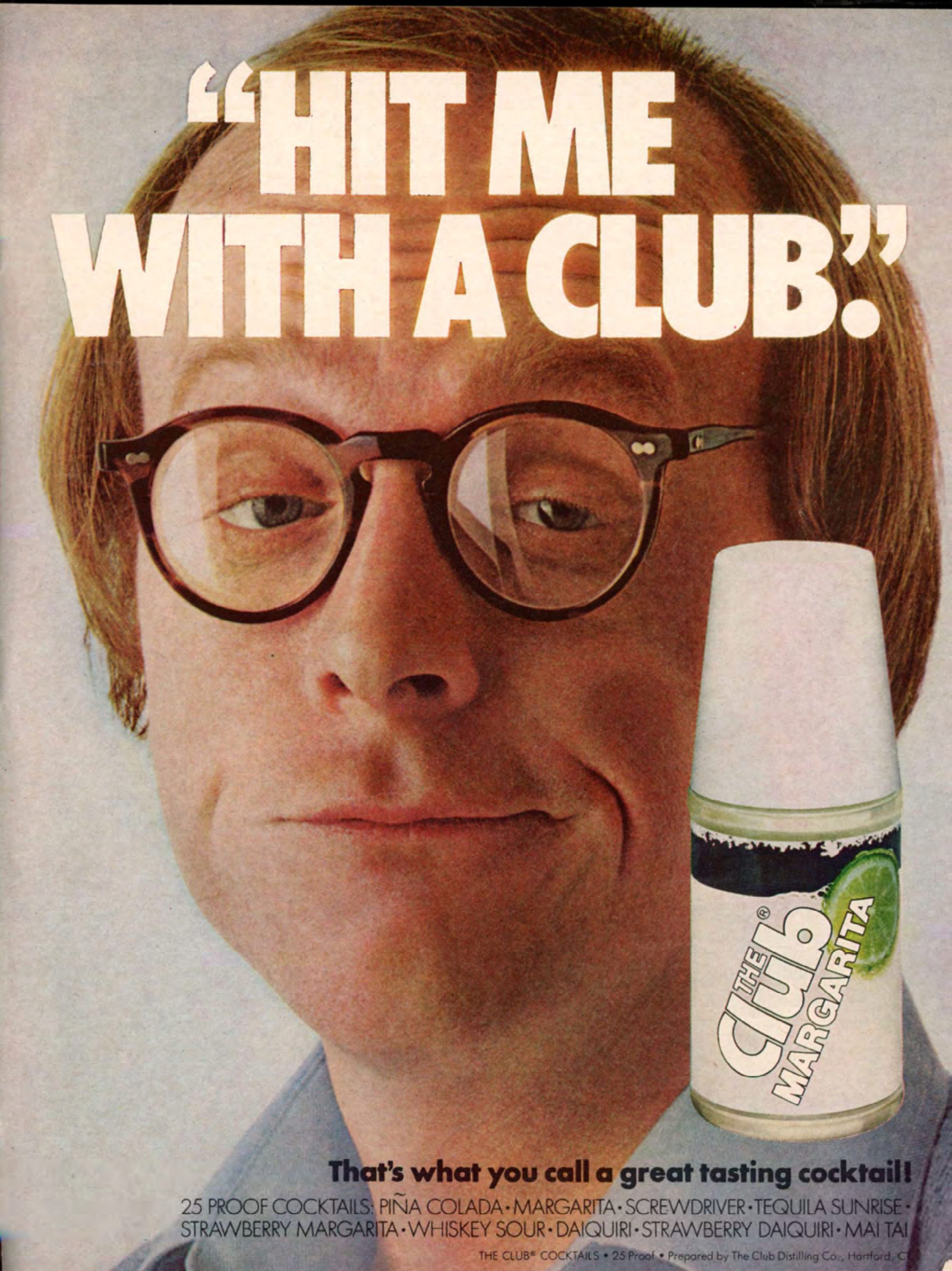
"It does look inflamed, but I wouldn't know what to do about it—I'm here to repair the doctor's air conditioner."

Believe in Santa!

One of my fraternity brothers at college asked me to come home with him during our Christmas vacation, and not really having any family, I was pleased at the invitation. Even though I felt a little uneasy, being a stranger in the midst of a very large family, I decided that it really had to be better than being alone at Christmastime.

We arrived in upstate New York a week before Christmas, and all of his brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends really treated me as though I was one of the family. By the second day I was really amazed at how friendly and pleasant they were to be around. There was a party every night with a lot of drinking and a lot of dancing. I seemed to always be busy talking or dancing with aunts, sisters, cousins, mothers, or whatever from the age of 16 to 60, and the food and drinks were fantastic.

We spent Christmas eve going from one party to another, and it was after 3:00 A.M. when we finally got home. During our several parties it seemed that there always were two and sometimes even three Santa Clauses around. It was really funny watching the young kids seeing double and triple at the same time. I assumed that Joe's dad was probably one of the Santas, but really hadn't given it much thought, because there were always so many family members around. We got home sometime after 3:00 A.M.,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THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 25 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, C and there was a note pinned to my pillow, telling me to take a good warm shower before going to sleep if I expected Santa to be good to me. I really thought it was a joke, but I even surprised myself when I realized that the shower really felt good and relaxing.

I had crawled into bed and turned off the light and was nearly asleep when I heard my door open and someone lock it, and then I heard a muffled voice say that Santa had a surprise for me. I rolled over but really couldn't see other than what appeared to be a large Santa in the very dim light through the window. Then, suddenly, I felt a small, soft, warm hand slide in under the covers and grab my cock, and I knew that the hands had to belong to a woman. But then I was again surprised when I felt my cock sliding between someone's lips and could also feel what felt like a mustache and chin whiskers. Then I wasn't quite sure who was giving me fellatio, and I didn't know whether to object or what, but my cock was feeling so good I thought I'd wait, hoping that it was a woman.

I know that I had wanted to come at least six times when Santa said, "It's perfect—I've got just what it needs." Suddenly Santa slipped out of the oversized trousers and mounted my cock, and I could feel the most wonderful pussy sliding down my shaft until the tip of my cock was deep within someone's love nest. She knew just how to keep me hard and had orgasm after orgasm without letting me come for the longest time. While this was going on, I had been running my hands up under her blouse and feeling her tits, which were at least 36s or 38s—at the same time it was odd looking up and seeing the faint outline of a Santa with cap and beard. Suddenly I couldn't hold back any longer, and Santa was having the same wonderful problem, and we were both coming like Old Faithful—shooting gobs and gobs of juices in a seemingly endless orgasm.

I heard Santa leave the room and began wondering if maybe I'd had a wild dream, but still I knew that I had been wonderfully fucked and that someone else had been, too.

During the next two days I kept trying to figure out just which sister, aunt, or whoever had given me such a wonderful Christmas present. When Joe and I were leaving, his mother squeezed my hand as she said, "I hope that Santa was good to you and that you enjoyed Santa as much as Santa enjoyed having you come." And then she added, "I hope that Joe invited you for Easter, and I'm sure that the Easter bunny will be even better to you." I responded that I'd certainly be there if Joe invited me.

During the drive back to college and ever since, I've had some very pleasant memories of the most memorable Christmas I've ever had. Now I've really been more amazed at just how fantastic an "older, experienced woman" can be. I know that she is over 50, but I've never had a pussy engulf my cock and talk to it in so many different enjoyable ways or make me last so long before. I was thinking, when she was giving me fellatio, that I could be giving her cunnilingus at the same time, even though I've never gone down on a woman before. If Joe invites me for Easter, I know that I'm certainly going to be trying to eat an Easter bunny if I get the chance.—*S.M., Columbia, Md.*

". . . His thrusts became frenzied, ever deeper and deeper, as Claudia, her hot body jerking spasmodically, moaned in ecstasy . . ."

A spanking good time

I am a 28-year-old career woman who has been married to the same man for the past five years. Although our relationship has been good, our sex life has been going steadily downhill for about the last two years. My husband, Jeff, is an avid reader of your magazine, so I decided to read through an issue to get some ideas on how to put some zing back in our bedroom. Two weeks ago I tried my first idea and received a sound spanking. I loved it!

The article that set me off was about a schoolteacher who was spanked by her boss. While I was reading it, I slipped my hand under my skirt and rubbed my panty-covered pussy until I came violently. I thought about the letter for two days and finally decided to get Jeff to spank me. Here's what happened.

Friday, while I was at work, I decided that night was going to be the night. I went to a small boutique and bought a garter belt and stockings with a black bra and panties to match. I planned to leave work early and be home before Jeff in order to prepare for the evening. My boss, however, decided that we should go down to the local pub and discuss a new account over a couple of drinks. I didn't get out of there until after eight, and it was close to nine by the time I got home. Jeff was furious. He demanded to know where I was and why I hadn't called. Since I had put on my new wardrobe in the ladies' room at the bar, I figured it was a good time to try my idea. My pussy began to get damp with anticipation! I walked over to Jeff, put my arms around his neck, and said, "I'm sorry I was late, honey. I know I've been a bad girl, and I deserve a spanking." Jeff gave me a rather puzzled look, but I could tell he was interested. I led him to the bedroom and had him sit on the edge of the bed. I lit some candles and took off my coat.

When I came back to Jeff, he was practically shaking in anticipation. I stood before him and said, "I know you must spank me when I'm naughty, and I'm ready." With that, I reached down and grabbed the hem of my skirt and slowly pulled it up, revealing my nylons with the garters attached and, finally, my drenched panties. Jeff's eyes were bulging out of his head as I turned and draped myself over his lap. I turned my

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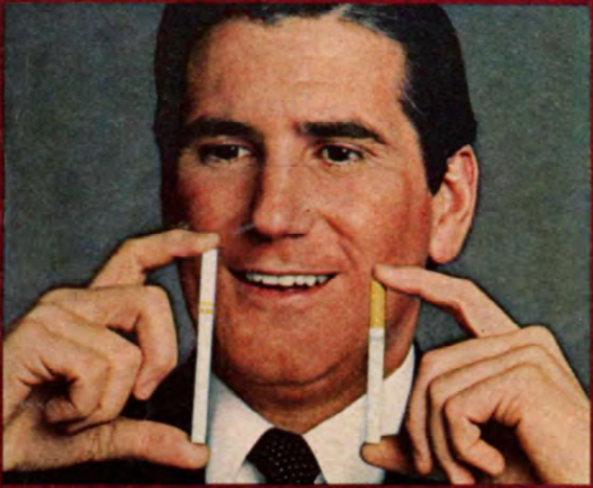

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head back and made one last comment, "Please take my panties down and spank my bare bottom so that I will be a better wife." Jeff did as I asked and slowly removed the final covering of my ass. I was a little nervous since I didn't know what to expect, but I knew I had come too far to back out. The first spank stung but created a definite warmth in my pussy. Jeff started slowly but gradually increased the tempo and strength until after about five minutes I was sobbing like a baby. He stopped, and I practically screamed at him, "Please, spank me some more!" He continued as I rubbed my pussy against his knee, and in about one minute I came so hard that I thought I would pass out. Jeff stopped, and I lay there, quivering from the best orgasm I had had in five years.

When I got up, I looked in the mirror and saw that my ass had been turned to a beet red. Something about that made me proud, and as I looked at Jeff, I smiled with the tears still in my eyes. He was rubbing the bulge in the front of his pants, so I quickly stripped, leaving on my bra, garter belt, and panties pulled down to my knees. I then did something for Jeff I had not done in our entire five years of marriage. I pushed him back on the bed, pulled out his cock, and deep-throated him as far as I could. Since I have never let him come in my mouth, he started to pull away as he neared orgasm, but I held him tight as he shot his wad deep in my mouth. I savored it and tried to swallow all of it, but there was just too much, and some of it ran down my chin.

Afterward, we lay together and talked. I told him how I had come up with the idea and asked him how he liked it. His response was to roll me over and make very passionate love. This was the first time either of us climaxed twice in a love-making session! We now enjoy a tremendous sex life and have experimented with many new ideas. My favorite, though, is still spanking, and about twice a week I find myself over my husband's knee with my skirt up and panties down. I would definitely recommend this for any couple that needs to spice up their sex life.—*M. G., Calif.*

Traveling salesman

Many men probably fantasize about good-looking women when they travel on the road, but my fantasies came true in—of all places—Shreveport, La. The best fantasies involve women who really know what to do to make a man happy.

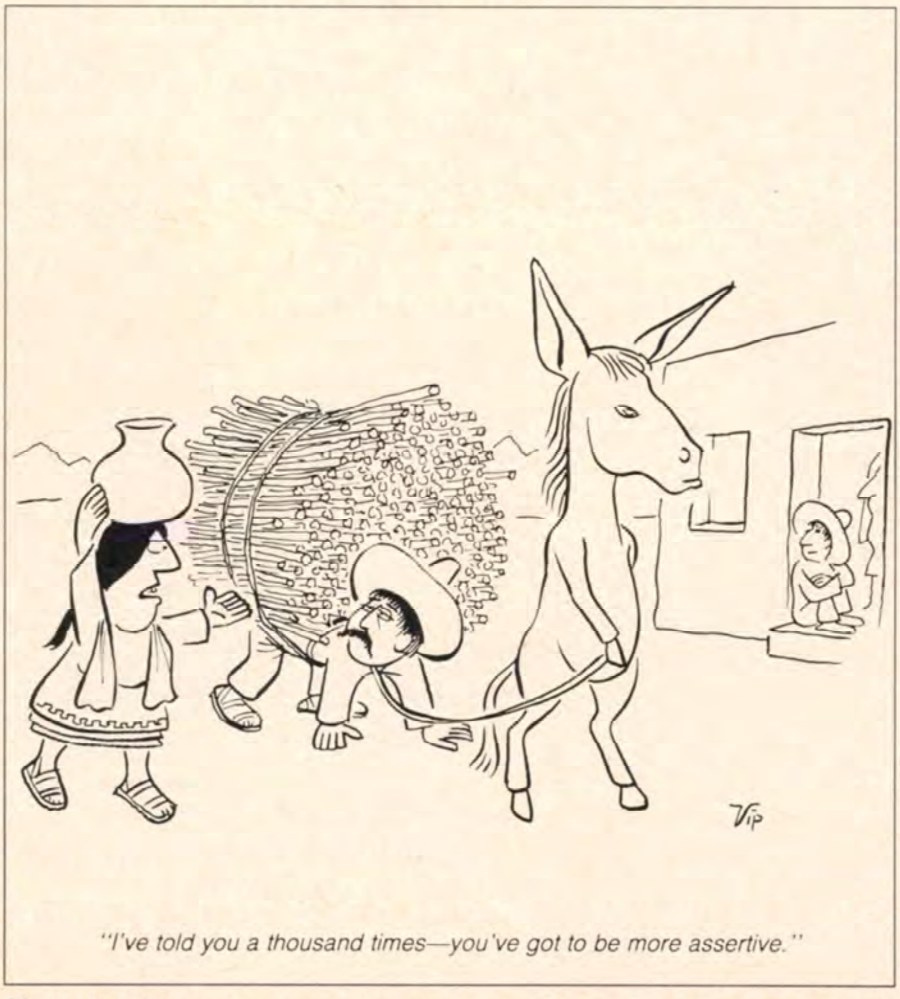
I checked into a popular chain motel in Shreveport late one night, and because I was tired and lonely and the attractive desk clerk didn't seem too busy, we struck up a friendly conversation. She was about 40-plus, slim and very attractive, with short blonde curls and a lovely peaches-and-cream complexion. We got onto the subject of "traveling salesmen" and "nights on the town," and she suggested I join her for a scotch when she got off duty.

Her apartment was only around the corner from the motel, and she immediately turned on the stereo and got out the drinks. After the first drink was downed, this beautiful stranger got up and left the room, saying she had to get out of her work clothes and into something more casual. My eyes popped when she returned in a clinging satiny gown that showed off her firm, round breasts with enlarged nipples poking at the front and a long slit up the side that exposed her creamy thighs to the waist. We moved closer but still hadn't touched until we finished another drink and she suggested we go into the bedroom to "listen to the music and be comfortable." I couldn't believe I hadn't yet made a pass and she was inviting me into her bedroom.

She stretched out on the queen-sized bed and languorously slipped one strap off her shoulder, exposing a white mound of breast, tipped with a swollen brown nipple the size of the tip of my little finger. She whispered, "Try it. You'll like it." She was right. As I bent my head to take her nipple between my lips, she moaned and moved her lithe legs apart. I gently bit and licked her nipple, sucking on it softly while she moved her own hand down between her legs and squeezed her mound under the satin material of the gown. I traced circles around her light tan areola with my tongue and then covered her own hand with mine and massaged her vulva until the gown was damp and I could smell the aroma of her woman's juices flowing.

She was writhing and moaning with abandon when I pushed the gown up around her waist, exposing the most beautiful body I'd seen in a long time. Her skin had the soft texture of a baby's, with just the rounded hint of fullness that only a mature woman can offer. The soft, springy hair on her vulva was damp and curly and exactly the color of the curls of her head, which was now thrown back on the pillow, eyes closed. I moved down lower to her belly and felt the soft tickle of the faint hairs leading down from her perfect navel to the golden triangle between her spread thighs. My tongue lapped at the swollen labia, and I tasted her sweet, musky wetness. Her pussy lips were surprisingly large for such a small and trim woman. They were gaping open with her legs spread, and I took each of them in my mouth, rolling them between my tongue and teeth as I had her nipple. Then I spread her lips even further with both hands and gazed down on her perfect little clit, standing erect and glistening and throbbing with pinkness. It was beautiful.

By this time she was kneading her breasts with both hands and moaning



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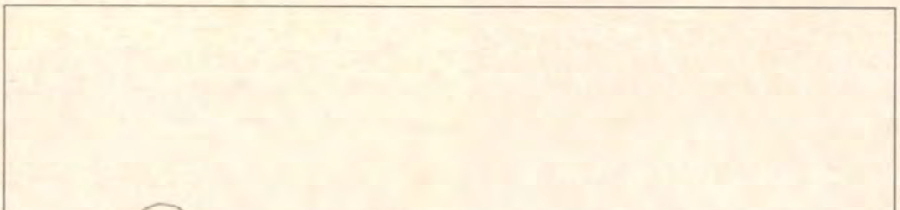
about wanting to fuck me, wanting to suck my thick dick, wanting me inside her to shoot hot sperm into her. This was really turning me on, and I was still fully dressed. I began licking her spread pussy as a mother cat would its kittens, starting at the silkiness between her ass hole and her vagina and going straight up to the swollen clit, which was begging to be nibbled. My cheeks and chin were covered with her juices, and I could inhale the aroma of a woman aroused to the climax point when she bucked and gasped and came to a violent orgasm. The sheet became drenched with her wetness, and her thighs were glistening and slick by now. I jumped up and pulled off my clothes as she was lying back, breathing heavily and sighing.

I slowly lowered myself onto her slender body, and she lifted both legs up around my shoulders to allow my dick to penetrate her warm and wet vagina to the fullest. But I couldn't enter! She grasped my cock with both hands and rubbed it around the entrance to her pussy, playing with it against her clitoris and barely teasing the edges of her pink-fleshed vaginal opening until I was ready to shoot it out onto her thighs and hands. Finally, I eased the head into her and found it tight and pulsating. For a woman of at least 40, she had the tighest and warmest pussy I'd ever experienced. It gripped the shaft of my cock and literally sucked me into her slender body. I rotated my hips slowly against the springy hairs of her vulva as I pushed into her. We came to climax together as I felt the hotness of my sperm mingle with her gushing juices deep inside her vagina. She squeezed me tightly with her slender legs, and I could feel the vaginal muscles squeezing me inside her. We slept until dawn.

The next morning I awoke in an empty bed and went to the bathroom, where my sex-hungry stranger was standing nude in the middle of the room, drying her hair, her breasts hanging down and softly swaying with the movements of her body. I turned her around and entered from behind, rubbing her quivering ass with my crotch and thrusting my hard dick into her. She became wet immediately, and we rocked to and fro standing up in the bathroom, she playing with her own nipples and my hands massaging her pussy from the front while I rubbed against her from behind. Her ass cheeks were just soft enough to give under my pressure, but they were so firm it felt like I was fucking a teenager. This woman really knew how to use her body.

Later we got dressed, and I dropped her off at the motel front office, where she offered to "work out a refund" on the room I'd never used. I left town and never saw her again. But now I have a new fantasy to keep me warm when I travel.—*C. W., Dallas, Tex.*



"Sorry, pardner . . . new government pollution control regulations."

Place your bets

Last summer my husband and I moved to the city we now live in because of a business transfer. Naturally we were on our own for some time while we tried to find some new friends. Our general tactic was to be as friendly as possible to our neighbors, and we greedily accepted every party invitation that came our way. A couple of weeks after our move, my husband came home and announced that he had accepted an invitation to a party given by one of his friends from work. Since we seldom mix socially with business associates, you can tell just how eager we were to meet people.

Despite the summer heat, the party was not for casual dress. We both dressed to show ourselves off in the best possible way. I am five foot ten, with shoulder-length chestnut hair, and a 38-25-36 figure, which I covered with a silky beige halter dress (with thin spaghetti straps), and it fit in all the right places. My husband covered his sexy six-foot, 180-pound frame in a pale blue suit, which set off his steel blue eyes, clear skin, and thick blond hair wonderfully.

The party was held in an elegant house; four other couples attended, all about our age (mid-twenties). Jack, our host, was a beautiful hunk of a man with white-blond hair and the most genteel manners. His wife, Marilyn, was Japanese, with that fragile, doll-like beauty that is unique to Oriental women, and naturally she was even better mannered than her husband.

We had a most delicious dinner, and I felt that we had really found some great new friends. It was after dinner that I noticed my husband was watching people and making notes, which did not surprise me as he is usually quite terrible with names. After disappearing for a little while, Jack reemerged into the room and called for everyone's attention to begin "the evening's entertainment." He held a hat in his hand and said: "The gentlemen have placed their bets, and I would now like to call upon my lovely wife to choose the first lady's name from the hat." With that Marilyn reached into the hat and pulled out a name, Judy, and read it aloud to the chorus of applause from one and all.

Needless to say, I was quite bewildered by all of this, but I was eager to see what was coming next. Judy walked up to Jack and climbed up upon a small footstool, and Jack raised her hand and said: "I give you Judy, our first beautiful damsel." On that note he reached around behind her and unzipped her dress, which she stepped out of. Marilyn, ever so neat, folded it and laid it upon a nearby table. To say that I was taken by surprise would be an understatement, but when I looked at my husband, I could see he was well aware of what was supposed to happen. He tried to look calm as he looked at me, but I could see that he was nervous that I would make some sort of scene. I suppose I would have, but I was too surprised to know what to do, and, besides, everybody else seemed to be enjoying things.

Judy was indeed a beauty, with long, honey-blonde hair and a body similar to the bionic woman's. She stood smiling on the stool, wearing only her bra and panties over her well-tanned body. Jack then unfastened Judy's bra and let her small, lemon-sized breasts slip free. Marilyn handed him a tape measure, and he measured her bust, announcing the figure to all. He then proceeded to measure the diameter of her nipples, again announcing the figure, all of which was noted by his wife. Judy was quite obviously aroused, as she was breathing heavily, and I knew that sooner or later I would have to stand where she was. Although I would never have guessed it previously, the thought of standing naked before all of those people had me turning on, too.

Jack slipped Judy's panties off, which by this time were really quite wet. Jack measured Judy's waist and hips, he measured the space between her navel and her bush, he measured the size of her powerful thighs at the crotch, and then he even measured the length of her cunt lips. All of this was recorded by Marilyn, and all of it was sending Judy into ecstasy. That was all he measured, and luckily, because if he had kept on, I am sure she would have orgasmed on the spot. Marilyn then picked another name from the hat, Cathy, a short brunette, who also went up to be measured as Judy had. Judy, meanwhile, sat in all of her naked glory recording Cathy's numerous measurements in place of Marilyn, who now joined the rest of us clothed women.

My turn was next. I had an entire flock of butterflies in my stomach as I walked toward that footstool. (While neither my husband nor I were virgins when we married, we have not had sex of any kind with anyone else for over five years.) I stepped up to the stool, blushing like mad, as I felt Jack's careful hand undo the straps of my dress. I stepped out of it, giving it to Cathy, who folded it neatly, and I could just feel the eyes of everyone in the room on my naked tits. I shivered when I felt Jack place the tape over them, but I saw my husband beam with pride when Jack announced my 38 inches. Jack measured my nipples, which were embarrassingly hard and pointed. Then he slipped off my wet panties, sliding his hands down over my ass and thighs. My skin felt like fire as I blushed, and his every touch upon my body made me ache. His fingers flickered past my cunt as he measured the tops of my thighs, and my breathing became rapid. When he measured the length of my cunt lips, I thought I was going to climax for sure, and although I am sure he took as much time as he thought he could, he withdrew his hands from me at what must have been

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the very last second I could stand.

Still very tense, I stepped down to record the figures of the next girl, Mandy, a short brunette. It was then that I realized all of the "bets" that the "gentlemen" had placed. They had guessed at the three numbers that make up a figure, nipple size, distance between navel and the top of the bush, bush thickness, bush color, best all-around tan, thigh size, who would orgasm while being measured, and one other column marked "bonus." Each card marked all of the bets that were placed, along with the actual figures, which I was now adding for Mandy. Bush thickness and all-around tan were yet to be decided upon, and I could only guess at the "bonus."

The best all-around tan was judged when all of the women had been measured, and while none of us were contenders in any real sense, the well-tanned Judy won, as it appeared she had removed her top at least once or twice. Bush thickness was recorded as thick, thin, or medium (by a crowd vote of men and women), as was Judy's tan.

Jack then announced that it was time for the "bonus" bet, and he asked all of the ladies to be seated on the floor in front of the men. I must tell you that it is very difficult to sit on the floor in a "dainty" manner when you are nude. I quickly discovered that that was not the idea. Marilyn and most of the others were sitting on their bums, with their legs pointed open in the direction of the men.

While I had been naked for almost an hour and had had my cunt lips measured, the thought of opening my legs in front of all of those men brought back my butterflies (which were never all that far off). Jack then announced that the final bet was to see which "damsel" could masturbate to orgasm the quickest, and with the brief instructions that we were to sit upon our hands until the word "go," we were soon off, no pun intended.

As turned on as I thought I was, suddenly I began to think that I would never come. But soon the heavy breathing of my competitors got to me, and I knew I was well on my way, although it was Judy who won. The rest of us came shortly afterwards. As I fell back exhausted, I could hear Jack calculating the scores and dividing up the betting money accordingly. Soon a winner was declared, and Jack invited him either to pick his prize or deliver his command. As Bob, the winner, cast his eyes over the naked bodies in front of him, I knew we were the prize.

"Well," he eventually said as he looked at Jack, "I've always wondered what it was like with an Oriental woman, if you don't mind." In keeping with the tone of the party, I knew that Bob would have to claim his prize here, and Marilyn quickly helped him shed his clothes, unleashing a beautiful cock that made me almost wish that he had picked me. This was certainly a night of surprises, about myself and everything else, and I found myself eager to watch them, although I have never found much of an interest in pornography. I just loved the sight of Marilyn's lips, cheeks, and face while she sucked his dick. I watched as she took more and more into her mouth until she almost seemed ready to explode, and her cheeks were pushed out wide when he finally came. Nothing had previously seemed so erotic as the sight of her throat as she swallowed his come.

She than lay back upon the floor, and when he shoved his cock into her, she placed her legs over his shoulders. I watched in fascination as his gleaming rod pumped in and out of her cunt. I loved the strain of his butt muscles, and I loved seeing her tits jiggle with each pounding stroke that lifted her ass right off the floor.

When they had finished, Mike, the second-place winner, was asked to bid as he chose. "Well, since Bob got to pick the prize, I will have to deliver the command. I command my wife, Judy, to pleasure and be pleasured by Patty." I was stunned when he announced my name, but one look at the blonde and tanned Judy told me that she wasn't, and I suppose her bisexual urges must have been prearranged to be suited by her husband's command should he win. I noticed my own husband's eyes bulging out of his head as he anticipated the action. I was not quite so sure, as I have never had any urges to make love to a woman, although I am sure the evening's heavy content of naked female flesh may have made me less reluctant than normal.

Judy sat down beside me and planted a long, deep soul kiss upon me, to which I did not really react since I was unsure of my feelings. She pulled away and said, "Don't be afraid; you'll learn to love this. Just sit back, first, and allow me." She then kissed me again, while I remained tense. I felt her hand sliding over my tits, tweaking my nipples, and then slipping down my stomach to my cunt. Instantly she was on my clit, as she kissed me, and I began to moan as I responded in my only natural way to any masturbation technique. Then she began tonguing my tits but was soon down on my cunt, sucking upon it in a way I have never experienced before. The sexual tension was enough to make me feel as though I was being ripped apart when I came.

Judy kissed me again, and I realized that I was tasting my own juices. I began licking them from her face, but she had to take my hand and place it upon those lemon-sized breasts of hers. I felt their silky softness and the hardness of her nipples, which I rubbed. "Kiss them," she breathed, and I did, sucking the hardened points up into my mouth. She then placed my hand upon her cunt, the first I have ever felt apart from my own. I

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was amazed at its warm, rough wetnesses, and I soon felt her hands upon my head, pushing me lower.

I had never seen a cunt so close before. Judy, with her strong ass and thighs, naturally won the bets for the longest cunt lips and thus biggest cunt. Her juices were flowing everywhere, and she reached down, opening her cunt lips to expose a clitoris that towers when compared with mine. "Kiss it, please," she said, and she pulled my head toward her. Although I am no expert, I am sure that she tasted different from me, but I sucked her clit up into my mouth just the same, as I had with her nipples. I am sure she wanted to eat me and be eaten, and maybe women just know how to touch each other, but she came almost immediately. As I pulled away, she licked her juices from my face and then reached over and finger-fucked me to orgasm, bidding me to do the same to her, which I did.

After that the party split wide open, with clothes being pulled off the men and fucking and sucking going on everywhere. My husband and I both agreed that it was a major event in our lives, and he confessed that he had wanted to try swinging, but did not know how to approach the subject with me. So he had accepted the party invitation and just hoped for the best.

Since that party I am now approaching sex from a completely new perspective. I have begun reading *Penthouse*, and I love the pictures. Although I do enjoy making love to a woman upon occasion, I would hate to make too much of a good thing. Nevertheless, we have had our own party since that one, but in the interests of equal time, it was the men who were stripped. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. The only problem with these parties is that you either have to keep inviting new guests, or you have to think up new things to bet upon each time.—*Name and address withheld*

Blindfolded by Brian

Have you ever heard about an "over-the-phone" relationship, or have you ever been eaten while blindfolded? I have!

Brian (not his real name) is a radio announcer, and we got to know each other when I phoned the station to request songs. We talked for hours, and soon he was calling me at home. Whenever Brian called, I would always be sure to wear lacy slips, a garter belt, and heels. As we casually talked, I would finger my clit and feel my nipples. I was always careful not to let him hear me moan.

After talking with him for a few weeks like that, Brian asked me if I liked oral sex . . . What a question! (I just love to suck a man's cock and have him eat me.) Right away my hand went to my crotch, and I played with myself. I told him what I was doing to my body, and he got hard.

Brian then told me how he would like to eat me right then, and I came just thinking about it, moaning loudly (I knew Brian was just as excited and loved it when I made love sounds over the phone.) Our erotic conversations continued for a long while, until one night when Brian agreed to come over and eat me. There was one catch, though . . . I had to be blindfolded. I got wet several times while dressing, just anticipating his tongue on my clit. I decided to wear a white garter belt with a lacy camisole, light nylons, heels, bright pink panties, and a sheer gown.

Just before Brian was due to come (over), I heard the front door open. It was my neighbor, Jim, going upstairs. I knew that from his apartment he could hear every word that was said in my bedroom, so I knew he would have a good time masturbating that night.

Meanwhile, I sat on the bed with my blindfold on, and when I heard Brian come in, we embraced. I was nervous, but Brian told me to lie on the edge of the bed, with my legs over the side, and he proceeded to unbutton my gown slowly. When he saw what was below, he softly moaned his approval. Before I knew it, he had his head between my legs and was eating me through my panties, like I had always wanted him to do. I loved it when he pushed my panties aside and started to lick my clit.

I was starting to relax now, and Brian slowly slipped my drenched panties off. He started to tease me by rubbing and kissing my legs and inner thighs. I was just going wild, so I grabbed his head and moved my hips, trying to make him eat me. He just kept teasing me by licking the insides of my thighs and pubic hair. I couldn't stand not having his tongue on my genitals, so I moaned "Eat me," and I sure got my wish! He buried his tongue inside me and kept licking me until I came many times. I was rubbing my breasts and playing with my nipples while I squeezed my legs around Brian's head.

He fingered me, and I loved it. He slowly licked my pussy lips, and I loved it. He tongued my pubic hair, and I loved it. Afterward, we talked about it, and he told me that I tasted delicious, and that I had beautiful nipples. I wanted to eat him, but he said that tonight was only for me. Just before he left, he sucked my nipples and left me wet and wanting more.—*Name and address withheld*

Ladies' night out

I read your letters all the time and, quite frankly, didn't believe that they all could have happened until I had an experience myself. It all started when I went to visit my girl friend, Peggy, who has been living out of state for the past half year and just popped into town to clear out her apartment and move away permanently.

Now, Peggy is a very attractive black woman with an extraordinary body and a

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dynamite personality. I myself am a single, 23-year-old black female of average height who has been blessed with a perfect 36-24-36 figure (and am considered a "10" in and out of the sack!), and when we get together, something is always bound to happen. Well, I got to her place, and after the formalities and a few joints and a few glasses of champagne, we decided to go to a local bar to find a couple of eligible young men to round out the evening. So, dressed to kill, we began the hunt.

As we sat in the bar, getting more tipsy and very itchy for some excitement, I noticed two young ladies in a nearby booth, obviously doing the same thing we were. One was an attractive redhead with beautiful, green eyes. Her blonde friend was equally attractive, with a set of tits that bulged over her V-neck, almost spilling onto the table. This made me giggle, so I pointed them out to Peggy, and a knowing smile crossed her lips. I didn't understand what this meant at the time, so I let it slide. "Angie!" she exclaimed as she jumped off the barstool and ran to the girls, hugging the blonde first and then the redhead. Peggy then introduced them to me as Angie and Laura, friends from college.

We joined them, and there we stayed until the bar closed down, at which point Peggy invited us back to her place, since the night, for us, was still young. We got back to the apartment, quite loaded, giggling and carrying on like a bunch of schoolgirls. Peggy had turned on a nice FM station and lit up a joint even before we all had our coats off! We talked and partied for the next hour, and as girl talk goes, we eventually got around to men and sex. As the conversation got more involved, I found myself getting more excited and could tell that the girls were, too. At that point I excused myself to go to the bathroom to freshen up, and while I was there, I found myself fantasizing about the redhead and her beautiful body. Now, I am not now, or ever have been, involved in a lesbian-type relationship, but this was a new feeling for me, which only added to my excitement immensely.

Well, upon reentering the living room, I found that I was not alone. Peggy and Angie were sitting on the couch locked in a French kiss, and the slit in the front of Angie's skirt was being passionately parted by Peggy's roaming hand. This stunned me at first, but then it quickly turned to excitement. I looked for Laura, who was in the corner chair, busying herself in a *Penthouse* magazine, obviously turned on as well as the rest of us. Well, what happened next I never would have guessed in a million years! I walked over to her and began reading the magazine with her. Before I knew it, I was massaging her back, and as I leaned over her shoulder, I couldn't help noticing her nipples were extremely erect and she was breathing heavily. I began nibbling on her ear, and her breathing turned to soft moans.

At this point I knew there was no turning back. I worked my way around her neck and to her full lips, which were trembling with anticipation. And so were *mine!* We were soon into the best French kiss I've ever had. She put down the book, which left her hands free to explore my body through my thin dress. By now Peggy and Angie were completely naked and tangled in a passionate 69 position. At that point I stood up and slowly lifted Laura's shirt over her head, exposing a perfect pair of tits with pink, erect nipples. I immediately went right to work, exploring them with my hands and then my tongue, as her moaning increased. She was obviously enjoying this as much as I was. She then, in turn, did the same to me, leaving us both topless and very excited. I then slowly reached down and unzipped the zipper on the tightest pair of jeans I'd ever seen. As she stepped out of them, I was pleased to see she was not wearing any panties and was a natural redhead. I reached down to fondle her bush and realized she was as wet as I was. Out of instinct, I immediately knew what she wanted as I slowly sank to my knees and started to part her moist, pink lips. She put her hands on the back of my head, moaning, "Eat me, please. Please, do it."

This increased my excitement, and with childlike enthusiasm I ventured forth to my first taste of a woman. At this point she was putty in my hands, and I was able to bring her to a wild and frenzied orgasm. As soon as I pulled my come-drenched face from her sweetness, she dropped to her knees and with renewed vigor and sensitivity she expertly removed my jeans. The second her instinctively knowing tongue found my clit, I soared to heights I'd never known.

Wanting more of each other, we positioned ourselves into the most fantastic 69 of my life! The surprises kept coming, too, as I felt Peggy's hands on my breasts and Angie's tongue licking my ass hole. That was all that I needed to have the most mind-shattering orgasm I'd ever experienced. We then moved to the bedroom, and there we stayed till the next afternoon, enjoying each other, in every way we could. Peggy has now moved, and I haven't seen Angie or Laura since. Men are still on the top of my list, but when I masturbate, it's the thought of that love-filled, fun-filled evening and afternoon that really gets me off!—*Name and address withheld*

"If you see him playing with himself, don't spank him. It only turns him on more."

Your basic twosome

I have read your fine magazine for a long time, especially your "Forum" with its erotic letters. However, at times I have felt that some of your stories have stretched the truth a bit. That is, until I met

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please) although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Environmental action

Michael H. Brown's report "Poisoned Water" (May 1980) is excellent literature, worthy of national distribution and redistribution. With our safe drinking water in serious jeopardy and the threat of a ubiquitous cancerous environment, it becomes paramount that the American people be cognizant of their toxic environs. As pointed out by Brown, the poisoning of our water supply and the mismanagement of hazardous wastes, encouraged by industry and protected by government, is nothing new. Brown's numerous horror stories are authentic and well documented, and his opinion of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and the remainder of the government that you and I support is more than understandable.

Until public reaction creates sufficient pressure for government and industry to practice effective hazardous-waste management, the poisoning of America will occur, the horror stories will continue, and the health of our nation will increasingly deteriorate. During the 1980s we need to reap the benefits of the establishment and improvement of a hazardous-waste management program that addresses and *solves* the dilemma we have put ourselves in since the end of World War II and the beginning of the chemical boom.

Some see salvation in the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act of 1976, regulations concerned with the generation, transportation, and disposal of hazardous wastes. This remains to be seen. Based on the government's track record, don't hold your breath. The RCRA is certainly a beginning, but unless government is prodded by public action, the progress to an effective management program will remain slow. In my opinion, public health takes precedence over ineffective, bureaucratic governments, corporate profits, and the greed for a "fast buck." Wake up, America; it's your environment.—*James R. Herold, President, Hazardous Material Management, Federal Way, Washington, D.C.*

I would like to express my deepest thanks to Michael Brown and *Penthouse* for the recent fantastic article on poisoned water.

I live in the heart of the Kettle Moraine State Forest in southeastern Wisconsin and have known nothing but clear lakes and fresh air since I was born. I think everyone should have the same chance to experience a clean environment.

The problem is clear. The government is too weak and worried about the problems of the rest of the world to lay down the law and tell problem chemical plants in the United States to clean up or clear out. I know the dilemma started many years ago, but environmental reports indicate cleanups are a real possibility even still.

The people of this country deserve to know what is happening to our land. The Environmental Protection Agency must come up with a solution to the problem, or we will be in lethal danger just from the water we drink. How about it, Washington? Let's get cracking before we are all buried with the chemicals.—*David Faber, Campbellsport, Wis.*

Thank you for the article "Poisoned Water." As you obviously realize, contamination of our water is by far the most serious threat to our survival in this century. Please continue this type of article and any other pressure a magazine of your size can bring to bear on our politicians.—*N. Dolman, North Hollywood, Calif.*

Squeezing back

I, as well as most other Americans, am completely disgusted with our government's waste and abuse of tax dollars and its policy of printing money without adequate backing. I was, therefore, very pleased to see your article "The Squeeze," by James Dale Davidson (April 1980). I hope that this article and others will serve to inform the public that we do have the power to do something about the injustices imposed upon us by the government and that we will become angered enough to use this power.

Although it is very easy to put the blame for our current problems on our representatives in Washington, maybe it is time for the American public to share the responsibility, since we elect these people and do little or nothing to see that they represent our interests once they are in office. When we consider the fact that special-interest groups fight for their causes each and every day, is it any wonder that the interests of the silent majority are so often ignored?

Apathy is often given as the reason for the public's poor contribution to the functioning of government. I do not believe that this is entirely true. I feel that the real problem is that the general public is in the dark about how tax dollars are spent

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and simply does not know how to exert its power to ensure that they are spent properly. Articles such as "The Squeeze" may anger taxpayers, but they also frustrate them. Naturally, we are all appalled by the waste of money that these articles point out, but since the money has already been spent, there is nothing we can do at that point. What we need is a system to monitor the actions of our representatives and let our feelings be known *before* the money is spent.

I suggest that all major newspapers report at least once a week on appropriations and issues that Congress will be considering in the near future, and that the views of that state's representatives be made clear. Also, the addresses of that state's representatives should be reported so that the public can express its opinion to them before any action is taken. If politicians knew that their actions were being faithfully reported to their constituents, they would be more likely to cater to the interests of the public than to those of special-interest groups. After all, we are the ones who decide whether or not they will be employed when they seek reelection.

Your article stated that our congressmen and the IRS are beneficiaries of the system. This is obviously true but will continue to be so only if we allow it. We must use our power to ensure that our interests are being properly represented, but we need the facts prior to congressional action to do so. I urge *Penthouse* readers to write to their local newspapers, requesting a weekly report concerning issues and appropriations and the feelings of state representatives on these issues. I also urge the public to realize its potential power in influencing government actions and to fully utilize this power.—*J. A., Phoenix, Ariz.*

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High tech lowdown

As I read Edward Rasen's "High Tech Fascism" (April 1980), I was angered but not surprised to find that our government of the "free people" spends $10 billion annually on so-called necessary electronic technology for national-security surveillance.

The fact that agencies, such as the DEA, the NSA, and the CIA, use such equipment for obtaining and relaying "vital" information on personal citizens, their activities, and their lives is not only a blatant act of utter disregard of personal freedoms and rights but also a wasteful and unnecessary use of American tax dollars, especially in such hard economic times as these.

After reading the article, I became very aggravated with the bureaucracy in which we are all entangled. When will we, as Americans—free people—begin to be able to guide ourselves and help dictate our government spending? If Americans accept a government that initiates such programs, we must expect George Orwell's *1984* to become not fiction but fact. If we as constituents do not become more aware of what our government and bureaucrats are doing to us and our country, we may not even survive to see 1984.

As a member of a command-control ship with some of today's most sophisticated electronic surveillance-and-communications gear (including satellite communication), I cannot help wondering whether EPIC does not have instant communications through this ship. It is true that the use of this equipment for strategic national surveillance is important in a world where technology is the leading factor in world supremacy. But when this technology is also used to transfer complete dossiers of people termed suspicious, it becomes a danger not only to our civil liberties but to our personal liberties as well.—*Name and address withheld*

Saving seals sensibly

One of the most emotional and misunderstood issues in the environmental arena today concerns the annual U.S. harvest of fur seals on the Pribilof Islands off the coast of Alaska. Animal protectionists contend that the taking of seals is inhumane, a cause for the extinction of seals, which is predicated on vanity and greed and an unfair burden to American taxpayers (see *Penthouse*, "Advise & Dissent," December 1979). On the other hand, marine mammalogists and wildlife managers contend that the present conservation effort and policies are essential to the long-term well-being of the seal herd, ecologically and economically desirable, and an example of a most successful international cooperative wildlife management program. In addition, the residents of the Pribilof Islands, the Aleuts, contend that for over 200 years the seal harvest has been of paramount importance to their life-style and culture. Consequently, since the herd is in no ecological danger, harvesting should continue not only for wildlife management purposes but also for the economic and cultural benefit of the Aleuts.

To evaluate the present posture of the controversy, we must understand the historical involvement of the parties to the convention with the northern fur seal. In search of additional fur seal hunting grounds, the Russians discovered the uninhabited Pribilof Islands in 1786. Aleuts were brought from neighboring islands to the Pribilofs as slaves to conduct the fur seal hunts. When the United States acquired Alaska in 1867, it assumed the responsibility of the fur seal population. The fur seal population estimates at that time were between 2 and 3 million. From 1868 to 1910 the seal harvests on the islands were limited, and sealing rights were leased. Pelagic sealing—harvests from ships at sea—began

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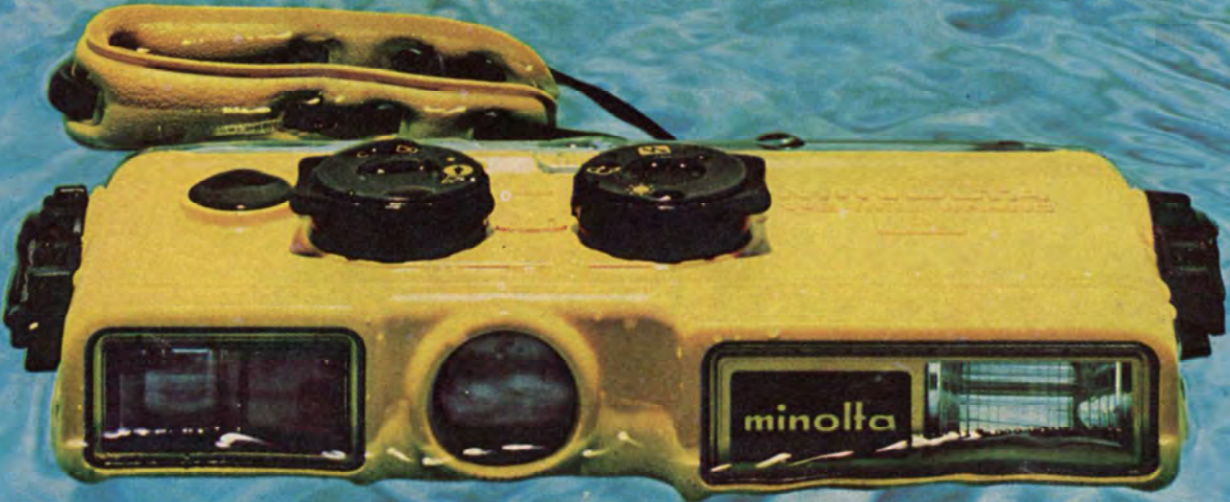

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about 1868 and peaked prior to 1910. During that period almost 1 million seals were taken pelagically, but many more were fatally wounded and not recovered. The fur seal population declined to a low of one quarter of a million.

In 1911 the United States obtained a sealing agreement between those countries bordering on the Bering Sea—Great Britain (for Canada), Japan, Russia, and the United States. All nations agreed to ban pelagic sealing and to establish controlled harvests on the rookery islands, which are Russia's Commander Islands, on the western edge of the Bering Sea, and the Pribilof Islands, on its eastern edge. In 1912 Congress prohibited all commercial sealing on the Pribilofs. This ban was replaced by a quota system in 1916.

By the late 1930s fur seals had become so abundant that Japan was greatly concerned about the effect on its fisheries. Twice during this period, in 1926 and again in 1936, the Japanese government tried to renegotiate the Fur Seal Treaty of 1911 because of alleged damage to its fisheries by the increasing fur seal population. Finally, in 1941, Japan abrogated the treaty and offered to negotiate a new agreement only if it included a planned reduction of the herd, which was then estimated to be over 2 million. Japan resumed pelagic sealing operations in the western Pacific to reduce the seal population and protect its fisheries.

In 1957 the Interim Convention on Conservation of North Pacific Fur Seals was adopted by the governments of Canada, Japan, the U.S.S.R., and the United States. The basic tenet of the convention, which prohibits pelagic sealing, is to increase the herd to a level of "maximum sustainable productivity," with due regard given to the relation of fur seal numbers to the abundance of other marine resources. The herd level today is approximately 1.8 million, which is considered by the wildlife managers to be a "healthy level." Under the interim convention scientists meet to determine the means, method, and manner in which the welfare of the northern fur seal resource can be maintained and enhanced for the benefit of the herd considering its relationship to the marine ecosystem.

The legislative effort to ban any treaty that would permit any taking is vigorously supported by various misguided animal protection groups. Summarizing the basic objection, Alice Harrington, president of the Friends of Animals, Inc., made this statement in an ABC television interview: "Not only is the kill wasteful, done only for two purposes—vanity and greed—but the brutality to these creatures must be recognized as a cause of extinction."

First of all, it must be recognized that the northern fur seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*) is not considered endangered under criteria pursuant to the Endangered Species Act or the listings under the 54-nation Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora. Under the present interim convention, the North Pacific Fur Seal Commission seeks, through the convention, to maintain a high fur seal population level. As mentioned, the interim convention mandates that appropriate measures be taken to maintain "maximum sustainable productivity." One of the measures adopted is that only bachelor males are taken, thereby preventing a herd reduction through the removal of harem bulls and females and preventing the seal stocks from diminishing to a level that would endanger their existence.

Extensive research by the party governments ensures the health of the fur seal herds. Harvest is allowed only after the recommendation of the Standing Scientific Committee is accepted by the parties. Extension of the convention would permit the four governments to continue their coordinated research on habitat, migration, feeding habits, reproduction, and other vital statistics. Additionally, it would continue to allow the United States and the Soviet Union to alter or cease a harvest if they determine such action is necessary to the well-being of the fur seals under their jurisdiction.

A second controversial point in the har-

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vesting of fur seals is the objection to the "stun and stick" method of taking seals. In this procedure a seal is rendered unconscious instantaneously by a blow to the head. Then the great heart muscle is severed immediately, causing death. Although alternative methods have been intensively studied, the humaneness of this method has been questioned recently. From 1968 through 1972, the United States commissioned three independent studies to determine the most humane method for dispatching fur seals. The government heard from representatives of the Humane Society of the United States, the American Academy of Sciences, the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Livestock Slaughter Inspection Division, the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, the Virginia Mason Research Center, the American Veterinary Medical Association's Council on Research, and the Batelle Columbus Laboratories. The researchers found that *no other method was as humane* as the traditional "stun and stick" method.

Dr. Mark Keyes, veterinary medical officer of the National Marine Mammal Laboratory, explained that the traditional method is the most humane, since the skulls of the seals "are so thin that a fur seal may be rendered unconscious and insensitive to pain instantaneously by even a moderate blow to the head or neck." Further, "death is assured by severing the heart or aorta." Unfortunately, public understanding of this technique is difficult to obtain, since the method invokes visions of a seal being struck repeatedly until it dies. This is clearly not the situation.

To guard against unnecessary stress, pain, discomfort, or anxiety for any seal, the National Marine Fisheries allows for the services of an independent humane officer, who is an impartial veterinarian and knowledgeable in pathology and euthanasia, to oversee the entire harvesting operation. The convention, in fact, mandates that the parties continually "seek to insure the use of those harvesting methods which spare the fur seals pain and suffering to the greatest extent practicable." Similar language is used in the Marine Mammal Protection Act, and on a question of identical methods of taking seals used in the Republic of South Africa in the harvest of the South African fur seal, the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia judicially determined that the method was, in fact, humane.

As to the economics of the issue of harvesting a renewable resource, the sale of the conservation by-products of fur seal pelts has returned to the U.S. Treasury over $100 million—which is ten times more than the price the United States paid for Alaska. The conservation management program has been criticized, however, on the grounds of its cost to the U.S. taxpayer. The Friends of Animals, Inc., has stated that over $4.6

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

He was 18. I was 28, married, and his teacher. I don't know what possessed me that year. I am not the type to "prey" on young men or to step out on my husband, but here is my story.

It all began quite innocently. He had a "crush" on teacher, which was nothing new to me. That sort of thing happened from time to time, and I always dealt with it by pretending not to notice. This time was different. I began to look forward to the times he would come swaggering into my room, flash me one of those winning "I'd like to kiss the inside of your leg" smiles, and sprawl out at his desk with his legs in the aisle. I found myself looking too much at those legs, and soon I was spending half my time watching him and wondering—in considerable detail—just what it would be like . . .

Soon, I was indulging myself with some mild flirting of my own. When he'd smile, I'd smile. When he would stand too close, I wouldn't move away. When he would tease me with his eyes, I would tease him right back. I would almost dare him to touch me, and every night I would go home and dream about my tall young man with the spectacular ass and the fire in his eyes. We spent more and more time together—lunch hours, Saturdays (he and a friend would come and visit me), and I would give him rides home after school. I could see what was happening, and though it frightened me a great deal, I felt myself being drawn to him. I was maneuvering my life so that I could be close to him.

My preoccupation began to affect my work. I was getting more confused and foolish by the hour. Then, one day, I was talking to the class about something, and when I glanced his way I saw something I'll never forget. He sat with his legs stretched out forward and crossed at the ankles. His arms were folded on his chest. His head was lowered, but I could see him peering at me from under that mop of hair. Then his lips parted, and out came that tongue, and very slowly, very deliberately, it passed over his teeth and then all around his mouth, once, then again. Well, shit! I felt like I'd been hit in the stomach with a board! I remember somehow getting back to my chair and sitting down (before I fell down). I told the class I felt sick, gave them a study period, and put my head down. Later that day we had our first talk about our feelings. With everything out in the open, we found that neither of us was as brave as he or she thought.

The "affair" went from there to a month of marathon obscene phone calls. We would talk for hours about the things we'd like to do to each other and try to get up enough nerve to get together. When he finally came to me, and when I reached out and put my hand on his chest, he was shaking so badly he could hardly catch his breath. I had steadied my nerves with three drinks too many and had next to no feeling in the ends of my fingers. In spite of the fears, that night was a time to remember, and it began an affair that lasted the rest of the year and a friendship that will last forever.

He became a marvelous lover. He was a natural from the beginning, smooth and controlled. I had never been with anyone quite like him. Before my marriage I had been with my share of men, but he was special. We would meet once or twice a week and make love for hours. Each time was as fresh and exciting as the first. When the weather was warm, we would meet in the woods. The preliminary ritual was always the same. We would get in our "nest" of blankets. We'd hug, kiss, talk,

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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

laugh, tease, wrestle, kick, and bite. Then, finally, he would say something like "Be nice." That was the signal. Or his "I'm ready. Love me, lady. Eat me."

I can still remember the taste of his skin as my mouth would make its way down his chest. His stomach was hard and flat . . . God, he was beautiful! When I got to his cock, it was all I could do not to devour it then and there. I'd have to force myself to pass it by. I would kiss his thighs and stroke his legs. I'd move up to his balls, nuzzle them with my nose, lick them, take them in my mouth, and suck them softly. Then I'd tickle the underside of his cock with my lips and tongue, and finally I'd slurp him inside. It was always delicious. It felt so good to have the head of his cock stroking between my tongue and the roof of my mouth, to have it bump against the back of my throat and then pull out to rub against my lips. The skin was always so incredibly smooth and hot!

Smiling, he'd let me lie there for a minute, until I'd caught my breath a little. "Okay, Teach, my turn." His hair would brush my stomach, and I would feel a soft cheek rubbing up and down the inside of my thigh. He would lift my legs over his shoulders. His hands would touch my sides and then hold onto my waist. I could always feel the warmth of his face between my legs long before he'd ever touch me. He always took so long, but when that first touch finally came, it was explosive. I'd feel his tongue flick at the lips of my cunt. He'd spread them apart . . . he'd open me wide with his mouth, and then that marvelous tongue would start to swirl. From that point on I was a vegetable!

He would crawl up between my legs, smiling and licking his lips. I would be way beyond words by this time, but my whole body would be reaching for him. "Fuck me, please!" I'd say, but he would just rest himself on one elbow and take his cock in his hand and tease me with it. He would rub it between my legs. Then he'd bump it against my clit, and I'd leap about a foot off the blankets. He would rub it up and down and back and forth. He would poke the head inside and pull it out again.

I had never experienced anything quite so delicious and devastating. I would lie there paralyzed, afraid to move in case he might stop. He had complete control over me then. I remember thinking, "This is bondage without the ropes." Then, when I would be near the point of brain damage, he would finally enter me. Sometimes it was very slow and gentle, and he would fuck me in stages, stopping for a long time and then changing the pace. Or sometimes he'd crash into me like a tidal wave and hump the daylights out of me until all I could do was hang on. Each time was always "the best," and I would always wonder why they hadn't made men like that in my salad days.

When it was over, he would kiss me and his soft touch would bring me back to reality as we lay there and talked quietly for a long time. Then he would laugh and call me something like "child molester," and I would retaliate with something like "jailbait." Then the wrestle was on, and the whole thing would start again. I would always go home with that lovely, incendiary, you-got-fucked-too-much-tonight feeling between my legs. He was a miracle in my life, and I will always care very much for him.

The affair is over now, and although I miss him more than I can stand sometimes, I understand why it couldn't go on. There are no hard feelings, and we still stop to talk when we see each other on the street. Lately, I find myself worrying about what effect our affair might have on him in years to come. I've read so much about young men who have been seduced by older women and how they end up with bad attitudes toward the opposite sex. Xaviera, you must have been with many young men. How do they feel about it a few years later?—H.S.G.

Coincidence has it that while I am reading your most interesting letter, lying right next to me in my arms is J.R., my latest and most ardent lover, only 21 years of

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age. He is a young Englishman whom I met through some youthful friends of his who used to spend the summer months in Marbella. They are a group of attractive and smart young men, and I found them to be far more mature than the girls their age. We all got along marvelously.

J.R. has now fallen madly in love with me, and I must confess that I have not had a better lover than he for many months. This is not only because of his extraordinarily large penis, which pleases me tremendously, but also because I enjoy his purity and enthusiasm. He is far from childish, and I actually refer to him sometimes as "my 21-year-old friend going on 36." Of course, what young people lack is the experience, which comes only from being on this earth a long time. Yet I have met people in their forties who are extremely boring and, owing to their nine-to-five jobs and families, have not had much wordly experience. Sometimes young men who have been adventurous travelers have kept me entertained with many hours of conversation.

J.R. was also seduced at a tender young age, while attending an all-male British boarding school. His teacher was a mature woman of 29, and they carried on a relationship, seeing each other three times a week for well over two years. To quote J.R.: "It was my first affair. This particular teacher was very attractive and sensual, and oh, so experienced! With regard to the effect that it has had on me, it has been far more a morale builder and confidence booster than a disadvantage for me. It has left me, not with a desire for older women, but with a desire for more mature and experienced women, which I feel leads to better relationships. I don't think that I suffer from an Oedipus complex. Since I happen to be extremely well endowed, I find it more comfortable to have sex with an experienced woman, who knows where to put her mouth and how to handle my penis. The few younger and very slim girls that I have been to bed with usually get scared just seeing my cock, and they start giggling and make me feel like a fool. The few times I have tried putting it in their tiny vaginas, it has hurt both the girl and myself tremendously. From time to time I have had to restrict myself to visiting hookers, since they seemed to be the only ones who could handle me without any complaints.

"So, regarding whether their loving older women does any harm to young lovers' sex lives, I definitely say NO. The contrary is more the case. All my young friends, who in my eyes seem so childish, are envious of me because I am dating the Happy Hooker, and she really knows what to do with my penis."

So, I hope J.R.'s answer is helpful to you. I simply prefer young men, provided they are bright and mature (at least in bed), because they don't carry with them the burden of a bad marriage, alimony problems, business problems, or the fact that I will have to share the weekends with their kids. The only problem with young lovers is that they have no problems. But if I feel that I need to have someone lean on my shoulder, I have plenty of older friends with plenty of problems.

I simply love my young J.R. He makes me laugh more than anyone else and makes me feel a dozen years younger as well. Maybe in ten years or so he will be willing to teach women his own age the things that all those older women have taught him so far. Right now he tells me that he has no desire to educate some young, naive teenage girl. Definitely no Professor Higgins desire! I am sorry, young ladies . . . make way for the more experienced older women! When I was his age, I was always looking for much older men. So . . . we all get an even break in life.

THREE'S COMPANY

Last year I started to date a man, who then introduced me to a friend of his. They both fell in love with me, and I dated both of them, one every second day. They both wanted to live with me, and as I have a nice, large apartment, I invited them both to move in. It has been a great year. We have put up a schedule which we always follow. I have sex with one of them every night and then must spend an hour talking with him before I go to sleep with the other one.

We now have a big problem. I am three months pregnant. Each guy claims to be the father, but of course neither one could possibly know that. As a solution, I have promised to marry the father of the child but with the provision that the other one can still live with us. Is there any way that we can find out for sure who the father is?—G.N.M.

Marry the one you love more, regardless of who the father is. If you want to determine which one is the father anyway, a blood test will be able to tell you.

Why don't you just all stay together as you are now, without marriage, and all three of you educate the baby? You can even keep your maiden name. There is nothing shameful about having a child out of wedlock nowadays, although some parents might not approve.

COME ONE, COME ALL

I am an attractive woman with healthy measurements of 36-24-38. I'm an avid reader of your column, and I hope you'll print my "sticky tales" so all your readers can share in my most unusual sexual need. The odd desire which I must fulfill on a daily basis is having quantities of sticky male sperm rubbed against the lips of my shaved pussy and ass hole. I've grown to love the feeling of sticky male

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come, whether it's dripping down the back of my legs, the sides of my mouth, or just lying along the crack of my ass.

The most sensational experience, which really gets me off the fastest, is to have the crotch of my panty-lined sheer nylons filled with hot come, and then I wear them most of the day. Thanks to my good looks and sexual know-how, I have no problem at all getting men to fill up my panties with their hot scum. All my male depositors cheerfully contribute, as I offer in return a handjob, blowjob, or sometimes even a quickie (when the time is right). These men are from my office, my church functions, and my civic meetings. They are my neighbors, my friends, and even my one-night stands. Living alone and having no children is the ideal setup for me in this quest of filling my daily jism quota. Don't get me wrong, Xaviera. I still enjoy balling, sucking, and ass-fucking, but that male climax covering my body is truly what I live for sexually.

I make it my business to belong to many organizations where men and sperm are easily accessible. Either before, during, or after these meetings, I always have a group of men line up to deposit their hot come in my nylon sperm holder. Many times I sit next to the wives of the men who have shot their loads into my panties, and those women never know that I am sitting and rocking in a pool of their husband's come. The sensations against my shaved pussy lips and ass always bring me to fantastic climaxes. I've recently added the young neighborhood grocery boy to my active list of sperm suppliers!—S.A.S.

Maybe you should start a factory and bottle all that come that has been dripping down your legs. I can easily appreciate the way you feel about generous deposits of sperm, but I think you ought to minimize the quantity and concentrate on a few more true relationships.

I am sure your young grocery boy will fit the bill perfectly, since young men can give a lot of repeat performances. Ah, sweet youth. If only the sperm would taste so sweet.

BUTLER, MY DEAR

I am writing with regard to a very exciting letter that I read in a recent Penthouse *entitled "Maid to Order." Although I am a man, that letter set me on fire. All my life I have wanted to be a maid to a pretty young woman. So far, I have not been lucky enough to find a young lady whom I could serve on my hands and knees. Some people are lucky enough to find a rewarding job like that. I only wish that it would happen to me. I am willing to travel anywhere in order to fulfill my dream. Whenever I have told anyone about my desire, it has prompted laughter. Do you think that this is a strange fantasy? How do you think I can make it come true?*—J.P.

I suggest that you enact your fantasy as soon as possible by advertising in the lonely hearts column of your local paper. You could perhaps use the following format: "Attractive, loyal young man wishes to become butler/servant to a domineering single woman. At your service 24 hours a day. Your every wish is my command . . ."

BE MY BUFFET

I'm a 22-year-old college student attending a small northern Minnesota university. My girl friend, Brenda, is very inhibited, to say the least, and reluctant to try anything other than the basic missionary position.

I've had the same fantasy for over a year now, and every time I try to describe it to Brenda, she threatens to break off our relationship. I don't believe my fantasy is too farfetched or too much to ask from her. Here it is.

My fantasy starts out with Brenda slowly stripping, just for me, on top of a huge banquet table. After she has taken off all her clothes, she lies down on the table and I begin to push grapes, one at a time, up her cunt. With every grape, she squirms with orgasmic tremors. After I have filled Brenda full of grapes, I put out the fire that burns deep inside her with a splash of my favorite vin rosé. She then raises her voluptuous legs over her head, and I gently insert slices of assorted cheeses into her port of rear entry. Slowly, I kiss my way up to her bosom, where I arrange the crackers that will complete the feast. After making sure everything is in its place, I invite all my friends to the banquet room for a wine and cheese party that they will never forget. To make the party even more interesting, none of my friends is allowed to use his hands.

Xaviera, do you think my fantasy is too bizarre? If not, how can I convince Brenda to cooperate?—W.J.O.

Your fantasy reminds me of someone I once knew. This guy wanted to make love in a very large wooden bowl filled with lettuce, carrots, and tomatoes. He constructed the wooden bowl and the special forks but had difficulty finding the women.

Your fantasy isn't quite so bizarre, but, I must admit, I see your girl friend's point. Tell you what. My advice has always been if you want someone to submit to your fantasy, try out their fantasy first. One good trick deserves another. Better yet, why don't you serve yourself at a banquet and invite all your friends to eat cheese out of your ass and grapes off your crotch? If that doesn't sound very appetizing, well, maybe you can understand why your old lady isn't exactly anxious to be your main course or a spread-eagled wine and cheese party.

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COVERED IN RUBBER

Up until a few months ago, I knew nothing about the use of rubber clothing during sexual activities. Now I seem to have become a real rubber addict. One evening my husband, Pat, and I were at a party with several young couples here in Cologne. After a lot of drinking, things got lively, and we began the usual round of fucking. I noticed one beautiful girl who seemed to be very popular with the men. I also noticed that she kept on her bra and panties while she was being fucked, and for some reason, this seemed to excite her partners. I watched Pat screw her anally and saw him stroke her pantied ass as he did so. I went over and bent down to suck his come from her ass hole. To my surprise, she was wearing thin latex panties with openings at the front and back. I must admit that the smell of her cunt, combined with the aroma of rubber, was erotic, to say the least. She told me that she always wore rubber lingerie as well as blouses, skirts, and stockings made of rubber or rubber-like materials.

A few days later Pat and I passed one of the city's many sex shops, and I saw in the window a rubber catsuit. We went in, and the salesgirl showed us a whole range of such apparel—open-crotch panties, bras with holes for the nipples, and thick rubber panties with a penis attachment inside. Pat seemed very interested, so I let him buy some panties and bras for me. Just before we left, I saw a huge, black rubber cock and asked him to get that as well.

When we got home, he could hardly wait to get me into the bedroom. He urged me to strip and put on the black latex panties, with the slits up the front, and the sexy, transparent bra, which left my nipples jutting out. He knelt in front of me and inhaled the scent of my cunt and the rubber panties. He threw off his clothes and got behind me. Easing his stiff prick into my slit, he enclosed my rubber-clad tits with his hands, manipulating my rigid nipples. He began fucking me, grunting with pleasure as he felt the smooth rubber of my panties against his balls. In less than a minute, he shot his sperm inside me—much quicker than he ever had before. He withdrew his dripping cock and smeared his semen all over the latex material.

Since then, we have acquired a whole closetful of rubberwear, including a big, shiny black rubber sheet. When Pat is not at home, he likes me to wear what he calls my "prick panties," which are fitted for two cocks—one for my cunt and one for my anus. Sometimes he jerks himself off and smears his semen on the rubber pricks before he leaves so that I can feel his come in my two orifices while he's away. On other occasions I wear my rubber bra, and he fucks my tits, shooting his hot semen over them. He then licks his juice off the bra.

Just recently I asked Pat if he would like to fuck two "rubber women" at the same time. He could hardly wait! I called one of my girl friends, who has a real sexy figure—her tits must be at least 42 inches, and her ass is big and fleshy. Before he came home, we dressed up in our rubber finery. Suzanne chose red latex stockings, skintight panties, and an open-nipple bra. I wore a catsuit that left my tits, cunt, and ass exposed. I spread the rubber sheet over the bed and placed the big dildo nearby. Before Pat arrived, Suzanne and I sucked each other off and I used the dildo on her.

Pat came home and nearly went mad when he saw the two of us. He stripped and joined us, eagerly offering his nine-inch cock. He fondled our rubber-clad bodies and for the first time ever came without touching himself. I managed to catch his sperm and smeared it all over Suzanne. I then wet Pat's cock with my cunt juice, and he guided it up her moist, waiting anus. He pumped away while I fondled his throbbing balls and Suzanne's soaked cunt. I thrust the dildo deep into my vagina and leaned over so that she could suck and lick my anus. I came almost immediately. Pat grunted, and I knew he was about to come. He released a load of semen into her bum as she screamed with delight. He withdrew his cock, and I licked off the last few drops of semen. Suzanne, still not sated, grabbed the dildo and thrust it up Pat's rectum, twisting and turning it. The rest of the evening was one long "rubber fuck."

Xaviera, have you ever experienced anything like this? I can assure you, it really is the biggest turn-on ever.—H.B.

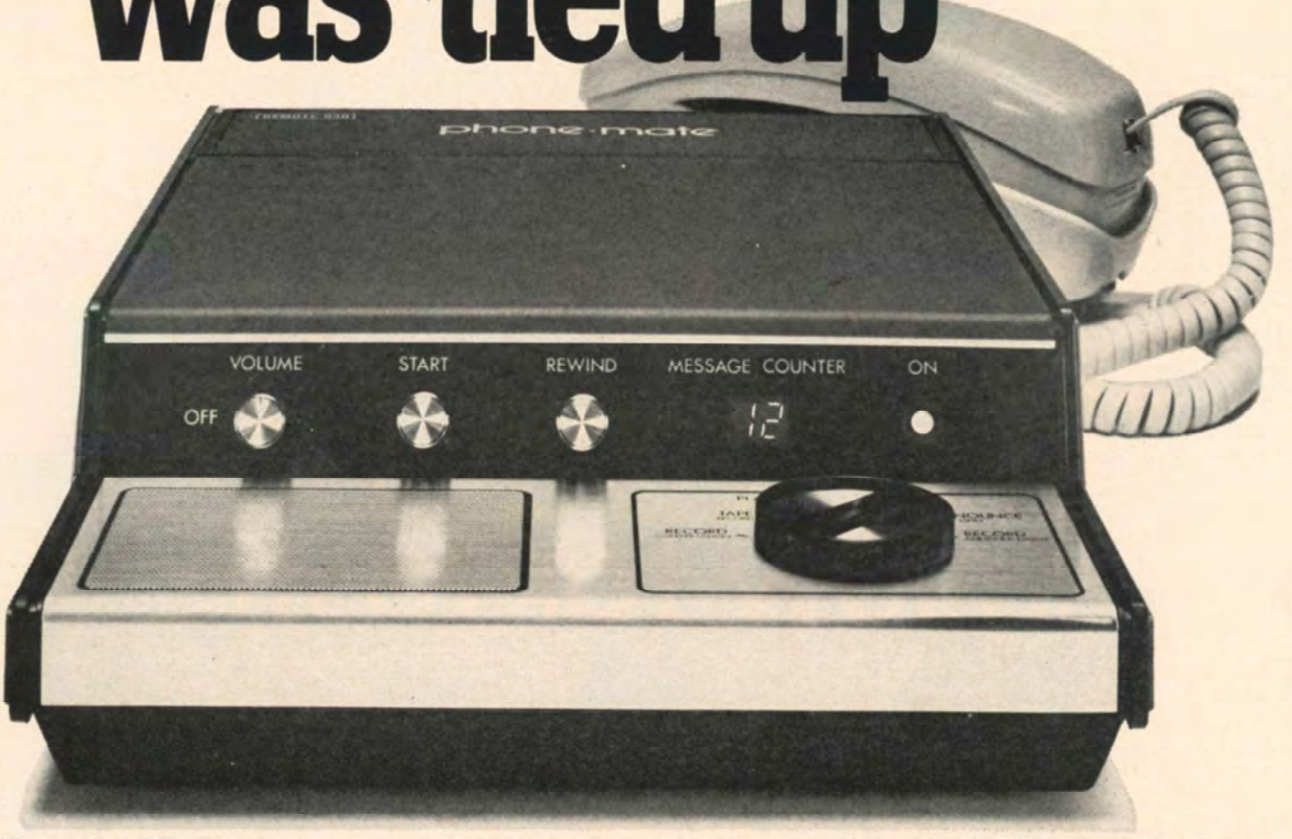
It's too bad that you have never met the famous Dutch specialist in leather and rubber outfits. You would drool if you could only see her rubber room. The smell alone drives me up the wall.

My most recent foray into the rubber scene was not as kinky as yours. I was in Copenhagen, visiting an old girl friend of mine. She introduced me to a middle-aged businessman. We had dinner together, went to the theater, and then went to his apartment for what I hoped would be delicious lovemaking.

I was surprised when he asked me to put on the rubber kitchen gloves. I was completely naked at the time but thought, what the hell. It was the little pink booties that I found peculiar. He liked the sensation of my rubbing the rubber against his skin. The material is smooth but tough and kind of jumps across the skin. Well, different textures for different people.

With this businessman the rubber fetish also was something of a Mr. Clean fetish. That certain parts of my body were covered, to his way of thinking, made me a safer, cleaner sex object. Oh, the illusions of a fetishist!

"Yesterday, I kept four women happy while I was tied up"



What a day. My meeting ran late, so I was still tied up at the office when Linda called the house. Then my sister. Then Pat, my stockbroker, with a hot tip. Then my mother, with a hot meal.

No problem. My Phone-Mate answering machine records all my calls. It also lets me play my messages by remote control from any telephone.

So I set a time with Linda. Pacified my sister. Told Pat to buy 100 shares of Amalgamated. And promised Mom I'd be over for leftovers.

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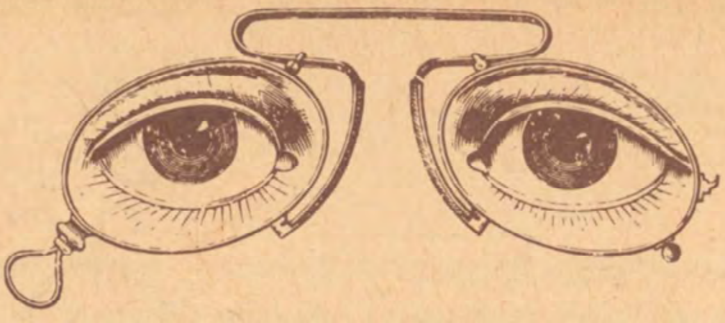


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HOW TO BECOME A HERO

BY MARILYN STASIO

All the heroes is dyin' like flies. They say it's a sign of the times. . ." That's how Sam Shepard, the 1979 Pulitzer Prize winner for drama, sums up what's disturbing us these days. Sounds right to us. Only we might trust our poet's vision more easily if he himself had not gone off to Hollywood to become a movie star.

That's the trouble with today's heroes. They're either getting themselves killed (like antiwar symbol Allard Lowenstein), or betraying their trust as heroes (like Teddy at Chappaquiddick and every mother's son of a politician who got caught in Abscam), or trading off their heroic stature for celebrityhood.

Hardly a day goes by that we don't hear of yet another sellout to fame and fortune. It's bad enough that the great Muhammad Ali has been reduced to shilling roach spray on television, alongside Joe DiMaggio, Phil Rizzuto, and Hank Aaron, who are shilling for banks, loan companies, and fried-chicken franchises. But when a supposed untouchable like consumer hawk Ralph Nader forms his own movie production company and starts peddling feature-film scripts, it's enough to make a cynic out of every Boy Scout in America.

By this time, we should probably be used to athletes, politicians, and Pulitzer Prize–winning writers penning scandalous biographies, trekking the talk-show trail, and selling their famous faces to advertising campaigns. Still, it's a shocker to see how quickly our folk heroes succumb to the lure of merchandising themselves.

Bruce Jenner didn't wait until the shine on his Olympic gold medal had fogged up a bit before gumming about the virtues of cameras and breakfast food on television commercials. And the ice hadn't melted at Lake Placid before the U.S. hockey team was off shooting Volkswagen commercials, cutting records, and contracting to star in *Miracle on Ice*, the movie version of its heroic exploits.

We've lately come to accept, and perhaps even expect, this kind of behavior from our athletic heroes. After all, life is short, and there's only so much mileage to be gotten out of a metatarsal bone. It's a lot harder for us to maintain a hero-worshipping stance when artists of great genius sell themselves at the marketplace. Some Americans of stature, like Pulitzer Prize–winning author John Cheever, have confined the prostitution of their work to appearing in *New Yorker* watch ads ("Detail illuminates John Cheever's writing. Just as detail inspires every Rolex craftsman"). Cheever has not yet, to the best of our knowledge, graced the cover of *People* magazine or starred in a movie with Brooke Shields. (Those who *have* held that dubious honor—the former one, anyway—include Jerry Brown, Jimmy Carter, and the pope.)

Other figures of renown are still novices at compromising themselves. Master musicians like Vladimir Horowitz and Arthur Rubinstein, for example, have barely dipped their toes in the water by contributing their favorite recipes to celebrity cookbooks (breaded chicken breasts for Horowitz, finnan haddie à la crême for Rubinstein, in case you're interested).

But in motives and vanity, certain Nobel scientists have far outstripped such relative innocents as Cheever and the musicians. Physicist William B. Shockley and a few of his distinguished Nobel colleagues let it be known recently that they had disseminated—not their names or even their work—but their *sperm,* in a cockamamy plan to produce superbabies for a genetically superior race.

Of the heroes we still have who have somehow avoided both death and merchandising, the best that can be said is that they are strictly lower-case specimens. The champions (apologists, really) for these lesser mortals tell us we must devalue our criteria for heroism, just as we devalued our dollar. We are no longer a unified society with common standards of value, this argument goes, and we must therefore settle for a multiplicity of small heroes to reflect the multiplicity of people in our stratified society.

Ralph Nader thus becomes a hero to consumers but not to the president of the Ford Motor Company, who is a hero to another segment of society. Cesar Chavez qualifies as another make-do hero, even though the United Farm Workers of America may not reflect the California vegetable producers' ideal of brotherhood. Phyllis Schlafly is as much a hero to her constituency as Gloria Steinem is to hers. And for anybody who still lacks a splinter hero because they happen also to lack a splinter cause, there are always celebrities to create, consume, and destroy.

PURITY
BRAVERY
PRINCIPAL
STATURE
INDEPENDENCE
MAYO

Frank Mayo

Both *Time* and *Newsweek* came out in the same week last year (Good God, it's almost time for *another* ponderous lecture from those two!) with cover stories on our leadership crisis. *Newsweek* counseled us to quit pissing and moaning and to get behind the unsung, small-scale heroes that seem to be all we're capable of producing nowadays—nine-year-old boys who save their families from burning buildings, daredevil bush pilots and deep-sea divers, and foster moth-

ers who take in retarded children. *Time* took the same stance, but the folks they offered as hero models were tyro politicians, museum directors, and molecular biologists.

At the risk of sounding churlish about foster mothers and molecular biologists, we respectfully reject *Time*'s and *Newsweek*'s criteria for heroism. And submit our own. To earn his or her medals, the contemporary hero must have:

Stature. Both the hero and his deeds must have significant size and dimension. Shooting the rapids in a barrel is not heroic, because the deed itself is meaningless, not to say dumb. By this token, seekers of public office are almost automatically excluded from the marble halls of heroism. On account of their physical perfection, athletes (with the possible exception of wrestlers and Roller Derby queens) make terrific household gods—only no talk-show appearances or Sasson jeans testimonials to blow the image. By this standard, Ali has not exactly lost his heroic place, but his stature shrinks with each replay of his roach spray commercial.

Independence. Tear down all those astronaut posters from your clubhouse walls, kids! The true hero has to have clean hands. No consorting with the U.S. military, communal religious groups, or the CIA. If the hero candidate holds public office or a leadership position in some powerful organization like a labor union, he's got to make heavy restitution for not keeping a rebel stance outside all organized systems. He can do this by giving (not selling!) organization secrets to the *Washington Post* or, better yet, by getting himself killed after turning over the manuscript.

The Bettmann Archive

Jonas Salk.

Principles. Hang-gliding and winning beauty contests are not appropriate heroic tasks, because they are clearly undertaken for personal glory. The *echt* hero must act out of impeccable motives—of which "to make the world safe for democracy" is no longer one. In the special case of cancer researchers and maverick politicians who try to unseat Sen. Russell Long, the moral justification for the heroic deed may be no more than the simple, stubborn belief in the aesthetic beauty of the impossible.

Purity. Fame and fortune are the hero's due. (Knights of old always got the king's fair daughter.) But these perks must be untainted, unexpected, after-the-deed rewards and never, *never* a prepaid condition for the deed. Pete Rose is not to be denied his princely contracts, and Ron Guidry has a perfect right to be pissed off for being denied his. But heroes who withhold their heroism until they get assurances from the oil companies and the banks that they won't make waves over a windfall-profits tax are smudges on the heroic mold.

Bravery. Real risks must be taken, against significant odds for failure. No hero worth his salt sings somebody else's hit song or cancels his campaign because he's had a bad drop in the polls. This sort of queers it for any hero-hopeful with "Jr." after his name, because the true hero breaks new ground, defies tradition, bucks the odds, takes chances, and does not call in the marines in a pinch. By this measure Lenny Bruce was a hero; Richard Pryor can carry his slippers.

Inspirational Qualities. The truly classical hero leads his people out of the bog. And this recognition, that his deeds affect the lives of the plebes beneath his feet, is what distinguishes the genuine hero-as-model from the false hero-as-egotist. If *Newsweek*'s deep-sea diver ever finds his sunken treasure, you can bet he's not going to donate it to cancer research. By the same token, rock-star heroes who did hard drugs were appropriate leader models for the '60s, when everybody was whacked, but are hopelessly out of touch for inspirational qualities today, when everybody is into roller skating.

Universality. Even if he fills all the preceding qualifications, no hero has a right to the laurel wreath if he can't unify his people under a single banner. By this standard, few, if any, contemporary candidates can be called hero. If a man can't get Ted Kennedy *and* William F. Buckley to deliver eulogies at his funeral, he's only a tin hero.

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

Lenny Bruce.

Universality, of course, is the kicker clause, because we're such a stratified society. But societies have been stratified in the past and still produced heroes. The problem is, these heroes often united the human bits and pieces of their constituencies through war.

When we Americans sigh nostalgically over dead heroes, we are rarely thinking of such people as Margaret Sanger, Jonas Salk, or W.E.B. Du Bois. More likely, we are sniffing in memory of the presidents and generals who led us into war. Even our traditional cultural heroes—the film battalions who served so nobly under John Wayne—were colorful warriors who exercised righteous violence in mythic "wars" against gangsters, cattle rustlers, and all those guys who didn't want to see the railroad go through.

The "era of great individualists" came to an end, not because the mold was broken with LBJ (as *Time* tried to tell us in its "leadership" issue), but rather because the character of war changed during Johnson's presidency. After Vietnam, America could no longer rationalize war as a heroic action. Today's villains have lost the clear-cut definition of Al Capone and the kaiser. This makes the hero's traditional tasks of heroism morally ambiguous and throws his very nature into question.

The real trauma of Vietnam was not that we lost the war but that we finally had to admit that we, the goddamn heroes, were actually the goddamn villains. So, behind our crisis of leadership lies another crisis: the crisis of confusion, while we adjust our concepts of the hero and the heroic act—to make restitution for having been villains.

Our fear is that, in our anguished need for heroes in this unheroic age, America will fall for those who disregard the breadth of the true hero's noble qualities and settle for his warrior might. Jimmy Carter bolstered his flabby presidency and won back the leadership of his disaffected party largely by rattling sabers and mouthing cold-war rhetoric. The sabers were rusty and the rhetoric hollow, but that didn't stop a shocking lot of people from declaring Jimmy born again as a hero.

We would like to think that America's recent equation of heroism with militaristic posturing is only a temporary aberration, one that will sheepishly shuffle off once we recollect the qualities and conditions of genuine heroism. But it might take a real hero to pull us to our senses, and as we said before: "All the heroes is dyin' like flies. . . ."

SCENES

ADULT OLYMPIC GAMES

Scarcely has the dust settled on the 1980 Olympics than we are faced with a Major Decision regarding the 1984 Games in Los Angeles. By custom, the host country of each Olympiad may add a sport of its choice to the lineup; recent examples include judo (Tokyo), terrorism (Munich), and Margaret Trudeau (Montreal).

So, what event shall *we* add in '84? Several uniquely American sports leap to mind—Frisbee, surfing, Roller Derby, Pong, barhopping—but these fail to express truly the nature of our competitive spirit and character, let alone convey it to the world. The following events, by contrast, clearly typify that spirit, character, and Yankee competitiveness and would add a welcome note of innovation to a tradition-bound institution.

The 50-Meter Checkout. Each entrant begins at the end of a supermarket checkout line, behind 50 shoppers with 25 identical items. (This is the sprint or "express" version of the event; the 200-meter marathon was banned after the tragic shoot-out in a Montreal Shop-N-Save in 1976.) Entrants must move through their line as rapidly as possible without causing injury, breaking laws, or physically touching others. Winning techniques: claiming to have just recovered from Legionnaire's disease; wearing a JONESTOWN OR BUST T-shirt; juggling hand grenades; projectile vomiting; soliciting members for the Manson family; strangling a cat. Entrants are graded for speed, ingenuity, and shock value.

The Human-Potential Pentathlon. Entrants compete in five events selected to test the human capacity for self-awareness, self-involvement, self-assertion, and self-righteousness. (1) Personal-growth floor exercises: entrants have 30 minutes in which to accomplish any six of the following feats—get centered, get "clear," get mellow, get "it," get high on life, get it all together, get straight, get down, get saved, get happy, get organized, or get it all now. (2) Holistic medley: entrants are given chemically induced stage-two migraine attacks and then have one hour to quell them, using two or more of the following: TM, biofeedback, Rolfing, acupuncture, self-hypnosis, self-abuse. (3) Emotional gymnastics: entrants are presented with a personal crisis—e.g., divorce, malignancy, impotence—and must then execute such maneuvers as going-with-it, working-it-all-through, tackling-it-head-on, growing-out-of-it, and avoiding-dealing-with-it. (4) Relating: each entrant must spend 30 minutes in polite conversation with a group consisting of Howard Cosell, Henry Kissinger, Billy Martin, Rona Barrett, and the entrant's mother; points are lost for violent outbursts, spitting or screaming, insulting vulgarity, or running away. (5) The role vault: a test of one's ability to deny as many of one's own negative personality traits as possible, using the classic techniques of est, Scientology, Synanon, the Moonies, and oil-industry PR campaigns.

The Dash to the Bank. This is the ultimate expression of athletic skill and maturity—turning professional, the instant your other Olympic events have ended, and negotiating contracts for every penny possible. Known to insiders as the Bruce Jenner steeplechase, this event will score competitors for speed, avarice, and gross pretax income, in five categories: television-product endorsements, talk-show appearances, autobiographical book contracts, exploitation-film bit parts, and lecture tour bookings. Bonus points will be awarded for tax-free deferred payments and successful evasion of amateur regulations.

Jan Lucas, Photo Researchers

The 50-meter checkout: speed, ingenuity, and shock value.

Foxing. A female counterpart to male boxing. Each woman entrant enters a prize ring stark naked, along with a nude, healthy, 21-year-old English major from a Big Ten University, for three five-minute rounds. Without touching the male below the belt, her object is to force him to "go down for the count" or, rather, down *on* the countess. This constitutes a KO, or Knock-Off. Scoring: first-round KO, 30 points; second-round KO, 20 points; third-round KO, 10 points. In the event of a spontaneous ejaculation, five points are awarded, the round is halted for 60 seconds, and the male is revived with amyl nitrate. (Should the Games be held in San Francisco, this would become a gay event.)

The High Hurdles. After consuming a one-gram blend of THC, LSD, cocaine, Quaalude, Valium, and Methedrine, entrants compete in a series of field events. (1) The obstacle course: entrants must pass unaided through a disco bar, a family reunion, a crowded sidewalk, and a Denny's coffee shop; they are scored for time, composure, ability to remain upright, coherence, and avoidance of injury. (2) The hard step: entrants have two minutes to double the weight of an ounce of cocaine without detection. (3) The customs sprint: entrants carry one or more kilos of heroin through an airport baggage-check; they are scored for concealment, creativity, poise, inconspicuousness, and bulk. (Those who fail this event must compete in the bail jump, scored for dollar amount, swiftness, and distance.)

Other possible "high" events include the 100-meter carom; the crosstown crawl; the double-vision stair climb; the verbal message relay (for accuracy); the snorting marathon; the hop-step-and-fall; short-term memorizing; and endurance giggling.

The Marathon Wait. A taxing endurance event tests the limits of human resolve and stoic patience. Over a period of 48 hours, entrants compete in ten events,

Paolo Koch

Quell the pain with acupuncture.

Ben Weaver, Camera 5

Wide World Photos

Conversing with Cosell and Martin: no violent outbursts allowed.

each of which involves an irritatingly draining form of waiting: for the stoplight to change (three hours); for the next bus to come (five hours); for the elevator (two hours); in line for gas (seven hours); in line for a movie (three hours); while watching PLEASE STAND BY on a television screen (four hours); on hold (five hours); in a dentist's office (five hours); for traffic to move (four hours); for quitting time to arrive (ten hours). Entrants must remain soundless and motionless and are disqualified for dozing off or silently weeping. The last one to crack is the winner, but only if still coherent.

The Political Decathlon. In this rigorous test of political stamina and dexterity, each entrant participates in a series of ten events called "The Campaign." (1) The shit-put: mud-slinging for accuracy and impact while staying inside the bounds of libel. (2) The jive-line: getting maximum distance out of a very narrow issue. (3) The 200 meeters: entrants are introduced to 200 influential strangers and then scored on their ability to recall each person's name, occupation, sexual preference, and income. (4) The smile run: entrants are graded on their ability to maintain a moronic expression of joy while running to near-exhaustion. (5) The poll vault: entrants must successfully overcome statistical proof that they can't possibly win. (6) The 200-meter curdles: each entrant must stop every 20 meters to consume a different ethnic meal—Irish, Italian, German, Mexican, etc.—without collapsing. (7) The 100-yard dash: to the nearest Olympic toilet, directly after the curdles; those failing to make it are disqualified. (8) The discuss: entrants are scored on their skill at ducking serious questions with long, rambling, irrelevant, and diversionary "answers." (9) The long jump: entrants try to leap from total obscurity to sudden prominence without the aid of experience or qualifications. (10) The "high" jump: like the long jump but with the aid of Peter Bourne.

Steven Kagan, Photo Researchers

Waiting in line for gas: disqualified for silently weeping.

The Beautyrest Freestyle. In our age of sexual athletics, what could be more appropriate as a form of universal competition than athletic sex? Entrants would vie in a number of specific categories—balling for speed, for distance, for style, for crudity, for money, for the most verifiable orgasms achieved over 10/30/60-minute intervals (at last, a gold medal for Puerto Rico); balling relays (adding new meaning to the concept of "passing the baton"); and so on. And off. You can imagine the confrontations: the bearish Russians versus the small but wiry Japanese; the passionate Brazilians versus the methodical Swiss; the arrogant French versus the inscrutable Chinese. See Cubans excel in the sprints, Italians pile up points for sheer effort, Germans dominate the team events, and Americans walk away with gold medals for innovative kinkiness. Just consider the implications of being the underdog. Whee.—*Robert S. Wieder*

Frank Lafitte

Sex: balling for speed.

FILMS

CARNIVAL GOTHIC

François Truffaut once wrote that you could judge a movie from its first five minutes. I've been testing this theory with each new film, and for at least 98 percent of them, I'd say Truffaut was too generous by half. In two minutes, often just one, you can usually tell just how good or bad things are going to be.

And so, it will be in the first five minutes of Robert Kaylor's ***Carny*** that you may gain confidence in the film's success just by watching a man put on the make-up of a clown. At first the sequence seems standard enough, part of the repertory of behind-the-scenes devices in show-business movies. But the fellow is clumsy with his makeup, and when he smudges the black into the red around his lips just enough to mutter "Shit!" (the first word in the movie), the whole traditional passage begins to take on the darkly tentative aura of misapplied determination that comes to envelop so much personal effort in the film.

His makeup completed, he becomes not really a clown but rather The Mighty Bozo, swinging and screaming insults from behind bars, while the crowd out on the midway buys chances to throw baseballs at a target triggering a mechanism that will dump him into neck-high water at the bottom of his cage.

The entire sequence, disturbing, brilliant, gaudy, can stand as an emblem for some of the moods and insights of *Carny*. There are others, different but just as striking. For example, the ecstasy of the sideshow fat man, seen alone late at night, his arms rising and falling as he turns slowly in the warm southern rain. A piece of found-object filmmaking, I suspect, and exactly the kind of obsessive anecdote this film takes time for—and that most films would surely never care to notice. Or the young girl Donna, after her first night with Frankie (alias Bozo), sitting up in bed, serious, almost solemn, distant, beautiful, observed by herself just long enough to become a portrait slightly out of the time it takes to tell this part of her—rather conventional—story as the independent, small-town kid who runs away to join the carnival, shacking up with Frankie and then with his partner, Patch.

It is with such moments, often much more than moments, that *Carny* earns its credit—which, God knows, it needs. The story may be conventional, but it isn't so unimportant, being at bottom a melodrama full of sex and violence, with even a chance for murder. However, the movie doesn't so much follow all circumstance as stumble over it from time to time. Just when things ought to be reaching their fast-paced climax, they fall into their oddest fragmentation; so at the end the corrupt, sadistic bad guys pass abruptly out of the picture, almost as if somebody had forgotten to write their exit.

The "Pulla String–Win a Prize" scam from Carny: *in favor of the carnival people.*

Busey as The Mighty Bozo.

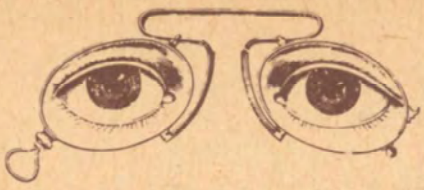
Such casualness toward plot, combined with a loving attention to mood and apparently extraneous detail, belongs more to European than to American movie tradition. But the energies flowing through *Carny* are native enough, and they combine with some other things to make this, for all its flaws, so far the most exciting American movie of the year. Among those other things are the three principals: Gary Busey as Frankie; Robbie Robertson as his pal and partner, the cool, cynical Patch; and Jodie Foster as Donna, who (in another bit of the plot eventually tossed off in passing) comes between them. Robertson, former leader of The Band, whom you may remember from Martin Scorsese's *The Last Waltz*, also produced the movie. As the least expressive of the three leads, and as a part-time jealous heavy, he has the most thankless, least satisfactory role. Busey, on the other hand, can revel in his turns, from bright-eyed girl chaser to lunatic Bozo. Here, even more than in the admirable *The Buddy Holly Story*, he can play on a line between character performance and romantic lead. In this, like a less dazzling but more flexible Nick Nolte, he is sinewy, unpredictable, and fine. As for Jodie Foster, who hasn't been much fun to watch since *Taxi Driver*, her Donna replaces everything—or, better, confirms that all the tough, pubescent vulnerability she displayed four years ago has properly matured into a kind of utterly sympathetic provocativeness—the kind of role that in the great days of Hollywood's leading ladies might have fallen to, say, a young Barbara Stanwyck, the best of them all.

There are places in *Carny* where Jodie Foster makes it seem that the great days have come back—though with a difference—as when she simultaneously tempts and repulses a tall, blonde lesbian attracted to her as she works a booth that is probably the most blatant scam in the carnival: "Pulla String—Win a Prize." That sequence, which is immensely powerful and not exactly appetizing, can stand for a lot of what goes on in *Carny*, with its glamorous sleaze, its con artists and their redneck gulls, where every five minutes the local law is being paid off, and where everybody lies, cheats, steals—the balance favoring the carnival people because we get to know and like them and because they lie, cheat, and steal with better humor and more grace.

This is Robert Kaylor's first feature. However, he has a long track record in documentary films, and maybe knowing what he's good at has given him a special freedom here. Certainly his carnival looks and feels like the traveling shows some of us grew up with (down even to a potential Jodie Foster selling something like "Pulla String"), with the memories of crowds and lights and lousy food, and being not thrilled but always a little sick to the stomach from the rides.

In a sense, it is a marvelously authentic re-creation from life. In another sense, it is an authoritative evocation of a tradition in art, film art, of a spirit that goes back to both the graphic perversities of Tod Browning's *Freaks* (1932) and the precarious circus splendors of Max Ophuls's great *Lola Montes* (1956). Bozo in his cage, the beautiful and tragic Lola in hers—each is a quintessential image for the circus/carnival. Whether the money goes for kissing the hand of Lola or dunking the gibbering clown, each character completes—and mocks—the fantasies of the customers who pay for the privilege. Logically, the Bozo act has nothing to do

Robertson as the heavy.



with the not-quite love story between Frankie and Donna. But then nothing in *Carny* proceeds very logically, and the ill will surrounding Bozo, that abuse-slinging image of a man-monkey, opens such possibilities that even the carnival romance seems poised before a catastrophe that nobody in the movie, perhaps nobody making the movie, would want to comprehend.

As narrative, it is sentimental, sad, threatened, and then—improbably—triumphant. But narrative controls less of the movie than does any of its obsessive images, lined up like the special attractions of the midway. Of course, everybody talks about money. Money provides the explanations, from the persistence of the paid-off local bosses and inspectors to the reason for doing Bozo. But money hardly begins to cover the carnival, where the pitchmen seem to fleece the customers out of sheer attachment to the game—or perhaps to spite themselves. I doubt that any rational perspective will find the movie making sense. This is, of course, a weakness. Yet there are glories, though you may have to catch them in the corner of your eye.

Visually, the America *Carny* looks at resembles the lamplit nighttime America of Edward Hopper (brought up to the present), and is not so much grotesque, even in the freak shows, as it is strange and always potentially lonely. This happens to be an alluring, often beautiful way of seeing—and, as in the opening-title sequence, a succession of fascinating decisions about how to look through a camera. Sometimes the carnival lights go too wild, as if the camera had taken the dizziest ride. Sometimes there will be too much of that routine carnival gothic that substitutes for earned emotion in the presence of such convenient premanufactured intensity. But mostly the feeling is real, balanced in a place between nightmare and nostalgia, where everything seems somehow to have been remembered, though it is happening right now.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

MY KIND OF TOWN

Everybody had his/her own *Manhattan*. I liked Woody's, identified with it highly—my little sister is a lot like Mariel, and she says Diane is a ringer for me, but as we all know there are 8 million stories in this Naked City just waiting to be told, and no one has the monopoly.

Bright Lights, Dark Rooms (Doubleday, $10.95), by David Nemec, takes place in SoHo and the East Village and is a murder mystery of sorts. I say "of sorts" because this book is odd. It has one of the best opening chapters I've read in a long time: your average thief, while robbing your typical SoHo artist's loft, discovers the dead body of a beautiful black woman smothered in black roses in an all-black bathroom, and freaks out completely. He puts back everything he has taken, wipes away all his fingerprints, and splits the city in terror that the cops might think him responsible. Nice twist. Nice writing. Mr. David Nemec is a man who does not write just to make money—that much is wonderfully clear.

Okay. Next thing, a writer type, recently arrived from Florida, moves into the thief's now abandoned East Village pad, and through a series of circumstances (among them the dating of a nervous female copywriter from *Penthouse* magazine who, it warmed my heart to read, was depicted as mentally and sexually normal) gets picked up by the N.Y.P.D. and questioned about the murder. The writer type, his curiosity piqued by the coincidence of his involvement, decides to get to the bottom of the murder and, in doing so, to cure his writer's block by writing a book about the homicide. He sets off to interview the tenants of the loft building in which the murder took place.

Well, the writer type lays a lot of quirky New York women and, in the end, discovers who did the murder and why, and through it all there's a lot of fine writing and ideas. But what's odd, and finally the flaw of the book, is that all the incidental characters are far more exciting than the writer type who is the book's focus. He seems to have no character at all beyond the clichéd fact of his writer's block, and although he speaks well and with humor, I never did get a sense of who he is. Even so, Nemec is well worth reading and his book, despite its flaw, is many cuts above most.

If you're interested in the prewar Bronx and in postwar Houston, Tex., then do read ***The Catfish Man*** (Arbor House, $10), by Jerome Charyn. This is a New York book, basically, in tone. No one could have written it but a New Yorker. It has the stamp. Told in the first person with a sweetly frantic and fatalistic humor, it is a short chronicle of the author's life, from his Bronx beginnings to his subsequent madness and incarceration in a couple of southern mental institutions, finally ending with his return to the city of his birth and his writing of this book in a muddled state of New York sanity. The best parts, for me, were his lovely descriptions of himself as an adolescent body builder in prewar Crotona Park. Furry black-and-white visions that bring to mind old sections of the Movietone News. The catfish of the title used to inhabit the Bronx River at that time. A hardy fish—a garbage eater, mud dweller, pal, and inspiration to many a poor boy—it is gone from the river by the end of the book, the victim, one supposes, of postwar pollution and housing projects. The author sees himself as the catfish: a survivor through the madness and yet ultimately doomed to planned obsolescence.

Vernita Nemec

Nemec: New York murder.

If you want to get some insight into what it means or doesn't mean to be gay, for God's sake, don't see *Cruising*. But do read ***The Confessions of Danny Slocum, or Gay Life in the Big City*** (St. Martin's Press, $9.95), by George Whitmore. Fire Island, the Baths, the disco palaces of the lower West Side, Christopher Street—you name it, you'll visit it in this lovely, funny book. This is the story of Danny, who can't ejaculate in the presence of another human and who, with the aid of his gay shrink, goes into sex therapy with a surrogate male partner whom he has never met before. Danny's embarrassed about it. He's happy about it. He's worried about it. He's frustrated by it. He's a real sweet human being who wants to be healthy and find Mr. Right. And what else, I ask you, does any of us want?

Of course, the gay community will love this book. But what disturbs me is that the people who ought to read it, the people who fear gays and who now, as a result of *Cruising*, would rather face the Subway Slasher than share a cab with a leather queen, probably never will. In large part this is because of the book's two titles. God, I hate it when a work is

called THIS, *OR* THAT—it reeks of sell and market wizardry; and, I venture to say, George Whitmore is not responsible for it. My point is: word of lisp whips through the gay community with all the speed of a case of herpes. A check of disparate gay friends throughout the city revealed a sound knowledge of the emergence of this book despite the fact it has only just been published. So, putting the death label of "gay" on the front cover, a label which the book only incidentally deserves and which, like the other death labels, "woman's" and "black," ultimately demeans the richness of its content, serves only to affront those people who ought to read it and ensures that they will never do so. Only a publicist could have thought of a way to reinforce the hated stereotype, which a reading of this book would surely shatter. What a waste.

The Education of Don Juan (Wyndham Books, $12.95), by Robin Hardy, has nothing to do with Manhattan except that for half the book the city is held out to Juan, the main character, as a place he can always escape to if he so chooses. This is of no mean import; one of the ironies of being a native Manhattanite is the sense you have that there's no escape, no place to go, no sin city in which your eccentricity can flower. If you leave, you are doomed always to return, to come back and deal with it. You can never be a runaway or a pioneer: you can only grow up. And so I envy Juan when, at the end of the book, he does choose to come to New York. It makes me hope that this book will have a sequel, for Hardy has done something fine here.

Do not be misled by the title. This is not a series of pornographic escapades linked by some thin soap opera-oid tissue. *Don Juan* is a beautifully written and ingeniously conceived explanation of how a boy grows up to be the kind of man for whom the exploration, understanding, and enjoyment of women is the very epicenter of his life. Yes, more important than a job, a hobby, a bowling night, even a cold beer. Sound implausible? Well, it isn't, not the way Hardy tells it. Spanning a period after 1920—Morocco, an English boarding school, Paris in the days of Stein and Toklas, a stint in the Spanish Civil War, and, finally, torture at the hands of the Nazis—we follow the development of Juan into a Don Juan. Not a rat-with-women sort of Don Juan but rather a Don Juan who offers not the security of marriage but the security of love. Although it plays on a fantasy figure, the genius of this book is its basis in reality, the *Ragtime*-ish quality of its settings, the solid but colorful motivation of its characters, the belief that it gives you in the existence of Don Juan, not only as a person but as a type and even as a myth. Juan's Billie Burke–type mother and her intellectual lesbian lover; his mad, impotent, Spanish duke father; his sexy Irish nanny who tries to sacrifice him on a Druid altar; the frigid Resistance fighter whom he liberates to love; and many more finely drawn and memorable characters inhabit this work. It ends, appropriately, with a theory on the origin of "unrequited love" that makes this painful human condition quite dismissible, and with it, any feeling or conclusion one might have that Juan's life is woman's pain.

At the novel's conclusion, as I say, Juan leaves for New York to explore the New Woman. I, being one of them, can hardly wait till he arrives.—*Emily Prager*

Jerry Bauer

Hardy: New York dream.

SOUNDS

STATIC FREE

Twenty years ago, futurists stoically predicted that art in the eighties would be regulated by automatons. Dreamers like Asimov and Disney conjured up extravagant prototypes for us to dwell on; Huxley foretold of sterilized literature and "frozen music"; and, more recently, Devo played out the whole slapstick fantasy on stage. Even Johnny Carson incorporated this theory into his monologue, insinuating that when the time came, Doc and the boys would be replaced by a band of double-breasted machines.

As predictions go, Carson's happens to be the least speculative of the bunch. Now that we've reached that dubious decade, a robotized "Tonight Show" orchestra would only be the latest development in popular musicians' "going digital" in order to achieve re-recorded bliss.

Digital sound—*not* Bruce Springsteen—is the future of rock 'n' roll. Now that we've survived the stillborn hype of hi-fi, quad, and Sensurround, digital's promise is something we're not used to hearing from our mountain of stereo components: clarity. That's it—just clarity. The chairs won't shake, you don't need 14 sets of speakers to get the full effect, and, who knows, you might even be able to hear the "Paul Is Dead" track without having to run *Abbey Road* through your Cuisinart.

In short, digital technique is

Pach/Bettmann Archives

Digital: biggest audio advancement since Edison's invention.

about the most important audio advancement since the gramophone. Until it came along, the path from the original event to the listener's ear was a chronicle of *recordus interruptus.* Music first had to be performed onto magnetic tape, then stored, retrieved, and finally pressed onto a disc from a "mother" stamp whose clarity diminished with each impression. In between each of these functions it fought tape noise, tape speed variations, limited dynamic range, cross talk, frequency reduction, and print-through—all of which are responsible for that boisterous hiss you hear behind the music. Digital technique now eliminates about 80 percent of that; in four years' time, it is expected that sound recording, digital-style, will be cranked out at 99 percent purity.

The expedient is a kind of technological paint-by-numbers called *numerical analog.* It cuts out all the red tape and allows you the luxury of recording direct-to-disc: now the performance is fed directly from the microphone into a computer, which assigns a precise numerical sequence to each sound. There are some 50,000 numbers generated to chart each second of audio; so it is possible to re-create each sound with an almost infinite dynamic range. These sequences are stored in the memory of a computer, and the audio reconstructed from the numerical code is remarkably identical to the original performance. And copies don't lose generations of clarity; they are indistinguishable from the master.

So, only a hummingbird and your neighbor's French poodle will be able to appreciate the difference? Not this time. Even the untrained ear can immediately detect a dramatic quality of sound it's never heard coming from audio speakers before—a clear definition of each vocal and instrumental track, fullness of depth and sound.

So far, several classical and pop artists have mastered their recordings with digital mix-down equipment, but few have dared to go the distance, to give themselves up completely to digital computers for the interpretation of their performance. "It's just too bizarre," said one rock star, after hearing that his drummer fed their royalty statement into the computer and got back a disco version of "Money."

Ry Cooder's *Bop Till You Drop* (Warner Bros. BSK 3358) represents somewhat of a breakthrough for digital recording. It's the first pop album to rely wholly on digital interpretation without putting on the brakes. According to Cooder, it's also the first time he and his musicians have ever heard back *exactly* what they played, each little sound and nuance. Using 3-M's experimental system—a contraption whose blinking features would humble Mr. Spock—they created a session having "space," an abundance of lows and highs, which on standard recordings are ordinarily muddled. And on one tune, "Down In Hollywood," a technological salute to digital recording, there's a street sequence that puts you at curbside for every car horn, backfire, and assorted street noise. In fact, when Foo-Foo christens the fire hydrant, I found myself checking my cuffs.

The sound is a lot smoother than the effort it took to get it into "The Brain." At first, Cooder's studio wizards stared at the console as if it were an alien. Then, all it succeeded in doing was "frying bacon" and gobbling up entire tracks—which, at $200 per hour, is extravagant taste. A familiar cry during the sessions was: "What the hell is it going to do this time?" The answer is evident in playback. On regular speakers, the sound is sensational; with headphones, it's an experience.

Digital recording, though, is primarily a West Coast phenomenon. Those wonderful folks who brought you the LED taxi-meter and computer chess are holed up in a Stamford lab, figuring out ways to cut the price tag of installing such equipment in smaller, conventional studios. And the studio owners agree that there are still a number of modifications to be made before they're willing to hock their sterling silver coke-spoons in order to finance a digital system.

But record companies (which seemingly control the future of digital technique) must agree on a uniform mode for marketing records and home playback equipment. Eventually, to eliminate even the distortion created by a needle, digital discs will be marketed in the form of plastic punch cards, whose data will be translated by a hairline laser beam. That means doing away with records and, ultimately, windfall profits—and you know the odds of that happening. But, fortunately, public and artistic demands have forced their corporate hands, and we can expect the first digital equipment to roll off assembly lines in the not too distant future. The target date for the mechanical takeover: when else? 1984.

—Robert Stephen Spitz

Charlyn Zlotnik

Ry Cooder on digital: each little sound, every little nuance.

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a girl named Christy.

Being a college student at a large Ohio university, I often spend weekend evenings relaxing by going to the local bars. I met this chick, Christy, at one such bar. We talked for a while, and I found she was a fashion design major. This explained the beautiful, tight-fitting satin dress that she was wearing. We talked a while longer and had a number of drinks before she suggested that we go over to her apartment, since her roommate had gone home for the weekend. Not being one to pass up an opportunity, I quickly agreed.

When we got to her apartment, she put on some tunes and we sat on the couch and talked a bit more before we began French-kissing. Before I knew it, she had moved down from my lips, had undone my zipper, and had begun licking my erect, ten-inch manhood. She said she had never seen such a nice big cock. She gently pulled my pants off while she was sucking on my cock, and I cordially helped her out of her satin dress, hose, and panties. At the sight of her small but very firm tits, I blew my wad in her mouth, and she swallowed all she could. I suggested that we go to her bedroom. I could see by now that she was very horny and getting very wet. I began by licking her erect nipples and moved my way down to her wet, dripping pussy. I sucked on each individual pubic hair on her cunt before I licked her wet clit. She loved every minute of it, as I began making my tongue dart in and out of her pussy lips. Then she moaned and thrashed erratically as she began having orgasms. By this time I was hard again, and we went into a 69 position. After I licked her clit some more and licked up her pussy juices, I turned her around and slid my now throbbing member into her wet, slippery cunt as far as it would go. She loved it and grabbed my ass and tried to pull me in even farther. "Fuck me harder," she cried. I came with a tremendous thrust.

After this we rested a minute and then began right where we had left off. I began licking up some more of her swollen clit before moving up to suck on her nipples while sliding my cock into her wet pussy. I began moving rhythmically in and out. She said, before I went any further, that I would have to fuck her up her third hole. So I rolled her over on her stomach and began to massage her firm tits. My dick was still wet from her pussy, so it slid easily up her anus. As I did, I slid a couple of my fingers up her snatch. Her ass hole was so tight that I came very quickly and she had her most tremendous orgasm yet.

After I withdrew, we both fell asleep. In the morning we both woke up at the same time, and she suggested that we both take a shower. So we went into the shower together. She began lathering herself, and I joined in helping her. Then it was her turn to help me. As she did, I became hard and she naturally noticed. She said that she would have to relieve that wonderful swelling. She sank to her knees and began sucking me off. Soon we fell to the floor, and with the shower still on, I let her mount my cock on the shower floor. She rode it like she was riding a wild horse. After I came, I told her that I would have to leave, since I had class that morning.

Since that time Christy and I have gotten together for many more fun times.—*F. B., Cincinnati, Ohio*

Getting in the habit

This is an experience I had that I felt had to be shared with other "Penthouse Forum" readers.

I was accompanying my senior class on a wilderness trip to Canada. It turned out that one of our chaperones was a hauntingly beautiful nun, whom I'll call SMC. She was *not* your average nun. In fact, I often wondered how she kept her "vows."

We made the whole trip to Canada on a long Greyhound bus ride. From time to time I'd notice SMC staring at me, looking at me very seductively. Now, I have been told by many that I am very good-looking, but I never thought my looks would throw a *nun* into a tizzy!

When we arrived in Canada, SMC asked me to hike with her to find a campsite. SMC and I left the others and began to hike for the site. We hiked for about an hour, and after that time I had totally lost my bearings and began to wonder where SMC was leading me. As we walked, she dropped several hints about how lonely the life of a nun is. Of course, I thought nothing of it. Then, all of a sudden, she took my hand and placed it on one of her firm, heavenly breasts. This is where she broke the ice. I massaged them until they were as hard as rocks. After we finished, she thanked me. Then I told her I wanted her to give me a blowjob as payment for her massage. She gladly agreed. By the way she worked on me, I could tell she was pretty well experienced. Before I came, I told her she was about to be "baptized" a second time. After this I shot my load all over her face.

After a lot of sucking, by her *and* me, SMC said, "Fuck my burning bush." I said, "Well, say your prayers, nun. You're about to get Moses' staff stuck in your twat." We were both yelling and screaming at the top of our lungs, but we didn't have to worry about anyone coming around, since we sounded like a pair of wild dogs. That day in the woods we tried about every position that there was to try. Before it got dark, we both decided to head back to the others before they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

"Henderson, I'm very impressed with your credentials, but our company already has a wino!"

Since a secret meeting in 1910 at the island estate of J. P. Morgan, bankers and their hireling politicians have progressively devalued the dollar and our labor to make themselves even richer. A long-term depression will be the result.

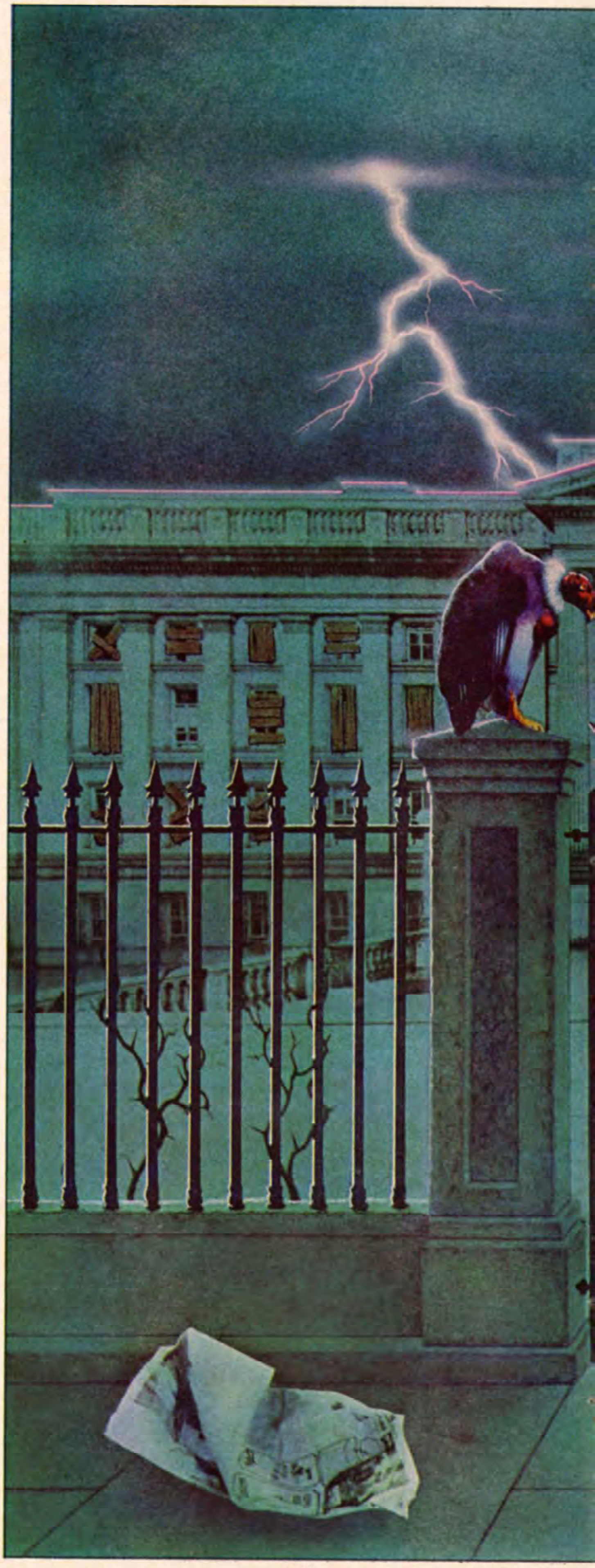
THE PLANNED DESTRUCTION OF THE DOLLAR

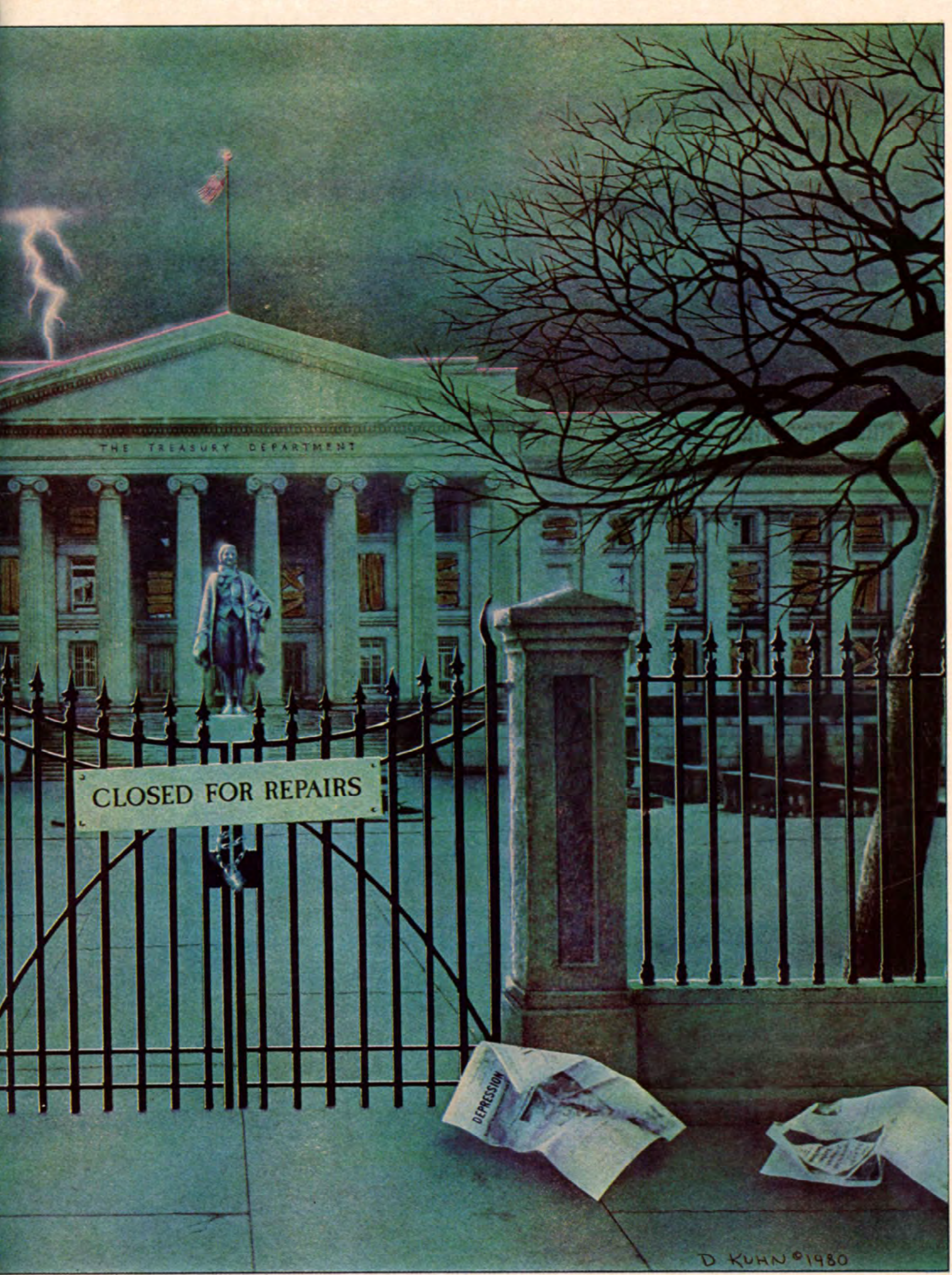
BY JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

Despite my views about the value to society of greater publicity for the affairs of corporations, there was an occasion, near the close of 1910, when I was as secretive—indeed, as furtive—as any conspirator. . . . I do not feel it is any exaggeration to speak of our secret expedition to Jekyll Island as the occasion of the actual conception of what eventually became the Federal Reserve System.—Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York

One of 1979's remarkable movies was *The In-Laws*, a helter-skelter farce starring Peter Falk and Alan Arkin. It was interesting, not only as entertainment but also for what it said about our economy. *The In-Laws* was the first movie to take the U. S. dollar as its comic premise.

The plot goes something like this: Falk, an apparently demented intelligence agent, draws his would-be in-law, Arkin, through a series of desperate adventures in an effort to save the U. S. economy from hyperinflation. What does it all mean? "Trust the common man," Arkin shouts, demanding an explanation. Falk responds by describing the Eurodollar market. It seems that less-developed countries (now known as L.D.C.'s) have racked up a debt in the billions, so big that "they'll never pay it back." To help repudiate the debt, a Latin dictator (who is a cross between Gen. Omar Torrijos and the fellow who used to peddle velveteen paintings in the parking lots of gas stations) has a plan to destroy the world's monetary system. He has stolen the engraving plates used to print various currencies, and as soon as he gets the plates for printing the dollar, he plans to run off hundreds of billions. The result, according to Falk, will be an inflation "so big that money is not worth anything. They will be papering walls with it. A six-pack of beer will cost $1,200."




THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
DEPRESSION
D KUHN ©1980

The funny thing about this movie is that its premise is basically true. Only the details are false. There *is* a concerted effort to print more and more money, in part to help underdeveloped countries repay their staggering debts with ever more worthless currency. The leaders of this scheme are not the dictators of banana republics but Wall Street bankers and officials in the Carter White House. They are the inflationists who are working to destroy the dollar. They don't have to steal the plates from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving to do so. They already have them. They use them day in and day out to print more and more money, money that never existed before, money that is nothing but paper with ink on it, money that buys less every day because there is more of it every day.

With the inflationists running the printing presses, you will be lucky if you don't end up paying $1,200 for a six-pack.

To protect yourself, you need to know more than you can find out at the movies. By the time the evils of paper money have become prominent enough to be impressed upon scriptwriters, directors, and producers in a money-grubbing community like Hollywood, you can be sure that the problem is far advanced.

Inflation has become so pronounced that even persons of the simplest understanding know that money doesn't buy what it used to. What few understand is why this is so and how the whole process came about. What follows is an account telling who bankrupted America and why.

It is no coincidence that your dollar is worth less today than it was 5, 10, or 20 years ago. Powerful persons want it that way. America has been a wealthy country, and its people have been productive. Only a concerted effort over generations could have emptied your money of value to the point where it is now worth only one-eighth as much as a Confederate dollar, a currency backed by a government that has been defunct for 115 years. Seen another way, it now takes *ten times* as many paper dollars to buy an ounce of gold as it did ten years ago.

For most of American history, our Treasury Department bought and sold gold at $20 per ounce. Anyone with a paper dollar, from the neighborhood grocer to a foreign government, could turn up in the Treasury with $20 and obtain an ounce of gold. Under those circumstances the dollar quite literally was "as good as gold." It had to be. The people kept it that way. Not that the politicians and bankers did not try to reduce the value of money; they did. Yet in spite of all the wars and innumerable inflationary banking "bubbles" of the nineteenth century, *the dollar in 1913 was worth as much as it had been in 1813*. The dollar remained a sound money because the government could not create additional dollars beyond what the people really wanted. As long as the people retained an easy way of bringing inflation to a halt, it was impossible for inflation to get out of hand. People merely had to go to the Treasury and redeem their paper for gold.

The politicians and bankers, of course, did not want to be controlled by the people. In 1913 the Federal Reserve Act was passed, largely as a way of facilitating inflation. The new system reduced popular control over the money supply. It made printing money easier by making it more difficult for consumers to withdraw assets from inflationary banks. With the people less able to *reduce* the money supply, bankers were able to increase their profits by *expanding* the money supply.

To see how that works, take a closer look at the banks themselves. For many people banks are merely institutions that will lend money when you don't need it. But they are more than that. They control money in America. They not only manage your checking account but also help define what money is. They can create money, reducing the value of each dollar you own by lending new dollars to other people. In the process the banks redistribute wealth, enriching some, impoverishing many, and plunging the nation deeper and deeper into debt. Next to politicians, you can thank the banks for mortgaging your future.

Only a concerted effort could have emptied your money of value to the point where a U.S. dollar is worth only one-eighth as much as a Confederate one—backed by a defunct government.

Can banks really be that important? Thomas Jefferson thought so. He wrote that a central bank monopoly, such as the Federal Reserve, is an "institution . . . of the most deadly hostility existing against the principles and form of our Constitution. . . . I am an enemy to all banks, discounting bills or notes for anything but coin." In other words, if Jefferson were alive today, he would oppose almost every banking institution that exists in America. This opposition to paper money, created through the banking system, was not peculiar to Jefferson. Both Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren were elected president largely on the basis of their opposition to paper money. Daniel Webster wrote: "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, none has been more effective than that which deludes them with paper money." As late as 1857, the Oregon Constitutional Convention decided, after a fierce debate, to ban banks from the state altogether as a means of limiting credit manipulation and prohibiting paper money. Article XI, section 1, reads as follows: "Prohibition of State Banks. The Legislative Assembly shall not have the power to establish or incorporate any bank or banking company, or monied institution whatever, nor shall any bank, company, or institution exist in the state with the privilege of making, issuing, or putting into circulation any bill, check, certificate, promissory note, or other paper of any bank, company, or person to circulate as money."

This extraordinary constitutional provision reflects early American interest in banking laws. It also shows the feeling on the part of the entrepreneurs of an earlier age, the farmers, merchants, and prospectors, that the evolution of a credit economy was hurtful to their interests. However naive the Oregon frontiersmen may have been in hoping that they could eliminate banking institutions altogether, they at least recognized that the operation of banks was of major importance to their lives. The banks were a passionate issue because everyone rightly recognized that they mattered.

They matter today. In fact, they matter more than ever before. A concerted effort by inflationists over a period of generations has succeeded in almost completely eliminating your control over your own money. Today your income, savings, life insurance, real estate, stocks, and other assets are denominated in terms of dollars with no certain value. No one who knows what the dollar is worth today can guess what it will be worth a year from tomorrow. It is of little good to people that they have worked hard to earn more money if the more that they earn buys less than a smaller sum did years ago. But whether the money is worth much or little, it is all but impossible for the citizens themselves to control its value. That is a task completely monopolized by politicians and bankers.

A crucial step toward this political control of money was the passage of the Federal Reserve Act on December 23, 1913. The provisions of this act were determined by that day's most eminent inflationists, including Sen. Nelson Aldrich, grandfather of David Rockefeller; Jacob Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb, and Company; and Piatt Andrew, assistant secretary of the treasury. This group gathered at the estate of J. P. Morgan at Jekyll Island, Ga., to draft the charter that would change the nature of America's money. Also present were Henry P. Davison, senior partner of J. P. Morgan and Company; Frank Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York; Paul Warburg of Kuhn, Loeb, and Company; and Charles D. Norton, president of First National Bank of New York. This group, nicknamed the "Money Trust" by its opponents, conceived the plan for the Federal Reserve

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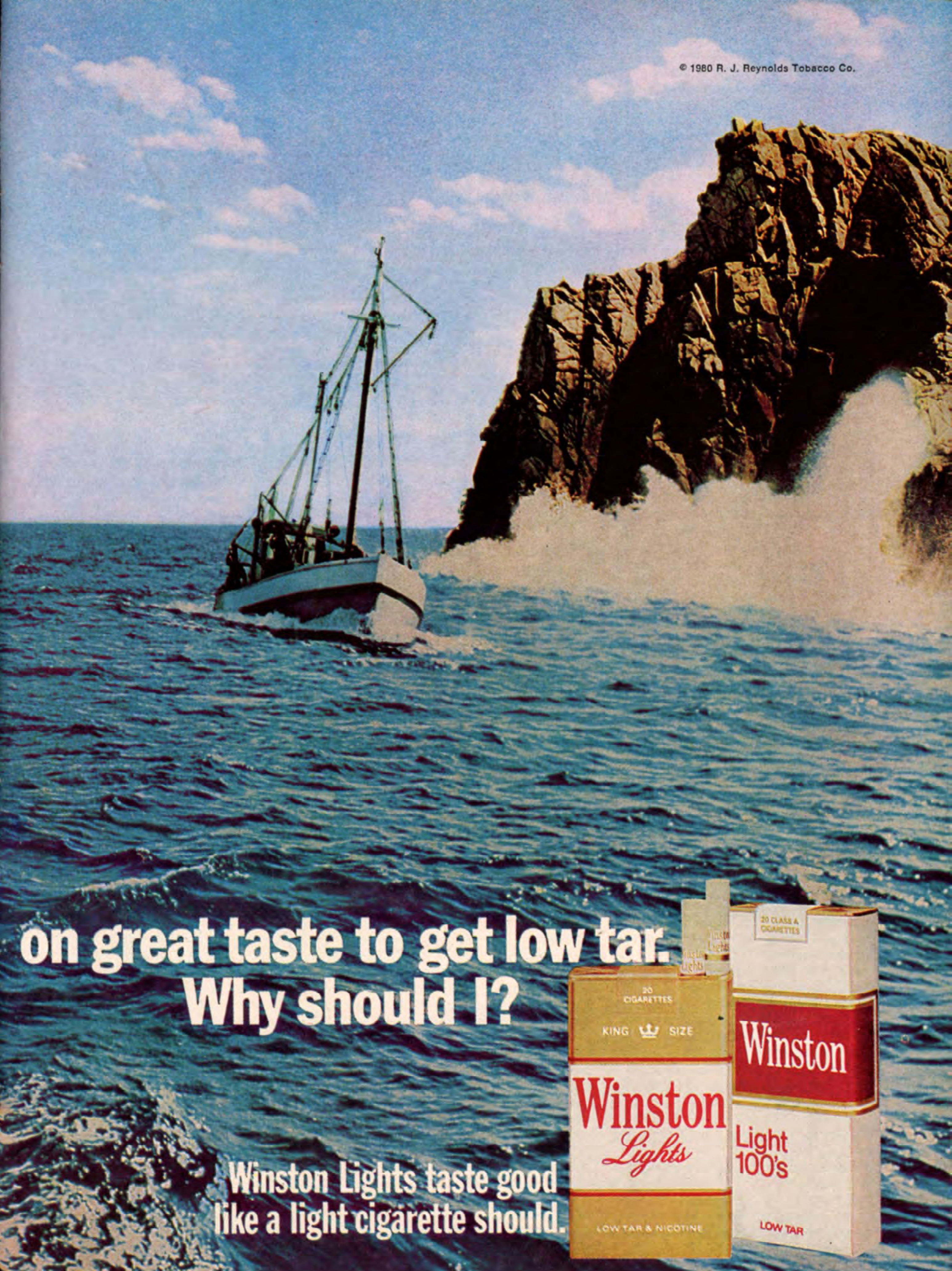
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system and enacted it into law.

The Federal Reserve System, which began as 12 regional banks, inaugurated a new kind of currency in America—the Federal Reserve note. Unlike other American money at the time, it was not redeemable in silver or gold. In fact, it was not even "lawful money." A Federal Reserve note was merely an IOU issued by the banks as an instrument of debt. Provisions of the original Federal Reserve Act (12 U.S.C. 411) read as follows: "Federal Reserve notes to be issued at the discretion of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. . . . They shall be redeemable in lawful money on demand."

Freed from the requirement of redeeming all paper money directly with the public for gold or silver, the banks were able to inflate with less restraint. Instead of backing the dollar solely with gold, they backed their Federal Reserve notes with debt. The politicians loved this, because in practice most of the money printed by the banking system went to finance budget deficits.

Here's how it works. When the politicians want more money, they dispatch a request to the Federal Reserve for whatever sum they desire. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving then prints up bonds indenturing taxpayers to redeem their debts. The bonds are then "sold" to the Federal Reserve. But note this unusual twist—*the bonds are paid for with a check backed by nothing*. It is just as if you were to look into your account and see a balance of $412 and then, hearing that government bonds were for sale, write out a draft for $1 billion. Of course, if you did that, you would go to jail. The bankers do not. In effect, they print the money that enables their check to clear.

Originally, there were limits to how much money the banks could print in this fashion. The Federal Reserve System as a whole was obliged to maintain a 40 percent gold backing for its notes. This placed a limit on inflation, which the banks bumped into in 1929. But by 1913 standards a gold backing of only 40 percent was a great inflationist victory. It gave the banks far greater license to cheapen money than they had ever achieved before.

Not only did the Federal Reserve Act introduce a new type of currency, the Federal Reserve note; it also reduced the reserve requirements in the banking system. Prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, most banks had to retain a reserve of 25 percent of total deposits in cash in the bank's own vaults. The Federal Reserve Act reduced the reserve requirements to as little as 12 percent for checking accounts and 5 percent on savings deposits.

These changes made the banking system more inflationary. From 1913 on it was much easier for bankers to create credit. That's another way of saying that they could lend out other people's money more often. With a reserve requirement of 25 percent, a bank with $1 million in deposits could lend out $750,000. If that lent money were then redeposited in the banking system, $562,500 could then be lent out again. Assuming that the proceeds of the loan were redeposited, a third loan could be lent out for $421,880. This process could continue, with the same money being lent out over and over until the original $1 million was 25 percent of total loans. At that stage every cent of liquidity beyond the reserve requirements was tied up in loans.

Reduce the reserve requirements, and you immediately increase the profits of the banks. They can collect more income by lending other people's money more often. With a 10 percent reserve requirement, a bank with $1 million in deposits could lend out $900,000. If that money were then redeposited, as lent money almost always is, $810,000 could be lent out again. That could be followed by a further loan of $729,000 and so on, until the original $1 million was only ten percent of total loans.

> "For most of American history the Treasury bought and sold gold at $20 per ounce. The dollar quite literally had to be "good as gold." In 1913 the dollar was worth as much as it had been in 1813."

By this simple example it is clear why the banks have a strong interest (in more senses than one) in reducing the reserve requirements. The income from lending $10 million is much greater than that from lending $4 million (what they could lend with the same $1 million and a reserve requirement of 25 percent). Obviously, the bankers cheered when the Federal Reserve Act reduced reserve requirements.

Unhappily for the country, the banks lost no time in putting their new Federal Reserve System to full advantage. Immediately after the act was passed, they embarked upon a great inflationary credit binge, which was further aided by the requirement to finance the vast debt arising out of World War I. Making full use of their power to print paper money, with reserves for savings deposits reduced to only three percent, the banks greatly expanded their liabilities *while actually reducing the cash in their tills.*

By June 30, 1930, the total savings and checking accounts in Federal Reserve Banks had risen to $32 billion, more than double the amount prior to U.S. entry into World War I. But the holdings of cash in bank vaults had actually declined from about $800 million to only $500 million.

This contributed importantly to creating the Great Depression. The bank's policies of excessive inflation during the 1920s stimulated an artificial, unsustainable boom. It was not a new process but a phenomenon as old as paper money itself. Thomas Paine, American revolutionary and author of *Common Sense*, put it this way: "One of the evils of paper money is that it turns the whole country into stock jobbers. The precariousness of its value and the uncertainty of its fate continually operate, day and night, to produce this destructive effect." This certainly was true during the twenties. Speculation, stimulated by cheap money, led to dramatic overinvestment by business. Everyone and his brother took wild flings in the stock market in the hope that the inflated values would make them rich overnight. Like the credit speculation in real estate today, the average speculator was operating on only a 10 percent margin—borrowing nine dollars of every ten dollars to finance his investment. Eventually, the credit binge had to stop. When it did, many banks went under. Under the operation of the Federal Reserve Act their cash on hand had dwindled to only 1.5 percent of their deposit liabilities. Obviously, many people came up empty when they went to the bank to draw out their money.

The story of the Great Depression is too well known to repeat here. Everyone has heard the tales of poverty and distress that grew out of this great monetary manipulation. Some sold pencils or apples on the corner. Others stood in long lines at soup kitchens. To the inflationists this was all evidence that the monetary system required more "flexibility." They sought to create a situation in which the banks could inflate indefinitely without the possibility of finding themselves overextended, as they had in 1929. To that end, a legal tender law was enacted in 1933, making Federal Reserve notes legal money. At the same time citizens were deprived of the right to come to the Treasury with currency and convert it into gold. As of 1933, only foreign governments could convert to dollars.

These "reforms" were futher steps toward a purely political money. Silver Certificates and silver coins did remain in circulation, but they made up an ever less significant portion of the money supply. Since the gold standard was repudiated, the bankers and politicians were given a free rein to profit from inflation. They have since printed hundreds of billions in paper money backed by nothing but their own doubtful integrity. It is little wonder, then, that the late congressman Louis Thomas McFadden, himself a banker and one-time chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Cur-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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VANITY FAIREST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"Now that I have seen the world," declares Ursula Obermoser, our beautiful German fräulein, "I will allow the world to see *me*–as long as they look but do not touch. That is a privilege I grant to only a very few men," claims our Pet, with Garboesque hauteur. Despite her sometimes reclusive ways, Ursula is a highly sought-after European advertising and fashion model and has recently begun working in television films. At the moment our Munich-based sensation can be seen all over Germany, seductively gracing an advertising poster for cassette recorders. "I don't know if their stock has gone up since they distributed it," she teases, "but *mine* certainly has!" It's no wonder, considering Ursula's five-foot-eight-inch frame, artfully arranged in the finest tradition of German craftsmanship and engineering. "A man once told me that I was too slender for his taste," she recalls with a fleeting pout, "and I told him 'I am built for *speed*, not comfort!' "

❛A man once told me I was too slender, and I told him, 'I am built for speed, *not comfort!'❜*

Now that Ursula has become a much-traveled jet-setting *cause célèbre*, she sometimes wishes she had become a career diplomat. "Beauty, after all, is a universally persuasive quality. My motto would be 'Speak softly and carry a big smile.' " For the present, however, Ursula's main goal is to someday star in her own television series—maybe one on the saucy side. So far, the chief obstacle has been her irresistible self. "Every time I'm about to get a big break, the male producer seems to insist that I must first go to bed with him! It is very discouraging," she laments, "but then, I can understand his feelings: sometimes even *I* can't keep my hands off myself!"

In case Ursula's flawless good looks convince us that she's perfect in every way, she hastens to set the record straight. "I am very obstinate and spoiled," she confesses, looking unrepentant. "And I am also a terrible hedonist. I adore drinking wine and sometimes have so much I lose control. Also, I often eat much too much—German pastry is so delicious! —and then have to practice gymnastics and jog the next morning to make up for it..."

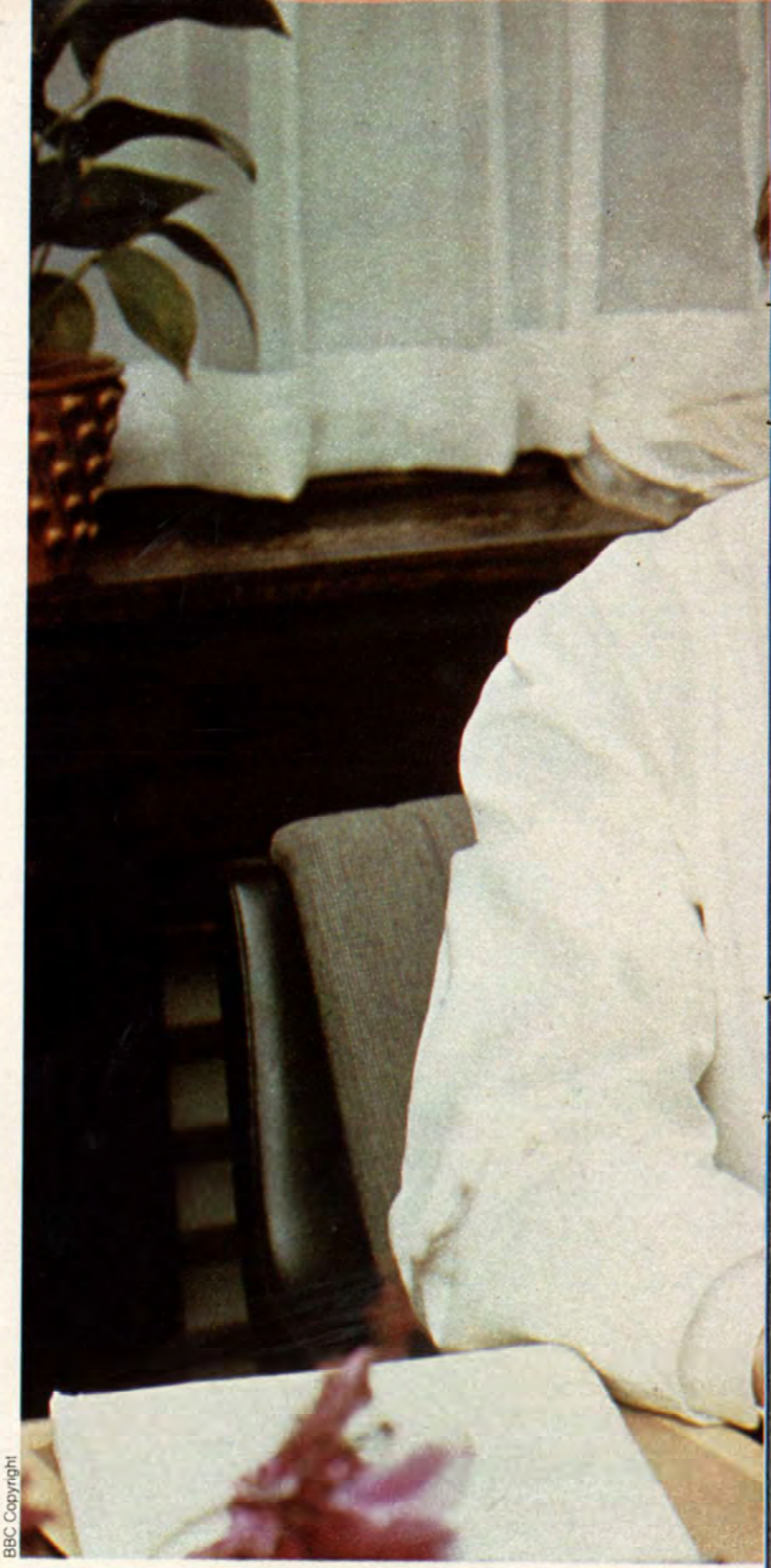
‘*I am usually very obstinate and spoiled, and I can sometimes be a* terrible *hedonist.*’

"I am also very vain, especially about my long legs and breasts and my natural red hair." In Germany, she tells us, such a fiery mane leads many people to believe she is a witch. "If so, I must warn you that I am a very, very *wicked* witch!" Her favorite method of casting erotic spells is to appear in very sultry poses, but always with a little tantalizing bit of clothing. "It is much more erotic that way, I believe." Does she believe, then, that flimsy satin panties are more seductive than wearing none at all? "Sometimes yes, sometimes no," she replies with a smile, delightfully diplomatic to the end...

THE POLITICS OF CANCER:

PART SIX

Although three independent studies have confirmed the unique value of his treatments, the medical establishment has subjected Dr. Issels to continuous personal and professional harassment.



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SUPPRESSION OF ALTERNATIVE CANCER THERAPIES: DR. JOSEF ISSELS

BY GARY NULL and LEONARD STEINMAN
with special assistance by Kalev Pehme

Tucked among the foothills of the Bavarian Alps, close to West Germany's border with Austria, lies Rottach-Egern, a tiny Bavarian town that would go completely unnoticed by the Western world—if it were not for the fact that it happens to be the place where Dr. Josef Issels, perhaps the world's most controversial cancer specialist, has his cancer clinic.

Seventy-two years old now, Dr. Issels is tall, with deep-set eyes and a receding, silver-white mane. More than 30 years have passed since he began specializing in the treatment of cancer after clearly formulating his concept, based on the scientific evidence, of what cancer is. As a British Broadcasting Corporation television documentary about Issels, completed in 1970, stated: "The Issels concept is that a healthy body cannot develop cancer. Therefore he believes the entire

metabolism of the body must be treated. Cancer cells which may lie dormant in everybody become active only when the body is no longer capable of destroying them. Conventional treatment is not enough. He says that often surgery and radiation only stop the cancer temporarily. It can return later as secondary tumors. To him cancer is a local symptom of a general body deficiency, a sort of red alert that the whole body is in danger. . . ."

The BBC documentary "Go Climb a Mountain," encapsulating the results of some two and a half years of research and investigation of the Issels clinic, was aired amid controversy on November 3, 1970, after repeated attempts by powerful members of the British medical community to block its production and, that failing, its broadcast. The sensation it caused among its audience—a near record of 14 million British viewers—so alarmed the pillars of the British medical establishment that they redoubled their efforts, through the government, to prevent any reruns. They were successful: the film has never again been shown.

Ten years earlier the German medical establishment almost succeeded in destroying Dr. Issels. Through their influence and pressure, some of its leaders managed to persuade the public prosecutor to bring a criminal indictment falsely charging Dr. Issels with manslaughter and fraud. The two trials in this case, among the most celebrated in German medical and legal history, not only resulted in his complete exoneration in 1964 but also exposed the sole reason for framing him: he had refused to conform to conventional medicine's narrow concept about how cancer should be treated.

Since the late forties, thousands of terminal cancer patients have sought out Dr. Issels and his treatment.

Three independent studies of Dr. Issels's medical records, conducted by qualified experts of high reputation, have confirmed a 16.6 percent cure rate lasting more than five years among all the *terminal* cancer patients treated by Issels with his combined therapy. No other doctor or hospital in the world comes close to this cure rate.

There is a considerable difference between *cure* and *five-year survival*. Conventional medicine considers the latter to be the *equivalent of a cure*. That this conception is a myth becomes clear when we consider the distinction between *cure* and *survival*. In *cure rates* we are dealing with the number of cases out of the total treated in which, because of the therapy given, cancer completely disappears from the body or continues to remain in complete or prolonged remission without recurrence or relapse. *Survival rates*, on the other hand, have to do only with the ability of the patient to survive for a period of years despite the recurrence, relapse, or continuing presence of cancer in his body.

In 1959 Dr. Arie Audier of Leiden University in Holland alerted the world that Dr. Issels was actually curing terminal cancer patients who had been declared incurable. That, at least, was the clear implication of his study of 252 terminal cancer patients treated by Dr. Issels more than five years previously. The cases he analyzed involved more than 35 different types of cancers, from metastasized breast and progressive liver cancers to metastasized prostate and progressive colon-rectal cancers. In each case the diagnosis had been independently established and microscopically confirmed prior to the patient's admission to Dr. Issels's clinic.

The Audier study, published on October 3, 1959, in *Die Medizinische*, a principal German medical journal, found that of these 252 *terminal* patients, 42, or 16.6 percent, were alive, well, and *completely free of cancer* five years after receiving Issels's treatment.

Another study 15 years later showed that, of these, 39 were still alive, well, and cancer free. Dr. John Anderson, a distinguished cancer authority on the faculty of King's College Hospital in London, concluded—after a careful review of terminal cases treated by Dr. Issels—that Audier's finding of a 16.6 percent cure rate could be projected for *all* the terminal cancer patients treated by Issels's therapy. The team of experts quietly retained by the BBC, prior to its production of "Go Climb a Mountain," reached the identical conclusion.

"What are you staring at?
Haven't you ever seen a man without an erection?"

An appreciation of the dimensions of the Issels cure rate in terminal cases requires comparison with the statistics for orthodox or conventional medicine. In the United States the terminally ill cancer victim has virtually no chance to survive five years, let alone be rid of his cancer. For primary cancer—cancer that has not yet spread to other sites of the body—the overall odds for survival after conventional treatment are one in three. Once the cancer has begun to metastasize, however, the five-year-survival-rate odds fall off sharply. When the metastasized or spreading cancers become untreatable, inoperable, or incurable, the patient is said to be terminal. In the case of cancer of the kidney, for example, the five-year survival rate is 34 percent. But if it metastasizes, the rate drops off to five percent; and once the cancerous condition becomes untreatable by surgery, radiation, chemotherapy, and other conventional means, the rate drops to zero. In other words, the five-year survival rate cited by conventional medicine does not mean disease-free survival, nor does it mean remission. In Dr. Issels's definition the five-year survival rate means, for the most part, the patient has lived for at least five years with no trace of cancer in the system. In fact, some of Dr. Issels's patients are alive and well 25 years after receiving his therapy, without a single sign of cancer recurrence.

Yet, the old guard in the cancer establishments of the United States, Great Britain, and West Germany contend that Dr. Issels is a charlatan. Instead of objectively looking at his work, they attempt to discredit his work and his character.

The remarkable 16.6 percent cure rate Issels has achieved in terminal cases is perhaps the most dramatic evidence of the effectiveness of his therapy. He employs the same therapy to prevent cancer recurrence after surgery, irradiation, or both, and his results in this area appear even more impressive.

In 1970 a follow-up study was made of 370 such patients treated by him up to 1960. They had received his therapy after undergoing surgery and irradiation by their prior physicians. The results: 15 years afterward 322 or 87 percent (as he reported in *Clinical Trials Journal*, a British medical publication) were still "alive and well . . . with no relapses or detectable metastases to date." World statistics, on the other hand, show a relapse rate of 50 percent. It therefore appears that Issels's therapy, if given shortly after surgery, irradiation, or both for primary cancer of any type, enhances the odds against relapse by 37 percent; in other words, his follow-up therapy reduces the danger of cancer recurrence to 13 percent.

Before becoming a cancer specialist, Dr. Issels as a young surgeon repeatedly witnessed the recurrence of cancer in patients despite their having undergone surgery and radiation. As far back as 1935,

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Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere add $6.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping. Payment must accompany order. Offer void after February, 1981. PP880 he noted that this appears to be due to the fact that surgery and irradiation "merely deal with the local area of the tumor without affecting the underlying cause" that enables the tumor to develop in the first instance. "There is need," he wrote then, "to examine into the question whether cancer, rather than being a local derangement, may be a general condition of the whole body, of which the tumor is a symptomatic expression."

Issels subsequently found that cancer is not a localized disease limited to the particular part of the body where it erupts, but is rather the result of a breakdown in the body's ability to destroy cancer cells and prevent them from multiplying into cannibalistic colonies. This breakdown, a process that may occur over a short period or take decades, begins with the gradual weakening of the body's immune system, its key defense against cancer.

A healthy body, says Issels, has an immune system that can destroy cancer cells and prevent them from multiplying. But if the immune system is weakened below a certain threshold, "it can no longer kill cancer cells or prevent their multiplication into cannibalistic colonies. From a single cancer cell, undisturbed in its mitosis—cell division—a tumor eventually forms. We therefore see in the lowered resistance of the body the cause of the primary tumor, recurrence after surgery or radiation, and all secondary tumors (metastases). The tumor is only the tip of the iceberg, the clinically observable result of the body's impaired resistance and inability to protect itself against the proliferation of cancer cells into colonies. The tumor is the symptomatic expression of a disease which involves the whole body—cancer disease."

The relation between cancer and the weakening of the immune system is illustrated by what happens in the case of a donor skin graft. The body rejects the graft because of the action of the immune system. For the graft to "take hold," the immune system must be suppressed by the injection of certain toxic drugs. An analogous phenomenon, Issels points out, takes place in the genesis of cancer. Effectual "suppression," or chronic weakening of the immune-defense system, occurs, in the Issels hypothesis, as the result of pathological processes arising out of a combination of external and internal "insults" to the body's systems, further complicated by genetic factors. Among the external causes are environmental contaminants, such as toxic chemicals and gases; certain food preservatives and additives; foods depleted of nutritional value by processing, injection, and storage; low- and high-level radiation. Among the internal causes are chronic low-grade infections, bacterial diseases, insufficient cellular oxygenation, stress and psychic trauma, and hereditary and mutagenic factors, among others. The weakening of the immune system in turn undermines the interrelationships existing between all the body's systems. The result is the creation in the body of an environment favorable to the proliferation of cancer cells into a tumor.

Issels's concept is that "cancer is not just a local disease confined to the particular place in the body where the tumor manifests itself but is a general disease of the whole body." The treatment, therefore, that offers the best chance of success in combatting cancer is that which treats "not merely the tumor but also the whole body, which has produced the tumor." Based on this hypothesis, Issels developed his combined therapy, which aims at: (1) restoring the body's own defense mechanisms; and (2) eliminating the tumor by surgery, irradiation, and the circumspect use of chemotherapy. Thus, his treatment consists of a basic broad-spectrum approach to restore and regenerate the body's defense mechanisms, and specific measures directed against the localized tumor.

> “Three independent studies of Dr. Issels's medical records have confirmed a 16.6 percent cure rate . . . among terminal cancer patients. . . . No other doctor in the world comes close to this cure rate.”

Included in the treatment process are fever therapy, oxygen or ozone infusion, and detoxification of the body. Areas of chronic infection, such as decaying or devitalized teeth and inflamed tonsils, are removed; for these are factors that contribute to impairing the efficient operation of the body's immune-defense system.

Issels's patients are maintained on a vegetarian diet of whole grains and fiber, supplemented by enzymes, trace minerals, and selected vitamins (with emphasis on vitamins A, B complex, C, and E). It is fascinating to consider that many of the therapies used by Issels for more than 30 years are beginning to be investigated in the United States.

•Issels, for example, has for years banned smoked foods from the diet of cancer patients in the conviction that these have a cancer potential. Recent findings at U.S. cancer-research centers now confirm his contention.

•Several cancer-research centers in the United States are experimenting with ways to raise the body's temperature as a means of killing cancer cells. Issels has been using fever therapy for years—because he knew that malignant cells are extremely vulnerable at body temperatures above 105 degrees Fahrenheit.

•Cancer institutions in the United States recently reported that oxygen and ozone are capable of killing cancer cells. Issels has been injecting oxygenated cross-matched blood into his patients for years with the objective of destroying cancer cells. In addition, those of Issels's cancer patients able to do so are encouraged to climb mountain trails or to jog in order to enhance their oxygen intake.

During their two and a half years of research for the BBC documentary on Issels, the film's producers were so astonished at the sight of Issels's patients climbing the mountains towering over the Ringberg Clinic that they entitled their film "Go Climb a Mountain."

Dr. John Anderson, professor of medicine at King's College in London, believes that the mountain climbing of Issels's patients also has a positive psychological and stress-relief value. Concerning the Issels therapy, which he painstakingly analyzed, Dr. Anderson confidentially reported to the BBC in March 1969: "In essence the treatment is to encourage the normal mechanisms of the body, which already deal with a large number of cancer cells, to be strengthened so that they bring about a natural remission of the disease. Some of the cases I saw at the clinic would have been regarded as hopeless by physicians in the United Kingdom. My overall opinion is that the Issels approach to the treatment of cancer is a unique and pioneering solution to a very difficult problem. . . ."

TRIAL AND ERROR

Dr. Josef Issels's dedicated interest in improving conventional medicine's often unimpressive results in treating serious diseases began when he first became a doctor—in the Germany of the thirties. Patients with chronic diseases, desperate for relief after their physicians were unable to help them, consulted Dr. Issels. Using diet, vitamins, homeopathic preparations, exercise regimens, and other holistic means in addition to conventional medicine's methods, he learned that he was able to treat many chronic diseases successfully; and from his observations and review of the available literature he became convinced that stimulation of the body's own ability to fight disease might also be the way to treat cancer.

At a medical conference in 1950 in Freudenstadt, in the Black Forest, Dr. Issels presented a paper which showed that he had cured 60 patients—considered incurable by their previous doctors—of such diseases as asthma, liver cirrhosis, glomerulonephritis (an inflammatory kidney disease), rheumatoid arthritis, arteriosclerosis, among others. That same year he leased a 30-bed ward in the local hospital, where he admitted and treated his bedridden patients. His

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

WE DON'T HAVE IDI AMIN DADA TO "KICK AROUND" ANYMORE

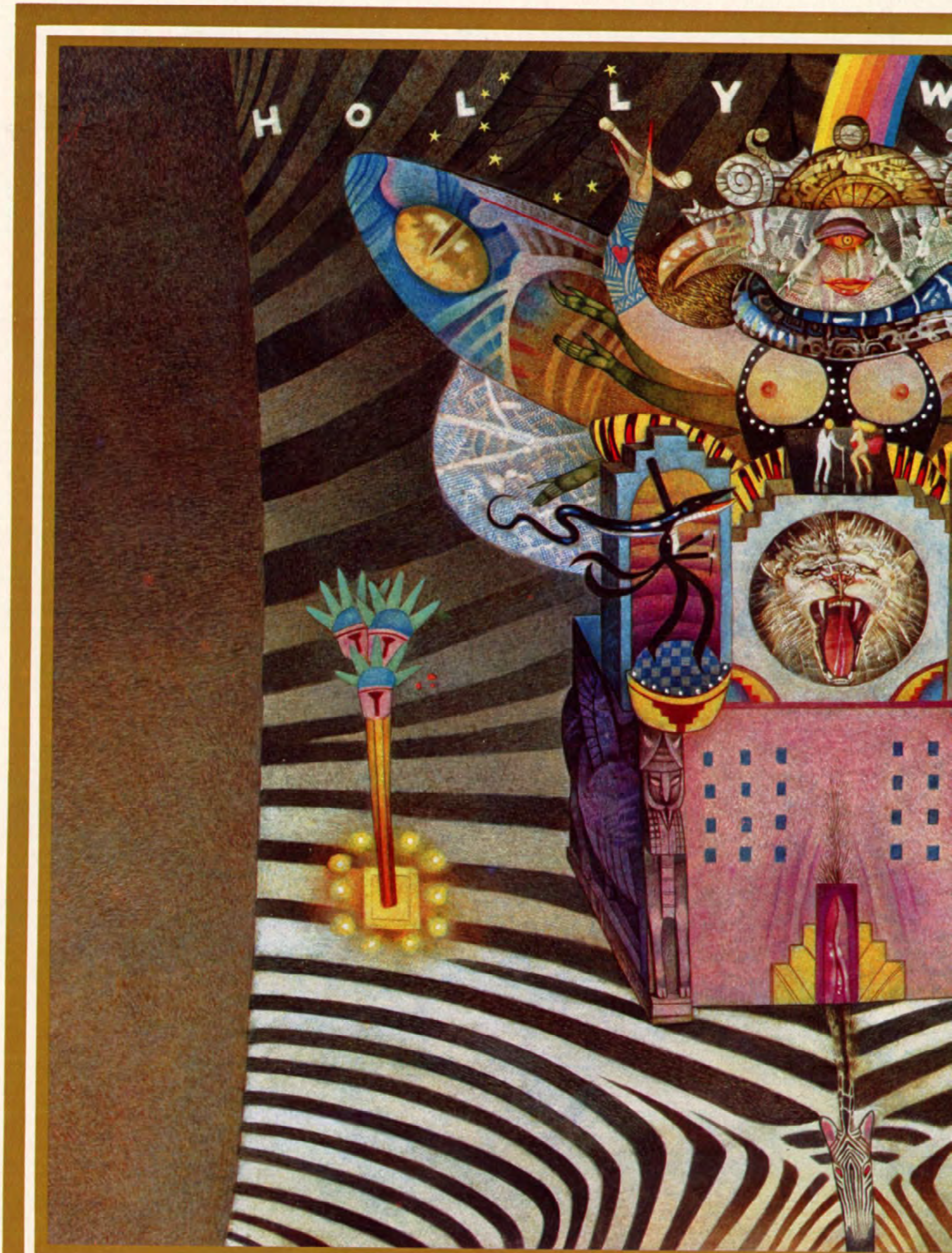
SATIRE BY BILL LEE

"Some of my best friends are hors d'oeuvres."—Idi Amin Dada
(One of Amin's former ministers claimed that, on more than one occasion, Mr. Dada would actually taste a victim.)

Picking your nose was a crime punishable by death in Uganda. Capital punishment was actually meted out to a Ugandan politician who dared to perform an unauthorized nasal maneuver during the filming of a documentary about His Excellency, President Amin. The camera caught him in the act of launching a proboscis probe; Idi saw the film, and the very next day, one former politician was launched into eternity, floating facedown in the Nile River. From that vantage point he had a bird's-eye view of his predecessors, all those who were "picked" (I'm pushing a gag) to leave this planet by the former headman of the Ugandan state, His Excellency Al-Haji, Field Marshal Dr. Idi Amin Dada, VC, DSO, MC, President for life. Another "laughable" anecdote regards a story about his ex-wife Kay, whom he had recently divorced at that time and who had an abortion rather than give birth out of wedlock (she *was* a strict Christian, and Amin *is* a Moslem). The doctor who performed the abortion was murdered along with his family (a wife and two children). The "erring wife" was also slaughtered. Her arms and legs were cut off and then sewn back on but in the opposite way, the left leg on the right side and vice versa. His Excellency then brought the children he had by this woman (Kay) into the room where her hideously mutilated body was. He then proceeded to lecture the youngsters. "See what happens to bad mothers," said the big, funny lug.

These are only a few of the many humorous episodes in the life of this zany, laugh-a-minute character. His stand-up comedy monologues have become legend, with jokes like "The Scottish people love me and will soon name me their king," and "I'm going to replace Queen Elizabeth as ruler of the Commonwealth of Nations" (becoming a king and a queen at the same time is an obvious tongue-in-cheek reference to the bisexuality craze currently in vogue with the jet set and much of European nobility). There was no doubt about it; Idi could really lay them in the aisles and knock 'em dead (so to speak).

He's gone now ... living in permanent exile on some sandy stretch of Arabia, hidden from public view, far from the madding crowd of cartoonists and word merchants who readily mined a mother lode of newsworthy reports from that mountainous despot that was (is) Idi Amin Dada. Gone but not forgotten. For old times' sake, I've decided to pan one last full-page nugget for public view, hoping that someday this African Caligula will return to the front pages of our daily papers, kicking the Ayatollah Khomeini back into the rear filler pages, near the want ads, where he really belongs.


H O L L Y W

The scandal of the century! A story stranger than fiction, bigger than life, and filthier than downtown Newark! How could our leading presidential candidate be such a sexually kinky degenerate? Nothing will stop him from victory at the polls! Nothing except our horrifying exposé!

PART THREE

Weeds

The saga of one white man's twisted roots

Kirk White is America's answer to survival for the Eroding Eighties. Here at last is a presidential candidate with political style to deal with both the Left and the Right, liberals and conservatives, blacks and Chicanos, drug addicts and lesbians—a man whose greatest asset, aside from looks, brains, and youth (36), is having the richest WASP family in America! What can stop him?

THIS DOCUMENT, written without stop for 14 years and paid for by the generous contributions of Kirk White's political opponents, will, I hope, expose to you, the already much-too-lied-to and too-too-abused American public, the *real* truth about the roots of Kirk White! Before you lies the continuing shameful saga of the slimiest sleaze ever recorded in the annals of history!

As you remember, in the year 1476, in the cold land of *Waspia* in the village of *Beige, Henryyy* and *Bendelll WhiteWasp* gave birth to *Bobbb*, the world's first WASP whorehouse owner; *Deirdre*, the world's first madam; and several other bastards. Then Bobbb and Deirdre were kidnapped by the dreaded *Bloomingdobs* from Spain and forced to row Columbus's ship, the *Santa Maria*, to the New World. Landing at Palm Beach, Bobbb and the other captives killed Columbus's drunken crew, but they, too, eventually died from the heat of the New World—except for Bobbb, who found the beautiful Indian princess Parana

Illustration by James Endicott/Letterforms by Tom Carnase

By the noted and hostile historian Stuart Paul Hale
as told to TOM EYEN

with the first name of "Ray." She had murdered and then eaten her entire family for not buying her an Indian blanket. Then Bobbb and the lovely, but overly sensitive, Parana conceived the lowest WhiteWasp of all, *NANCY*, who at 14 married *Chief Bear Aztec* and became queen of the Sioux, before Bobbb and Parana died in the Jewish-Spanish War of Collins Avenue. Nancy inherited their tobacco-store chain, which reached as far as Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, and her spoiled life was uneventful except for fucking a lot of buffalo! Yes, once she finished fucking one, she wanted another. To her, sex was like Chinese food. *Then* Nancy met *Rocko*, the king of the buffalo herd, who fell in love with her. Nancy, a true WhiteWasp who could take a good animal fuck but not real emotion, gave him the heave-ho after one fuck; whereupon, the king rounded up all her old buffalo ex-lovers and began to stampede across her village. Nancy went into labor from the shock and began delivering her first man child, who amazingly had a gigantic head, a goatee, a very hairy ass, and loved grass. Nancy carried the child as an offering out to the lynch mob of stampeding buffalo.

And then the most amazing phenomenon in history occurred: the buffalo stampeded across the Indian village, destroying everyone EXCEPT THE CHILD! Yes, *Buffalo Joe was left unharmed*, and the BUFFALO KING took him, *and* he grew on the Plains amidst the wild animals, *and* he became the world's first hippie *and* moved to the region called San Francisco, *and* he smoked the grass he loved *and* married a Spanish dancer named "*Peace*," and together they had Morc before dying of too many *ands* and Amanita mescaline mushrooms, which they drug-dealt to the Bay Area.

Then Morc rebelled against his hippie parents' laid-back and casual ways, sold the tobacco chain for millions, bought ships, and became the first white man to "take" slaves from Africa; and he gave birth, with his dizzy blonde wife, *Mindy* (who blew sailors), to *John* and *Hope*, who sold the slave ships and bought the eastern half of Virginia, gave great parties, threw lovely hunts, and fucked each other to death—but not before giving birth to *Evangeline*, who would be the first opera singer in America to get fucked by *a moose* and who gave birth to *Louie*, who became an opium addict with dirty money he got by blackmailing his girl friend, Martha Custis (soon to be Mrs. George Washington), before knocking up *Essie Short*, a hooker from Philly, and they had crooked *Harrison*, who had deceitful *James*, who had murderous *Garfield*, who had conniving *Kevin*, who had larcenous *Chester*, who had extortionist *Byron*, who had embezzling *Andrew*, who had innocent *Annabelle*—and the White Family had reached the twentieth century having *had* EVERYONE!

Annabelle White was 18 years old when she first saw Teddy Roosevelt. Every morning he would pass her lovely Georgetown mansion on his way to the White House. Annabelle had inherited the vast riches of her recently deceased father, Andrew, who was found dead in a Baltimore whorehouse with a popper in each nostril. Now Annabelle sat, in her fancy bustle over her beautifully shaped ass, in the large bay window of the mansion's formal dining room, dreaming of freedom. Her entire life had been one of debutante balls, teas, finishing schools, and trips to Europe. She longed to be normal, to do what normal young ladies did. Yes, *Annabelle White wanted to fuck a black man!*

She fought the raging demon in her heart, which kept making her nipples rise every time a black servant served her! Oh, how she wanted to throw herself clothesless into the arms of black Jeremiah, who took care of the horses for her carriage, or big Washington, who tended the lawn. Annabelle was even more beautiful than her (15 x Great) Aunt Deirdre and even more wild-spirited than her (14 x Great) Grandmother Nancy, who singlehandedly fucked an Indian tribe without *douching!* But Annabelle was a captive animal in a society of manners, manners created by the prissy English and not by "get down" Waspians!

> B. soon opened his own studio with money he won illegally. And it wasn't long before the studio was turning out B. White's special brand of cheap, sleazy films, which the world called B movies.

And then along came Porgy Steinberg, a black Jew as pushy and crude as they come. Porgy treated Annabelle like shit; so naturally she fell in love with him. But Annabelle did have pride! "BEAT ME, WHIP ME, TREAT ME LIKE SHIT—BUT YOU GOTTA RESPECT ME!" she begged of her black-stud lover, who crept into her bedroom after the other servants had gone to sleep and let her play with his long tool. How often she would have him just stand there, as she would pull on his long tool like an innocent child pulling on the rope of a church bell. (Years later, Spencer Tracy would play Porgy in the tender film *Ring My Bell, Annabelle!*, but, strangely, it would never be released!)

And then—PANIC! Annabelle was impregnated! Never had that happened before: a black in White! Annabelle, desperate, threw herself down the staircase at the White House, built, incidentally, by her (3 x Great) Uncle Tom during a reception for the Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova. It was there, on the lower landing, that a new White was forced to be born. Fortunately it was born white, except for—unbelievable!—an extremely noticeable *black penis* with a little yarmulke on its head! The entire Russian delegation hardly noticed anything (except for the black-Jewish penis, which made them all pirouette), and the reception continued as boringly as before, while humiliated Annabelle crawled home with her "almost-all-white" child and began to drink the drink of her great forefathers, a double "dry martini"!

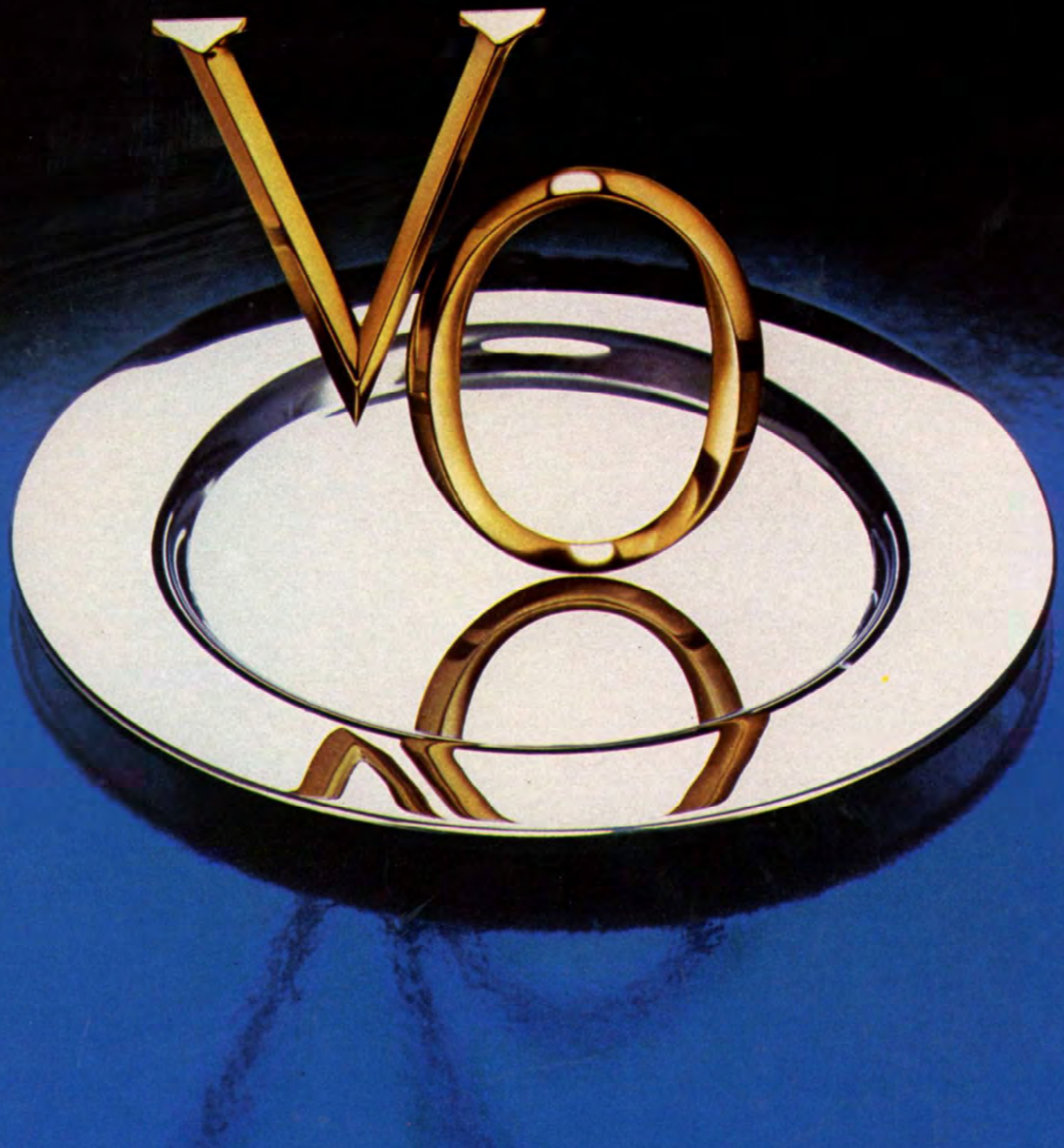
Annabelle White, from that point on, never stopped drinking martinis. For that matter, she never stopped drinking anything: Manhattans, Daiquiris, Tequila Sunrises, Gin and Tonics, Screwdrivers, rubbing alcohol, cologne, Vitalis! She and Porgy had violent fights over the child, whom she referred to as "Boy," and Porgy ran off with the parlor maid, and Annabelle White died alone and broke at the tender age of 28 in 1902—incidentally, the same year Enrico Caruso made his first gramophone recording and one year before the Wright Brothers invented the airplane.

Boy White was a bastard with a dirty White fortune eaten up by excess and debauchery, and now he stood all alone without a dime at the advent of the technical revolution. Yes, Boy had no alternative but to take his black-Jewish penis and flee the Washington of his youth, which knew all the scandalous truth of his birth, and to head to the new Mecca, the new Israel, the new make-a-fast-buck paradise of the world: LOS ANGELES!

Celluloid was the new word in 1905. Silent short reels were rapidly making big bucks via the new overnight film franchises to fill the incredible need for frothy entertainment in a country grown bored with serious work. And the new Gold Rush of California was called MOVIES!

Boy (who soon shortened his name to "B.") got in "on the ground floor," as they say in L. A. He worked for the famed STABLE STUDIOS, which made only horse pictures—that is, films about the experiences of horses, as seen through their eyes. A list of the studios' most famous epics includes: *My Horse Man O'Whore*, *Man O'Whore Goes to Burbank*, and, most notably, *Man O'Whore Humps Trigger!* B. White then discovered his first "concept," the heretofore unknown term "the sequel," and they soon ground out *Son of Man O'Whore*, *Son of Man O'Whore Humps Son of Trigger*, etc. Man O'Whore was Stable Studios' biggest star, and B. White cleaned up Man O'Whore's horse shit. Yes, picking up shit was what they meant by "in on the *ground* floor" in L. A.! But B. White, like his sleazy forefathers, quickly black-

Treat yourself like company.



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mailed, drug-dealed, and fucked his way right into the front office.

The first film B. White produced at Stable was a silent two-reeler as told from the memory of the horses that were maimed in the attack on General Custer; it was entitled *Fuck Me, Fuck My Horse*. It was picketed by the ASPCA, which, demanding more respect for the horse, got the title changed to *Fuck My Horse, Fuck Me!* Yes, everyone wanted top billing in this new Barbary Coast of America, and B. White was one of the first to realize that you could take an ordinary commodity and a lot of PR and transform those two simple ingredients into a million-dollar treasure more valuable than land or gold. The new invention on the horizon of 1908 was christened by B. White, and it was called *A MOVIE STAR*!

THEN Man O'Whore became impossible! Man was not liking his new movies, becoming snotty, and shitting on everyone. *AND THEN* Man O'Whore demanded something unheard of; he demanded *total script approval!* Yes, although Man was only a horse, he was B. White's first research into the neurotic psychology of A MOVIE STAR. Man was his first experiment, but a horse was only a horse! B. wanted to find a real *person* who could do everything: smile on cue, sign autographs, advertise toothpaste, and get fucked by *the Boss!*

B. soon opened his own studio with the money he won illegally in a poker game with Stan Laurel. He named the studio in honor of his (14 x Great) grandmother, and it wasn't long before PARANA STUDIOS became the talk of the lower parts of Los Angeles, turning out B. White's special brand of cheap, sleazy films, which the world called "B Movies." Parana Studios' first true star was a tiny waif with a big face named *Ellie Mertz*, who resembled Gloria Swanson. Miss Swanson was the most desired star in town and refused B.'s offers; so he thought he'd create his own "Gloria Swanson" with Ellie. He ordered the Name Department—he was the first to have one—to come up with a new nomer. After eight days, it came up with the brilliant name SLORIA SWANDAUGHTER!

Now she had a face, she had a name, BUT COULD SHE ACT? B. White sent to New York for the famous Madame Klondike, the great drama coach and bull-dyke (her first name was Bertha, but the boys called her "Bert"). Madame Klondike took to little Sloria in seconds: "I VILL MAKE HER A GREEAAT STAR! I VILL TEACH HER TO ACT LIKE THE DIVINE DUSE! I VILL TEACH HER TO SPEAK LIKE THE GREAT BERNHARDT! BUT FIRST I VILL TEACH HER TO SEET ON MY HORNY DYKE FACE!"

B. White didn't especially agree with the teaching methods of Madame Klondike, but if eating cunt would teach little Sloria how to act, then she'd learn to eat cunt—and maybe B.'s cock, too, when his elegant wife, Kitty, wasn't looking! Everyone did what *he* wanted, for, like his sleazy forefathers, B. White also advocated *slavery*, even though its new fancy name was now called SHOW BIZ!

Sloria Swandaughter's first film was based on Lewis Carroll's great work *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The film was given the intriguing title *Alice's Hole*, but that was changed, when people thought it too sexually suggestive, to *Alice Rims a Rabbit*. It made Sloria a *box*-office "*sin*sation"! She would have become a huge star had she not been fired by B. for a bad blowjob, which forced her to elope with *macho* Madame Klondike back to Manhattan, where they opened a lesbian leather bar on Eighth Avenue and Twelfth Street, romantically and whimsically called TWO DYKES AND A DUCK. Sloria became the bouncer. Yes, B. blacklisted her from ever working again—because he was a sick, vindictive, black, Jewish, Indian, buffalo bastard—passing himself off as a pure white!

> “Sloria Swandaughter's first film was based on *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* The film was given the intriguing title *Alice's Hole,* but that was finally changed to *Alice Rims a Rabbit.*”

But please excuse me for my personal opinions!

Then vindictive B. White hit the big jackpot, the full pot of gold, the neon rainbow with the perfect piece of ass at the end of it—B. White discovered the great silent actor of all time: LATIMO! Actually, B.'s elegant wife discovered him at the famous Afro-Chinese eatery of the time called MAU MAU SON (which, translated obviously, means MY SON'S A MAU MAU CHINK!). Latimo had served Kitty in more ways than one, and after B. came home one day and discovered Latimo fucking his wife, he had two alternatives: shoot him or make him a star! Happily for all, he made Latimo a star!

Here at last was a STAR to replace that dyke-turned-bouncer Sloria Swandaughter! Latimo had looks, style, and, most important, big meat that could get hard on cue! Needless to say, he took America by storm. His sexually overgestured silent films, which made millions, included the classic *The Stud*, *The Stud of Burbank*, and, most notably, *The Stud Humps Trigger!* Yes, B. White was the first producer in L. A. to learn Film Rule Number One: NEVER THROW OUT OLD SCRIPTS! He had merely reused all of Man O'Whore's old plots. And with these films, B. White, like his sleazy forefathers, destroyed the moral fiber of this fine country, a country his people had wreaked vengeance upon!

Yes, B. made Latimo the world's first slimy superstar and made Kitty pregnant with another White demon seed, and the little devil was born and was given the never-ever-used-before name—HOLLYWOOD! And, in the great Waspian tradition, B. went up to the mountains overlooking the village of Los Angeles and carved his child's name into the virgin rock, and the name was—*HOLLYWOOD!* (B.'s effort is still visible today, and that's how a section of Los Angeles came to be called HOLLYWOOD—which, of course, comes from the ancient Waspian phrase meaning "Blow me while I'm dancing!") *And* B. White hit the Roaring Twenties with a new son, a multi-million-dollar studio, the world's first superstar *Latimo*, a faithless and disgusting wife, blowjobs from Latimo's kid sister Rita, and all the while heading the biggest numbers racket in Manhattan!

Yes, B. White was sleaze off the old greasy block, and his son, Hollywood C., grew up in the Roaring Twenties to be a raging "queen," and together they kept Parana Studios skybound during the depression with such monster entertainments as *King Schlong* (the story of a hung ape), *King Schlong Fucks Fay*, *King Schlong Fucks Terry*, *King Schlong Fucks Jessica*, and the *pièce de resistance* of all ape movies and the dream of monsters everywhere—*King Schlong Fucks Himself!* Yes, Hollywood C. White—called "Holly" by those who really cared—was in the great tradition of Whites. He made everything he touched disgusting, degrading, degenerate, and just about as much fun as you could ask for in 1929!

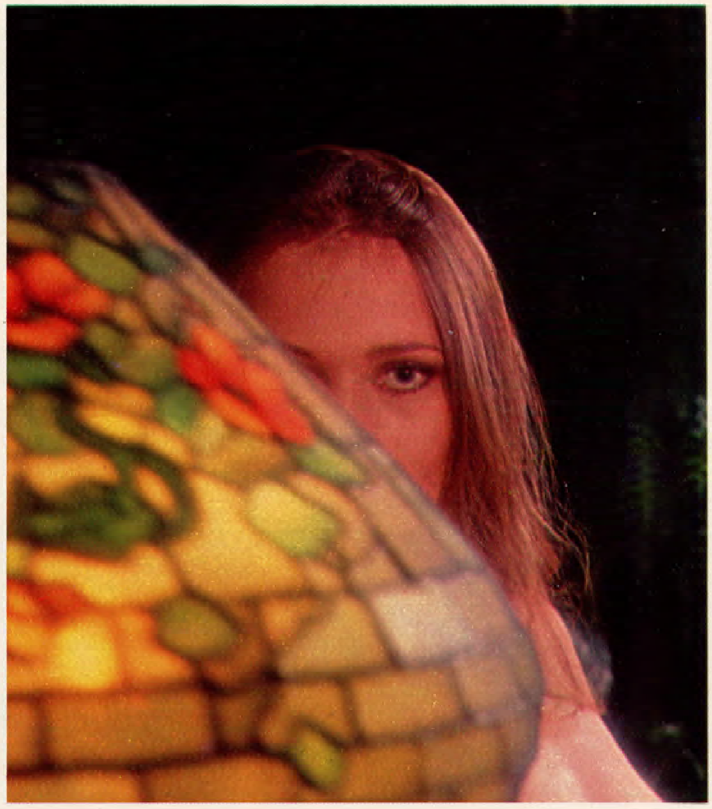
And then the inevitable! IT came without warning in the early morning, before anyone awoke. It festered and grew by 9:00 A.M. that black October 29 so that by the time the country woke and went to work, the devastating news was out. Yes, the first "real" plague of the New World had come, to reduce the indulgent "good" times—along with Zelda Fitzgerald—to smoldering ashes. *And* the plague was called the word that would symbolize the American state for the rest of time—DEPRESSION!

Yes, now it can be revealed that the Great Crash of 1929 was engineered by B. White and his son, Hollywood C., who, playing the stock market, waited to sell all their holdings at a crucial moment to bankrupt the American economy! YES! YES! As vowed by their sleazy forefather Bobbb WhiteWasp after he was kidnapped by the dark tribes of Bloomingdob, the revenge of the Whites continued! BUT THEN, in the middle of the night: "DADDY! DADDY! FUCK YOUR LITTLE RITA! HARDER! HARDER!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

DIANNE

“It would be really fantastic to be First Lady of the land—almost any land will do!”



When I'm riding Rusty and wearing my ponytail, we're practically a matched set!" teases Pet of the Month Dianne Jamison, referring to her nuzzling companion. True, they both sport lovely chestnut coloring, sleek forms, and high spirits, but at 22 years, her sumptuous 37-24-36 configuration screams all girl to us. Rusty, the pure-bred Kentucky quarter horse she raised from birth on her uncle's ranch, is her "best friend, alter ego, and lifelong traveling companion." She's so fond of him, in fact, that her present lover admits to pangs of irrational but all-too-human jealousy. "I just tell him that if he'll let me ride Rusty all day, I'll let him ride *me* all night. I guess you could say I drive a soft bargain!" Dianne, all five foot six inches of her, has another kind of drive and ambition as well.

PONYTAIL

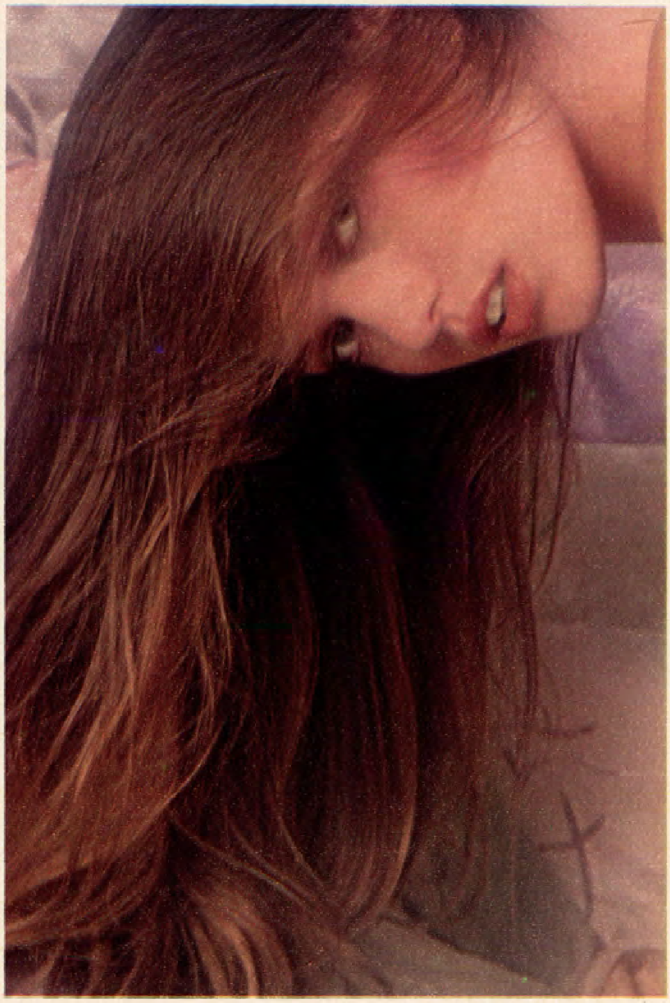
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Eventually she would like to become the manager of her uncle's ranch, but not until after she's "gone up east to college. I'm told there's a northern part to the United States," allows our rebel-rousing southern charmer, "but it's only hearsay. I've only heard it from *Yankees*, after all, and I was brought up never to believe anything a Yankee says!"

Dianne's favorite fantasy is typically southern as well. "I'd like the South to rise again—with me on top! I'd like to marry a Confederate president with Rhett Butler's Old World charms and Dan Rather's modern-day brains . . . "

"It would be fantastic to be First Lady of the land," she continues, wistfully, ". . . *any* land will do. And when I ride bareback, I guess you could say I take it to the natural limit."

Though Dianne obviously prefers the rural countryside by day, at night she prefers the great indoors. "I put on glittery makeup, sexy, suggestive clothes, and become a full-scale, ultra-feminine, absolutely incorrigible flirt! There's nothing a southern woman loves more than to have a long, leisurely dinner with a smooth-talking man in a fine restaurant and smile politely, pretending to believe all the pretty lies he courts her with. I try to play hard-to-get at first and give him a scolding look when he reaches down to squeeze my knee under the table, but we basically know where we're headed." She says, smiling, "It's just that we enjoy all the drawn-out titillation of getting there!"

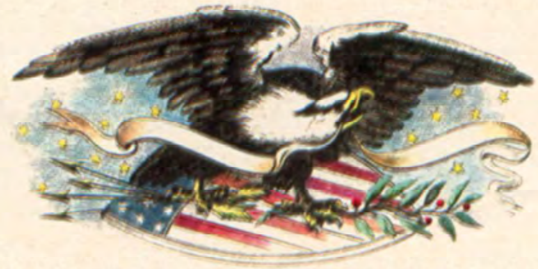


Once in bed, she admits, she likes to play the vamp. "I love to tease a man and show off my body for him with all the sexy moves I've learned in my young life. And then I love to slowly, slowly brush up and down his body, caressing him with my long hair. I wouldn't cut my hair for all the carpetbaggers in New York," she declares, with a willful toss of her head. "It's my main strategic weapon in the war between the sexes!"

Though Dianne is wonderfully inventive in bed, her creativity extends into more domestic areas as well. "I love to cook, though sometimes my northern friends tease me, saying that I only seem to serve meals that are all brown and white—like fried chicken, mashed potatoes, biscuits, and fresh pecan pie. That's a perfectly planned menu, though, in my opinion . . ."

Wardrobe and location courtesy of Akasha, Santa Monica, Calif.

Dianne's present plans are to finish up the summer breaking in the colts on her uncle's ranch, "though I sometimes feel sorry for them. I wouldn't want to have someone on *my* back all the time, unless he was looking for something other than transportation!" Perhaps, but any way you look at it, Dianne would be a wonderful way to travel.



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The Veterans Administration's medical care system, which consists of 172 hospitals, 16 domiciliaries, 95 nursing homes, and 220 outpatient clinics, is in serious trouble. Much of this trouble is due to inadequate and diminishing budgets. In 1975 the VA portion of the federal budget was 5.1 percent; in fiscal year 1980 it is 3.7 percent. One consequence of President Carter's "budget squeeze" against veterans has been a continuing reduction in hospital beds and professional medical care personnel throughout the VA's hospital and medical care system.

Today, for example, there is a physicians' vacancy rate of more than 30 percent in the VA medical system. This situation constitutes a clear and present danger to *all* veterans who depend on the VA medical system to meet their health care needs. This sorry state of affairs is a sordid tale of ineptitude and failed promises to our 30 million veterans.

Conventional wisdom holds that the shortage of VA physicians is due to the fact that pay scales and benefits for VA physicians are not comparable with those for other government physicians doing essentially the same work or with those of physicians in private practice. This suggests, at first glance, that it is Carter's parsimony that accounts for the shortage of VA physicians. But in reality the Carter administration has opted for an even more expensive way to staff VA hospitals.

> Veterans are forced to play a form of medical roulette at VA hospitals—they never know whether the same doctor will see them twice.

According to Dr. Paul Schafer, who is president of the National Association of VA Physicians, "In 1969, one of six VA doctors was part-time. In 1977 one of three VA doctors was part-time. Today, 40 percent are part-time, and more than 90 percent of VA doctors currently being hired are part-time. Thus, within two years, half of all VA doctors will be part-time." Dr. Schafer's statement adds meaning to the many thoroughly documented horror stories of veterans in need being turned over to "community welfare" agencies or denied medical treatment by the VA. Though the VA argues otherwise, the facts about its dependency on part-time doctors are clearly a matter of concern for those veterans and their families who must rely on VA health care.

We are not here impugning the medical competence of the VA's part-time doctors but rather are drawing attention to the facts surrounding their employment and availability. The veteran who turns to the VA's medical system for help should know that its part-time doctors are available to VA patients only part of the time; they are required to be in the VA hospital only for the number of hours for which they are paid, while full-time doctors are on duty or on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Moreover, part-time doctors cannot be obliged to perform nighttime or weekend hospital duties. This unavailability of the part-timer after hours has placed an enormous load on the VA full-time physician. The veteran is forced, therefore, to play a form of medical roulette: he never knows whether the same doctor will see him twice or will be there in the event of an emergency. At present, there are 32 VA hospitals in which the majority of the physicians are part-time. In some hospitals three out of four doctors are now part-time.

Besides depending on the costly, ineffective practice of hiring part-time doctors to maintain the illusion of fully staffed hospitals, the VA also resorts to "contract" hiring rather than attempting to recruit career VA physicians. This consists of paying annual fees to "affiliated" medical schools and groups. These fees can exceed by more than 85 percent the salaries paid to VA physicians—for the same work. As part of the arrangement, the VA pays salary, "fringe benefits," and so-called indirect expenses. These expenses represent vast sums of money that, according to the Senate Task Force on VA Hospitals, "increase substantially with the passage of time."

But beyond the pernicious effects of contract hiring practices is the question of whether the procedure is under the control of the VA or, in Dr. Schafer's words, "the all-powerful Deans Committee . . . which often behaves as if the VA hospital is a municipal charity ward of yesteryear: teaching material for students, a place for new staff recruits, and a subculture for research investigations."

It is ironic and tragic that a system created by American veterans for sick and wounded American veterans has been taken out of the hands of those veterans. Regrettably, the evidence suggests that Carter and his "social engineers" feel no real empathy toward veterans of *all* of America's wars and national emergencies, who have earned the right to medical care. The VA's medical system has been crippled and allowed to deteriorate, thereby justifying its absorption into a national health care system. All veterans have a stake in the survival and viability of the VA's medical system. Its demise would make a mockery out of the military service and sacrifice of the 30 million men and women who have answered their nation's call to arms—and to those who yet may have to be called, if we are to remain free.

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Winston
100's
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100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

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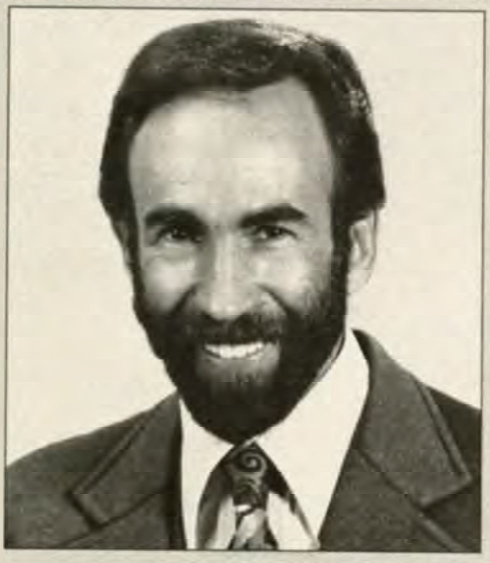


BY JOSEPH SUGARMAN

The author is the president of JS&A, a mail-order company in Northbrook, Ill. On March 29, 1979, his company was threatened with a $100,000 fine and was later asked to produce 600,000 separate documents.

THE GOVERNMENT ATTACK ON FREE ENTERPRISE

It's incredible. The Federal Trade Commission, which was created to protect consumers, actually harms them. The commission is a prime example of the bureaucratic abuse of power, which costs Americans billions of their tax dollars, and it is helping to destroy our free-enterprise system.

I personally am a victim of the FTC's abuse of power, and my story is a good example of what's happening to our country. I started my business in my basement more than eight years ago on an idea and a product. The product was the pocket calculator, and the idea was to sell it through mail-order advertisements in national magazines and newspapers. Those first years in the basement weren't easy. But we worked hard, and through imaginative advertising and a dedicated staff, JS&A grew rapidly to become well recognized as an innovator in electronics and marketing.

In January 1979 three major blizzards struck the Chicago area. The heaviest snowfall hit Northbrook, our village, just 20 miles north of Chicago. Many of our employees were stranded—unable to get to our office, where huge drifts made travel impossible. Not only were we unable to reach our office, but also our computer totally broke down, leaving us in even deeper trouble.

But we fought back. Our staff worked around the clock and on weekends. First, we processed orders manually. We also hired a group of computer specialists, rented outside computer time, employed a computer-service bureau, and hired temporary help to feed this new computer network. We never gave up. Our totally dedicated staff and the patience of many of our customers helped us through the worst months in our history. Although there were many customers who had to wait more than 30 days for their parcels, every package was eventually shipped.

During this period some of our customers called the FTC to complain. We couldn't blame them. Despite our efforts to manually notify our customers of our delays, our computer was not functioning, making the task extremely difficult. The FTC advised JS&A of these complaints. To assure the FTC that we were a responsible company, we invited its representatives to visit us. During their visit we showed them the computerized microfilm system that we use to back up every transaction. We showed them our new dual computer system (our main system and a backup system in case our main system ever failed again). And we demonstrated how we were able to locate and trace every order. We were very cooperative, allowing them to look at every document they requested.

The representatives left. About one week later the FTC called and told us that it wanted us to pay a $100,000 penalty for not shipping our products within 30 days. (An FTC rule states that anyone paying by check is entitled to have his purchase shipped within 30 days or he must be notified and given the option to cancel.) I called my attorney, who advised us to settle. He said, "It's like a bully pulling out a gun and saying, 'If you don't give me a nickel, I'll blow your knee caps off.'" He said that if we didn't settle, the government would subpoena thousands of documents to harass us and cause us great inconvenience. He warned us that even if we went to court and won, we would end up spending more in legal fees than if we had settled.

If this all sounds like blackmail—that's just what it appeared to be to me. We did ship our products late—some-

“The FTC is doing the opposite of what its charter intended. . . . It lets the real crooks alone and prosecutes the good guys. Its power is enhanced when mail-order complaints increase.”

thing I've never denied. But I refused to be blackmailed into paying a huge fine at the expense of our company's reputation, which took eight hard years to build.

Rather than settling, we published a series of advertisements in several publications. We urged citizens to write their congressmen to support legislation to take the powers of the FTC from the hands of a few unelected bureaucrats and bring them back to Congress and the people.

The FTC is doing the opposite of what its charter intended it do in 1914, when it was created. The main function of the FTC is to help ensure the smooth functioning of the free-enterprise system and to protect consumers from the unfair practices of that system. The FTC functioned smoothly for over 60 years until Congress, at the urging of consumer activists, passed legislation giving it the power to enforce its own trade rules. These are *not* laws passed by Congress. They are created by a bunch of unelected bureaucrats who have nobody to answer to.

Some of the laws sound nice. Who could argue, for example, with the mail-order 30-day rule? The problem is that although the rule was designed primarily to protect consumers from thieves, it hasn't worked that way. The real rip-off artists, who are often too difficult to prosecute, get away, while visible and respectable companies, those that pay taxes and have contributed to our free-enterprise system, are singled out. The more visible the company, the more publicity the FTC can generate, the more stature the investigators can gain in the commission, and consequently the more powerful the FTC becomes.

I personally investigated other mail-order companies that were issued cease-and-desist orders by the FTC. Two companies, known in our industry to be rip-off artists, were issued a total of nine orders for everything from false advertising and not issuing refunds to not delivering merchandise. Not one of these companies was asked to pay a single penny in penalties. They were allowed to continue in business despite the fact that they were known to be disreputable. They were allowed to continue cheating consumers, advertise falsely, not issue refunds, and deliver shoddy merchandise without ever being required to pay any penalty. Nor was the FTC around when a mail-order company in Atlanta, Ga., cheated 60,000 customers out of $6 million and then went bankrupt. The FTC never gets involved when a company goes bankrupt and leaves consumers holding the bag.

Why? Because complaints enhance the FTC's power. The more that people complain, the more the FTC can quote the increasing complaint statistics as proof that it's needed. The FTC strategy seems to be to let the real crooks alone and prosecute the good guys. Michael Pertschuk, head of the FTC, admitted under testimony that his prosecutors had been conducting vendettas against entire industries. Imagine, an agency with the power to make and enforce its own laws openly admitting a vendetta against an entire industry!

The FTC also takes its time in responding to consumer complaints. In a subsequent investigation of my case, the FTC showed us some complaints that it took as long as four months to answer. Moreover, it answered with letters full of bureaucratic gobbledygook that didn't help the cheated consumer at all. When I showed an FTC investigator that it took the FTC four months to respond to a complaint, his remark was "Well, we don't have to follow the rules. You do."

If I were alone in my battle, I could be seen as just another businessman squawking about the fact that I was caught. But after my advertising campaign began, I received letters from consumers and businessmen all over the nation. Here's a sample:

"There are about 1,200 of us in Columbus, Ohio, who can certainly sympathize with you. Because of FTC interference and stupidity, we lost our jobs. We now have many people who are without work and who, because of age and limited skills, will probably never have another job."

"As an attorney who is engaged in the regulatory practice of law, I have had several occasions to order documents from the U.S. government, some free and some for which there is a charge. In many instances delivery has taken two, three, and even four months after payment has been forwarded to the U.S. government."

"You don't know the half of it! While I was in law school, I clerked for the FTC. You wouldn't believe how the FTC creates the rules, let alone promulgates them. It was absolutely unbelievable."

There were letters from doctors, lawyers, small-business people. The tentacles of the FTC reach into even the smallest of businesses and are not only destroying the free-enterprise system but also hurting consumers in the process.

In one case the FTC required a company to supply it with seven tons of documents. That cost the company hundreds of thousands of dollars. The explanation by an FTC attorney, as quoted in a newspaper story, was that "the FTC can issue a subpoena just to satisfy its official curiosity."

Regulatory rules and the bureaucratic abuse of power are costing our country billions of tax dollars. According to *U.S. News and World Report*, consumers must pay almost $600 each to cover the $100 billion spent yearly by bureaucratic busybodies. And of all the regulatory agencies, the FTC is the most arrogant and the most destructive. In an essay in the *Washington Post*, Aubrey L. Sarvis, chief counsel of the Senate Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation, stated: "The FTC appeared to be fully prepared to push its statutory authority to the very brink and beyond. . . . Good judgment and wisdom had clearly been replaced with an arrogance that seemed unparalleled among independent regulatory agencies."

I am not for the elimination of the FTC. Quite the contrary: there is a place for its watchdog functions. But it is an agency that has "run wild" with power and must be straightened out. Congress is taking action with its veto power over proposed FTC rule making. And through my efforts I hope to call attention to the FTC's abuses and arouse consumers to demand corrective action from their elected officials.

I recommend that the FTC have its own code of conduct that would require it to answer consumer complaints within ten days, not four months. I would like to see the FTC forced to have its press releases approved by an independent third party to make the releases more responsible. I would like to see legislation passed in Congress that would let companies recover legal fees in cases where the business prevails. And I would want the federal government to pay for the real costs of complying with subpoenas.

These are just a few remedies for the enormous abuses of the FTC. My battle with them is on behalf of all Americans, and I will win.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW
CHARLTON HESTON

> ‘I want to make it clear that I think Dustin Hoffman is a brilliant, brilliant actor who's made some marvelous films—and I also want to make it clear that I think Michelangelo is a much more interesting man than Ratso Rizzo.’

Since the early 1950s, when he had lead roles in *The Greatest Show on Earth* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, Charlton Heston has starred in more epic films and played more legendary characters than any other actor in motion picture history. He was the principal performer in the two most spectacular films of the fifties, appearing as Moses in *The Ten Commandments* and winning an Oscar playing the title role in *Ben-Hur*.

After that, he solidly nailed down his screen persona as a man for all centuries. As the star of such diverse screen spectacles as *El Cid*, *The Buccaneer*, *Fifty-five Days at Peking*, *Khartoum*, *The War Lord*, *Diamond Head*, *The Hawaiians*, *Planet of the Apes*, and *Airport*, Heston has proved he can play everything from presidents and plunderers to prophets and pilots in suitably heroic style. The only actor of his generation who is still a leading man, far more in demand than in decline, Heston is now a veteran of 54 films. His latest two, both of which are being released this summer, are *Mountain Men*, in which he's cast as a nineteenth-century backwoodsman, and *The Awakening*, a horror film that stars Heston as a twentieth-century English archaeologist.

Born on October 4, 1924, Chuck Heston grew up in St. Helen, Mich., a north-woods town of 100 people where his father was employed as a mill operator. The family later moved to Winnetka, Ill., a Chicago suburb. Heston discovered he could act soon after enrolling at Chicago's New Trier High School, and in 1942 he won a drama scholarship to Northwestern University. Heston met and married fellow drama student Lydia Clarke during his freshman year at Northwestern and then enlisted in the Army Air Corps and served three years in the Aleutian Islands.

When World War II was over, he and Lydia moved to New York City and for most of 1946—while making the rounds of theatrical casting agencies—they existed on Heston's salary as a model for life classes at the Art Students League. Both Hestons then spent a year acting and directing at the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre in Asheville, N.C., and when they returned to Manhattan in 1948, Heston landed his first Broadway role—as a glorified spear carrier in a production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. Following that, he worked on live television with actors like Jack Lemmon, taking time off to play Marc Antony in a 16 mm version of *Julius Caesar*. When producer Hal Wallis happened to see the film, he flew Heston out to Hollywood and the result was a starring role in *Dark City*, released in 1950. Heston's second movie was *The Greatest Show on Earth*, and after that he was on his way.

To interview Heston, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with the actor at his home in Beverly Hills. Linderman reports: "At 56, Charlton Heston is still a great-looking man who keeps himself in superb shape. A regular on the celebrity tennis scene for many years now, Heston is usually up and exercising by six o'clock every morning. After that, he reads or fiddles around in his study until the rest of Hollywood begins functioning, which is why I recently found myself beginning our interviews at the unusual hour of 7:00 A.M.

"At any rate, Heston and his wife (their two children, Fraser and Holly Ann, are grown up and moved out) live in a huge, comfortably furnished home at the very top of Coldwater Canyon, and as long as the L.A. rains don't wash it away, the couple will continue to enjoy the most spectacular view in town.

"Over the years, Heston has gotten a reputation among journalists for being something of a stuffed shirt, and I hoped that wouldn't turn out to be the case. It didn't. Although it's true that Heston is formal to the point of stiffness, he's also friendly and more than capable of needling his own egocentric excesses. Having listened to more than my share of film idols, I must say that the hours I spent with Heston were as instructive and as enjoyable as any that could be spent interviewing an actor.

"Although Heston has in fact played a wide variety of film roles, he's best known as the commanding presence that has dominated some of the most gloriously entertaining films Hollywood has ever produced. That led to the opening question of our interview.

Courtesy of Orion Pictures

Penthouse: Very early in your career, Sir Laurence Olivier predicted that you'd become the first "heroic American actor" of his lifetime. Why do you think you've been able to spend more than 30 years playing so many great historical figures?

Heston: A lot of it has to do with physical equipment, which is something every actor has to deal with. For example, Dustin Hoffman's physical equipment qualified him to play *The Graduate*. Actors who are very short, like Dustin, or very tall, like me, find that their height limits the parts they can play. The *ideal* equipment for an actor who wants to play the widest possible range of roles probably belongs to Olivier, so perhaps it's not a coincidence that he's the greatest actor alive. Olivier is neither tall nor short—I would guess that he's about five feet ten inches. And although he has unusually striking features, they are even features and his face is evenly structured. Without in the least diminishing the importance of Olivier's incredible talent, I'd say that his physical equipment has been a very real factor in terms of his remarkable range.

Anyway, aside from physical considerations, I found that the parts themselves were self-perpetuating. I began doing biographical roles very early in my film career—I played Andrew Jackson in *The President's Lady*, which was only about my fourth movie. Once you're seen in white hair and a putty nose, you create an image that causes you to be cast like that again.

Penthouse: Is it difficult to avoid being typecast?

Heston: I think so. You just can't overestimate the importance of an audience's perception of a performer, and that's true whether you're an actor, a dancer, or a singer. Bob Dylan, for instance, has had a great deal of difficulty since becoming a Christian and doing gospel music. Although he is apparently winning back his old audience or winning a new one, when he first began singing gospel music his concerts were booed. My point is, what an audience remembers seeing you do predisposes it to accept you in a certain way. If a film studio announced tomorrow that I was going to play Rommel in a remake of *The Desert Fox*, moviegoers would *not* walk around muttering, "He's no *German*—how can he do it?" That wouldn't happen, but only because I've done at least a dozen films in which I played characters who weren't Americans.

Penthouse: In the course of playing great men, do you think you've sometimes portrayed them as stronger or more courageous than they actually may have been?

Heston: No, I don't feel that's true. I've done more biographical roles, I suppose, than any other actor alive. I've played characters as disparate as Richelieu and Henry VIII, Michelangelo and Andrew Jackson, and Gordon of Khartoum and Thomas Jefferson—really, you could hardly pick men more different from one another than some of these people were. And in researching their extraordinary achievements, I found that the one quality they all shared was energy, plus a passionate capacity to focus that energy. That accounts for Michelangelo's compulsion to paint a ceiling 18 hours a day for four years, and it was the same force that drove Andrew Jackson to lead his campaign against the Seminoles, even though he was so racked with dysentery that he had to stand up all the time. The same thing held true for Richelieu, who was plagued all his life by insomnia, blinding migraine headaches, and a variety of other illnesses. The energy and strength of purpose these men had is what I find myself trying to suggest in these roles. I don't *begin* to think, "Okay, I'm playing another great man. I'll play it strong."

Penthouse: How much research do you do when playing a historical figure?

Heston: As much as I can, but never as much as I should. I explore what they did, what they were like, the letters they wrote, and the confrontations they had with people around them. Sometimes, of course, there isn't too much to go on. With Moses, for example, the objective record is very clear, but there is nothing written earlier about him other than what appears in the Old Testament. With El Cid there is a little more: I saw his marriage contract, and it is an incontrovertible fact that he took Valencia while a rebel exile, and that he took it in the name of the king who exiled him. What I'm getting at here is that with characters that go that far back, a great deal of the research is an encrustation of legend and hearsay. But once we advance into periods that are more fully documented, it's easier to research the man and the times he lived in.

Our government is so vast and its bureaucracy is so pervasive that wherever you push, it seems to give a little and then springs back of its own accord. You take your hand away, and it's just as it was.

I think one of the most common flaws in period films, by the way, is that we impose twentieth-century mores on even the nineteenth century, where they don't fit. Films are made about the ancient Greeks and Romans in which the good guys will all have some comment about how terrible slavery is, but thoughts like that never really crossed their minds. Aristotle and Socrates, two of the most brilliant men of their time, never wrote one word pro or con about slavery; it would have been a little bit like taking a pro or con position about whether grass should be green. Film research is usually done very sloppily, and careless compromises are often made.

Penthouse: Do you think you've done anything to reverse that tendency?

Heston: Yes, I think so. A case in point would be Cardinal Richelieu, who is best known through the Dumas novel. *The Three Musketeers* is one of the world's most widely read books, and in it Richelieu comes off as a villainous fellow indeed. When I researched him, however, I discovered that Richelieu unquestionably was the most remarkable Frenchman of his time and that he actually created France as a modern nation. Up to then, France had been a kingdom with duchies, which were often in conflict, but he unified the nation and also started its civil service. It's a curious commentary that the Frenchman who's still most revered by his countrymen is Napoleon, who *destroyed* France. The reason most Frenchmen are under five feet eight inches tall is that Napoleon's wars killed off all the bigger men—and that's not a joke.

In any case, I found that Richelieu acted for the good of France, and I also found a couple of things he said that we used in the script. For instance, someone once told him, "It must be terrible having so many enemies." Richelieu answered, "I have no enemies. *France* has." Isn't that fabulous? In one line he tells you his concept of himself.

Penthouse: Did you ever identify so closely with a character as to become confused and perhaps a little schizoid about your own identity?

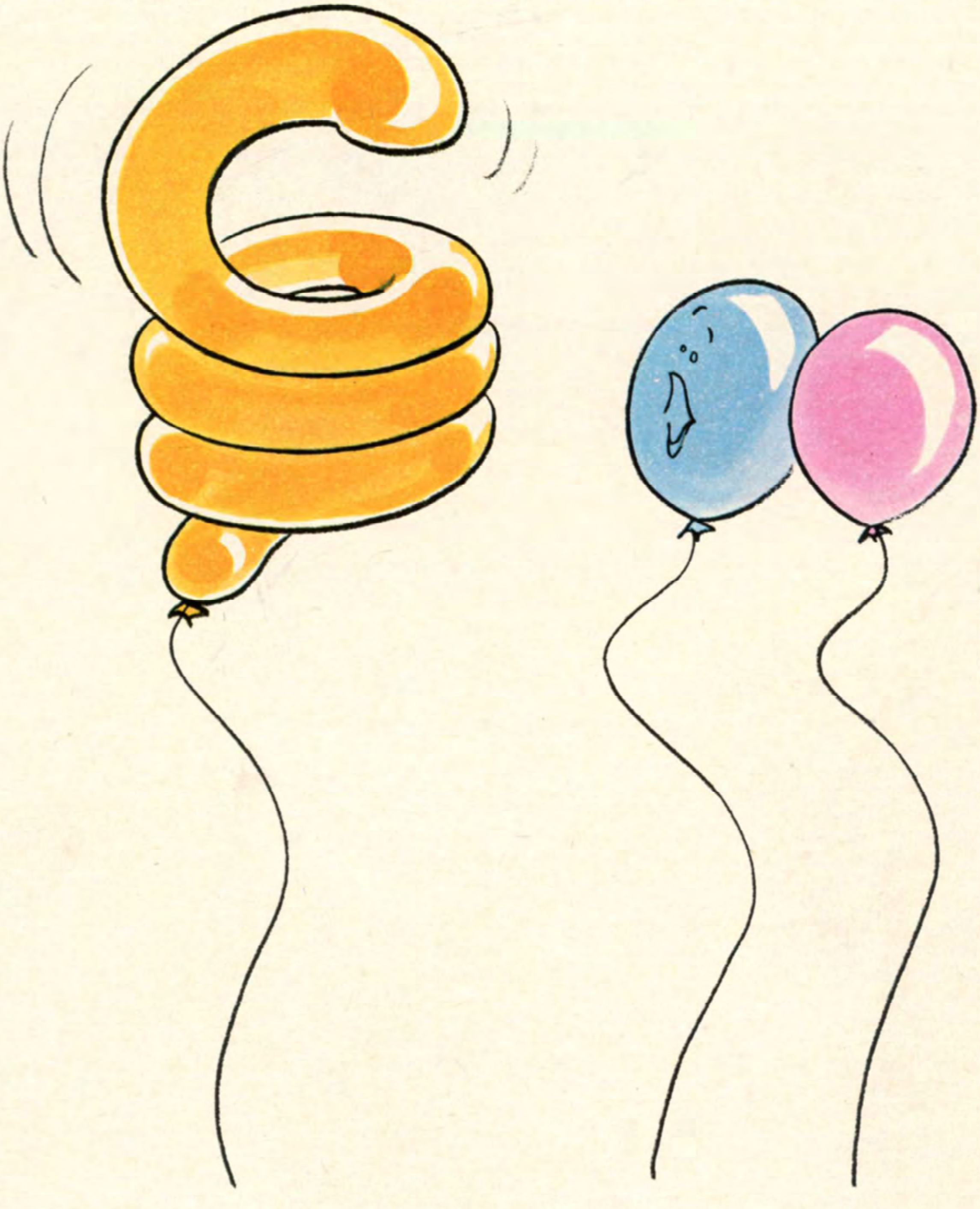
Heston: It's tempting to go on about the deep internal wrestling actors go through and how one's psyche is invaded by another person, much in the manner of *A Double Life*, the film in which Ronald Colman played an actor who stars in *Othello* and who begins to act like him offstage. I'd like to say that kind of thing happens to me, but it doesn't, and to tell you the truth, I suspect that it doesn't even happen to those actors who are fond of saying they're so deeply buried in a character. It's fun to talk about how you get inside a character and go home and act like him—but I don't think you do; at least, *I* don't, and I don't think it's healthy to do it. I mean, when you play Macbeth you are *not* Macbeth. And if you are, then you're in trouble.

Penthouse: Still, it seems to us that playing such a long line of heroes would affect you strongly in some way. Have you ever found yourself reacting to certain things as if you were one of the men you've portrayed?

Heston: Now that's a very tricky question, because I'll look like an idiot if I say, "I perceive myself to be a great man because I've played Andrew Jackson."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Harry . . . show Ethel why I married you . . ."

That's ridiculous, but while making some of these films I *have* been deeply moved and have suddenly felt, "I know what this must have been like."

For example, I have ridden in armor into a captured city and gotten off my white horse and climbed a circular flight of hundreds of steps while listening to 3,000 people shouting, "Cid! Cid!" I want to tell you, that gets your attention, and my throat catches just telling the story. I had another moment like that in *Khartoum*, when Gordon makes his entry into the city. People were lining the streets and cheering, and I picked up a little black girl who was holding a flower, and *that* moved me. And I still remember the first shot I did in *The Ten Commandments*—as Moses I walked barefoot down Mount Sinai, and I suspect De Mille intentionally chose that as the first shot. I'm not going to tell you that I climbed Mount Sinai and found that God awaited me in a burning bush, but you cannot walk down that mountain and feel quite the same way as you did before you went up. These are not idle experiences to go through and to have in your memory. And I suppose they *do* change you.

Penthouse: In what way?

Heston: I guess the major change is that I've come to believe in the capacity of the extraordinary individual to shape events, which is not a particularly fashionable view. We all tend to think of ourselves as powerless to effect change, and that's partly the result of an increasingly organized society, where both horizontal and vertical mobility are hard to come by. I suppose a definition of socialism would include the idea that if only society can be properly organized, everyone will be safer and happier. But I don't believe that. I don't believe man is capable of efficiently organizing society, and even if he did, I'm inclined to agree with George Orwell: I don't think people would be happy if that were true. Obviously, one of the reasons I believe this is that I've spent so much of my life scratching around inside the skulls of these extraorinary individuals we've been talking about.

Penthouse: Do you think you'd feel the same way if you scratched around inside the heads of Lenin and Trotsky?

Heston: I nearly played Trotsky. They finally made that film, and Dick Burton played him, but for a lot of reasons—and not because of Burton, who's a fine actor—*Trotsky* didn't turn out very well. That film was submitted to me 20 years ago, and I was offered the part of the assassin, and I said, "Trotsky's the guy to play. He's a very interesting fella." They told me I didn't look like Trotsky, who was a little old man, and since I hadn't done so many of those parts at that point, I didn't get it.

Revolutionists are extraordinary individuals, of course, but no, I don't think I'd feel differently about revolution if I'd played Trotsky. My father read Shakespeare to me as a kid, I was trained in Shakespeare, and I've done a good deal of Shakespeare and find that the central thesis of his plays is the stabilizing requisite that society must come back to center. At the end of all of Shakespeare's plays there is a scene where, in effect, somebody says, "Everything is going to be all right now." That's something Shakespeare deeply believed in, and until now I've never really thought about what part it might have played in my own belief that the stability of society is a central good and a requisite for happiness.

That's not a particularly fashionable idea either, now that many people believe society is decadent and should be destroyed. Not a *great* many people believe that; I guess I'm thinking about Vanessa Redgrave. Actually, many people *do* believe that our society is in desperate need of radical change.

Penthouse: How do you feel about it?

Heston: I believe the American system is demonstrably the most successful system of government yet evolved. It has made more of its people happier and more secure than any other system of our time, and I do not see it as a repressive imperialist regime, the way much of the rest of the world does. I think it works, and I view with suspicion those who would radically alter it.

> “
> In years to come,
> I'd love to be a real mean
> son-of-a-bitch of
> an old character actor
> who runs around
> hitting people in the knees
> with his stick.
> ”

Penthouse: That sounds as if you're completely satisfied with our government. Are you?

Heston: No, I'm not. I think our system has become increasingly bureaucratized, and we're in serious trouble there. We've got to fire a lot of bureaucrats, which is a very hard thing to do. It's probably a natural tendency of government to increase, because the people in it sort of think, "What else should we be doing?" What happens next is that they set up a bureau and hire a guy who then says he's got to have an assistant and a couple of secretaries, and it increases from there.

I've had a little experience with this, you know. I did a term on the National Council on the Arts and a lot of time with the Screen Actor's Guild and now with the American Film Institute and the Center Theatre Group, and you can see it happening. People keep saying they can do better if they have more room for file cabinets, and pretty soon they need someone to do the filing, and then they want to move the whole department because they can rent that old building across the street. I've testified on film industry matters before congressional committees, and I've come to realize that the people you get your information from aren't the senators and congressmen we voted for but rather their staffs. And that really scares the ass off me, because nobody voted for them and it's almost impossible to put them out of office. That's why I think one of the healthiest things on Capitol Hill right now is Senator Proxmire's Golden Fleece of the Month Award, which takes issue with bureaucratic excesses. He gets a lot of flak about that.

Penthouse: Over the past 15 years, you've often been mentioned as a possible senatorial candidate from California. Do you have any political ambitions?

Heston: No, I don't. The first time I heard about the senate thing I was flattered by the idea, but I remember thinking it through very carefully and examining myself very closely about it. I'm only on distant terms with the interior me; the exterior me is my favorite of the two, and each of us goes his own way, more or less. But I did have a long conversation about it with the inner me, and both me's finally agreed that it would be a lousy idea. In the first place, the various political groups that contacted me were preoccupied with just one thing I'd have as a candidate—electability, which is something any actor is likely to have to some degree. Instant recognition is very hard to come by, and an actor begins with that. Whatever other assets I may have as a senatorial candidate are debatable, but the main thing is, I didn't want to run.

Penthouse: Why not?

Heston: Because I still love acting. When I finally quit—which will be when they don't hire me anymore—I'd like to look back and think I've done good work, maybe even some distinguished work. And if people should think my work's been nothing, it really doesn't matter that much, because it isn't that important. But if you look back on a career in the senate and if you've really fucked up, well, that's *terrible*. I mean, if somebody doesn't like my Macbeth, so what? But if people walk around saying, "God, we had that clod in the Senate for three terms, and he did everything wrong"—well, that would be another matter. Really, I can't act as a moral or intellectual arbiter for somebody else's life; I have troubles enough with my own.

Penthouse: Can you conceive of several years passing by and perhaps changing your mind about running for office?

Heston: Arguably, yes, I can conceive of that, but I can conceive of anything. It doesn't have much reality for me, however, because I don't believe it will happen. Fortunately, as you get older, the parts

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS

CALIGULA

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OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?”

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HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
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CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
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that are right for an actor begin to change, and I find that process to be constant and interesting.

Besides all that, I've been exposed to government to a far greater extent than most people, and I don't enjoy the way it works. I know how to find government offices in Washington, and when I go there to do some chores on behalf of the film industry, I'm filled with a sense of impatience that verges on outrage. For example, I've testified at least four times before the FCC on changing the rules regarding the exhibition of movies on cable television. I wind up giving the same testimony every time, and I get the same kind of responses: "That's very *interesting* testimony," and "Really, we're quite impressed by your arguments." I walk away thinking, Jesus, maybe we made it this time, and then nothing happens. *Nothing* happens. If I had to spend the rest of my life dealing in the corridors of power and dealing thus every day with that kind of inertia, I don't think I'd be a very happy human being. Our government is so vast and its bureaucracy is so pervasive that wherever you push, it seems to give a little and then springs back of its own accord. You take your hand away, and it's just as it was. I'd rather not.

Penthouse: But what about your feeling that one man can effect change?

Heston: An *extraordinary* man can effect change. Jackson, Jefferson, and a number of other men I've played could do it. I don't put myself in the same category.

Penthouse: Do you ever have a desire to test whether that's true or not?

Heston: I really don't. I have a marvelous life. I'm one of a minority of men who can make a living doing what they'd probably do for free, and I am compensated for it far beyond any reasonable deserts. And what's more, I get to control how it's done to a very large degree. My situation is rather incredible when you consider that perhaps 70 percent of all actors don't get to work at all, and of the minority that do, almost all of them have to act in whatever they can get.

Penthouse: Has your enjoyment of acting been dulled by the more than 30 years you've spent doing it?

Heston: Honest to God, no. I really love to act. That's not to say I don't get frustrated or annoyed when the studio screws up or I do. And I don't drive off to work singing, but considering my voice, that's probably a good thing. Certainly, there are times I get bored. But when I was a kid, I'd go hunting and fishing in the north woods of Michigan, and half the time that could be boring, too; so instead of concentrating on hunting, I'd pretend I was Davy Crockett.

Penthouse: You stated that you've never been out sick for even a day of filming; yet you also admit to coming down frequently with psychosomatic colds. Don't they interfere with work?

Heston: No, because I chart them very carefully. I have a curious kind of compulsive, puritan nature that won't allow me to have a cold when I'm working; so as soon as I finish a film or a play, it's okay for me to come down with one—so I do. Other actors have a different pattern and become ill when they go to work, and there are some very fine actors who actually throw up in the wings every night.

Penthouse: Are we correct in assuming that you're not afflicted with similar onslaughts of stage fright?

Heston: No, I don't have that. I always think I can do it; yet I always fall short of what I hoped I could do with a part. I suppose that's why I keep doing *Macbeth* on the stage—it's sort of like that old joke about how you're going to keep doing something until you get it right or until you die. But that's the deepest satisfaction of all: you find something in your life that you can never get right, but you keep trying, and you do it a little better each time.

When you play
Macbeth, you are *not* Macbeth.
And if you are,
then you're in trouble.

Penthouse: What's the closest you think you've come to getting a movie part completely right?

Heston: That's a little hard to measure. Some of the performances that seem to be regarded as my better ones are Taylor in *Planet of the Apes*, Gordon in *Khartoum*, and *Will Penny*. In those three films, I think I got 80 percent of what I hoped to get from the roles. The extra 20 percent would come only if you got a part perfectly.

Penthouse: Has it ever happened to you?

Heston: Oh, every actor experiences spurts of it every so often. I've had bits of it when playing in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, but it's hard to sustain. There's a story they tell about Olivier doing a perfect *Othello* one night. Maggie Smith, who was playing Desdemona, told me the entire cast stood in the wings watching and applauding, and when the play was over, the cast went back into Olivier's dressing room to somehow make contact with him. They found Olivier sitting slumped in a chair, and one of the actors said, "Larry, you surely know how incredible that performance was." And he said: "Yes, but I don't know how I did it." From what I've heard, it was probably the greatest performance any actor has given in anything during the twentieth century. As an actor, that's the kind of thing I'd like to achieve, and that's why I keep returning to the great man-killers. *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello* are mountains, and you'll drop of exhaustion on the icy upper slopes every time, but it's great to try.

Penthouse: Do you ever long to play lighter roles?

Heston: Oh, absolutely. I'd love to try some of the parts Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau play. I've only done two comedies in my whole film career, and just one of them was successful—*The Private War of Major Benson*. I keep dragging that up every time I'm around Neil Simon.

Penthouse: Although the roles you've played include some of the choicest leads ever offered an actor, have you ever felt trapped by them?

Heston: No, because they seemed to me to present more elbow room than, say, Paul Newman's preoccupation with twentieth-century urban American men. He's become their quintessential interpreter, which is fair enough, for he does them very well. But they are closer, each to the other—more traplike, in your phrase—than the differences between Richelieu and Ben-Hur or Jackson and Michelangelo. But, sure, it's natural to look at the other fella's pasture and want to graze there. When you look at *Hud* or *The Hustler*, you say, "Son of a bitch, that's a good part." On the other hand, I wouldn't have done either of them as well as Paul did.

Penthouse: In an era when major stars receive anywhere from $3 million a picture to the $10 million Steve McQueen was offered for *Taipan* before that film was shelved, we've been told you ask producers only for $250,000 plus 10 percent of the gross. Is that accurate?

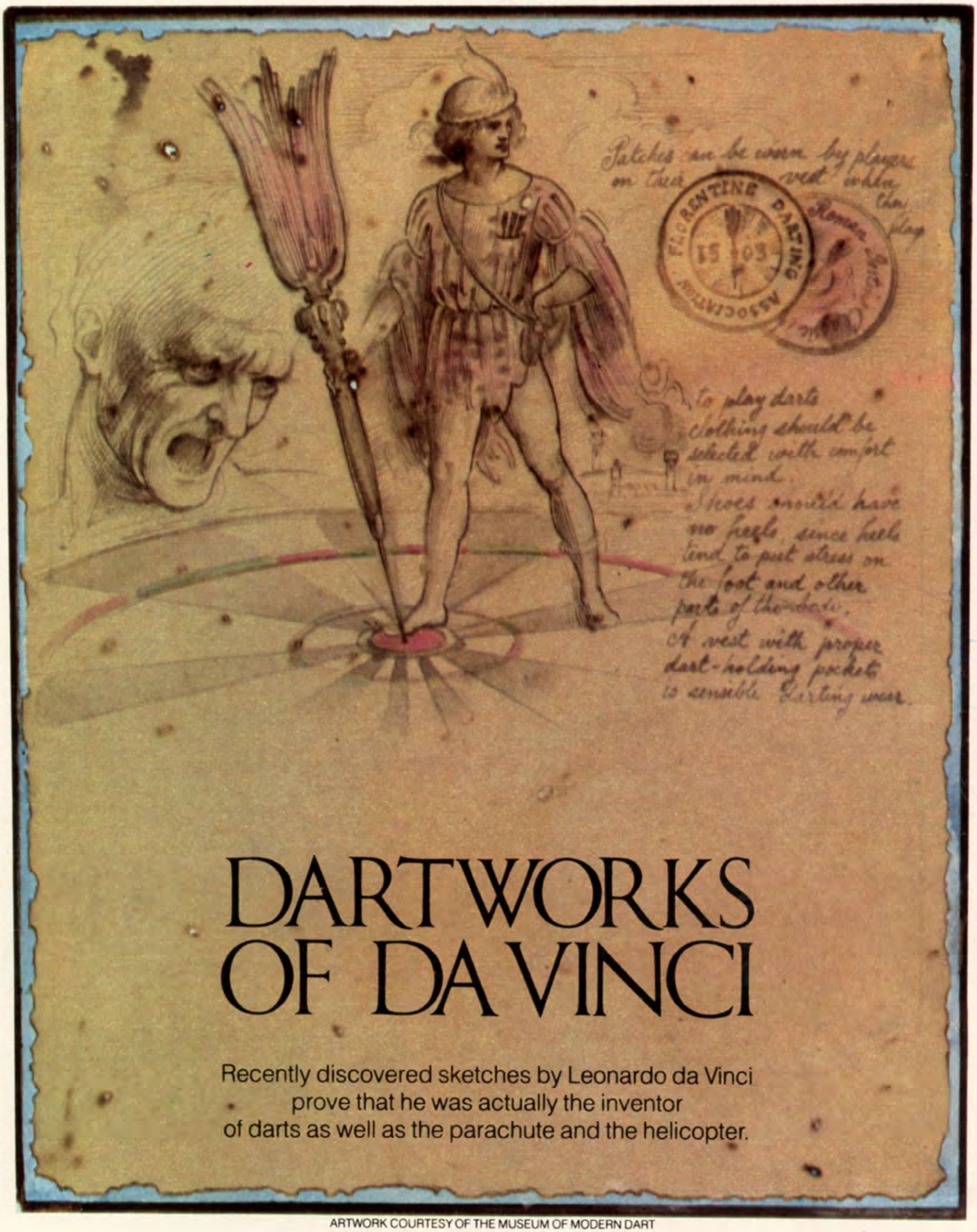
Heston: Yes, the guarantee is accurate, but the percentages increase.

Penthouse: How did you happen to arrive at that?

Heston: Well, in the first place, I believe that if a picture is a failure, then I don't deserve a lot of money for it, and neither does anybody else. If they're paying you to bring crowds of customers into movie theaters and you don't, then you're not worth a lot of money, are you? The guarantee I get is certainly ample. The fact that kids doing their second or third picture also get as much doesn't concern me, because they don't get the gross.

I guess that there are only seven or eight actors and a couple of actresses who get a piece of the gross from the first dollar on, and believe me, studios would much rather pay out the several million than a piece of the gross. It just *kills* them to do that. There are all kinds of people who walk around saying, "Oh, I get a piece of the gross." Well, one of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

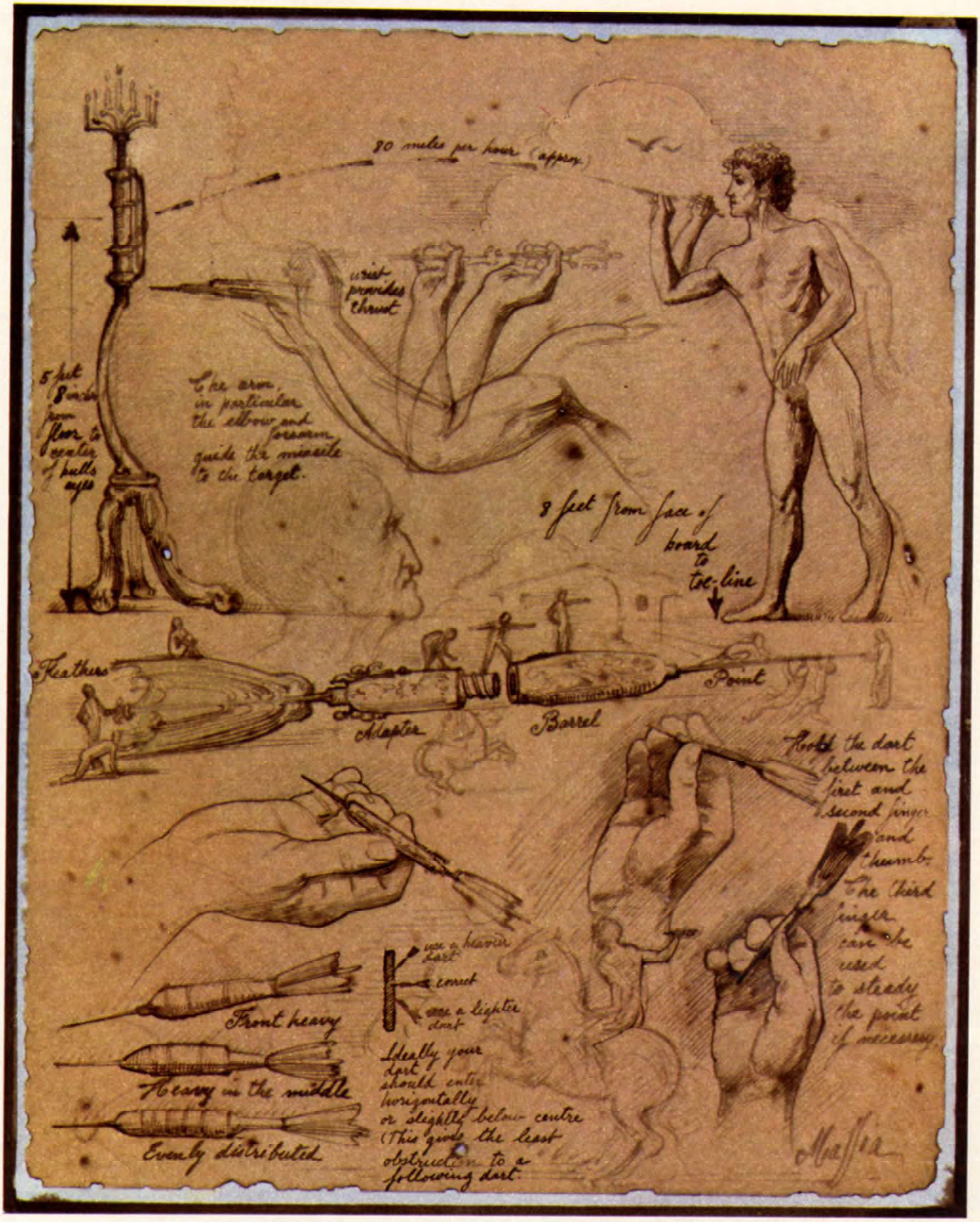

Patches can be worn by players on their vest when they play
FLORENTINE DARTING ASSOCIATION
1503
Roman
To play darts clothing should be selected with comfort in mind.
Shoes should have no heels, since heels tend to put stress on the foot and other parts of the body.
A vest with proper dart-holding pockets is sensible Darting wear.

DARTWORKS OF DA VINCI

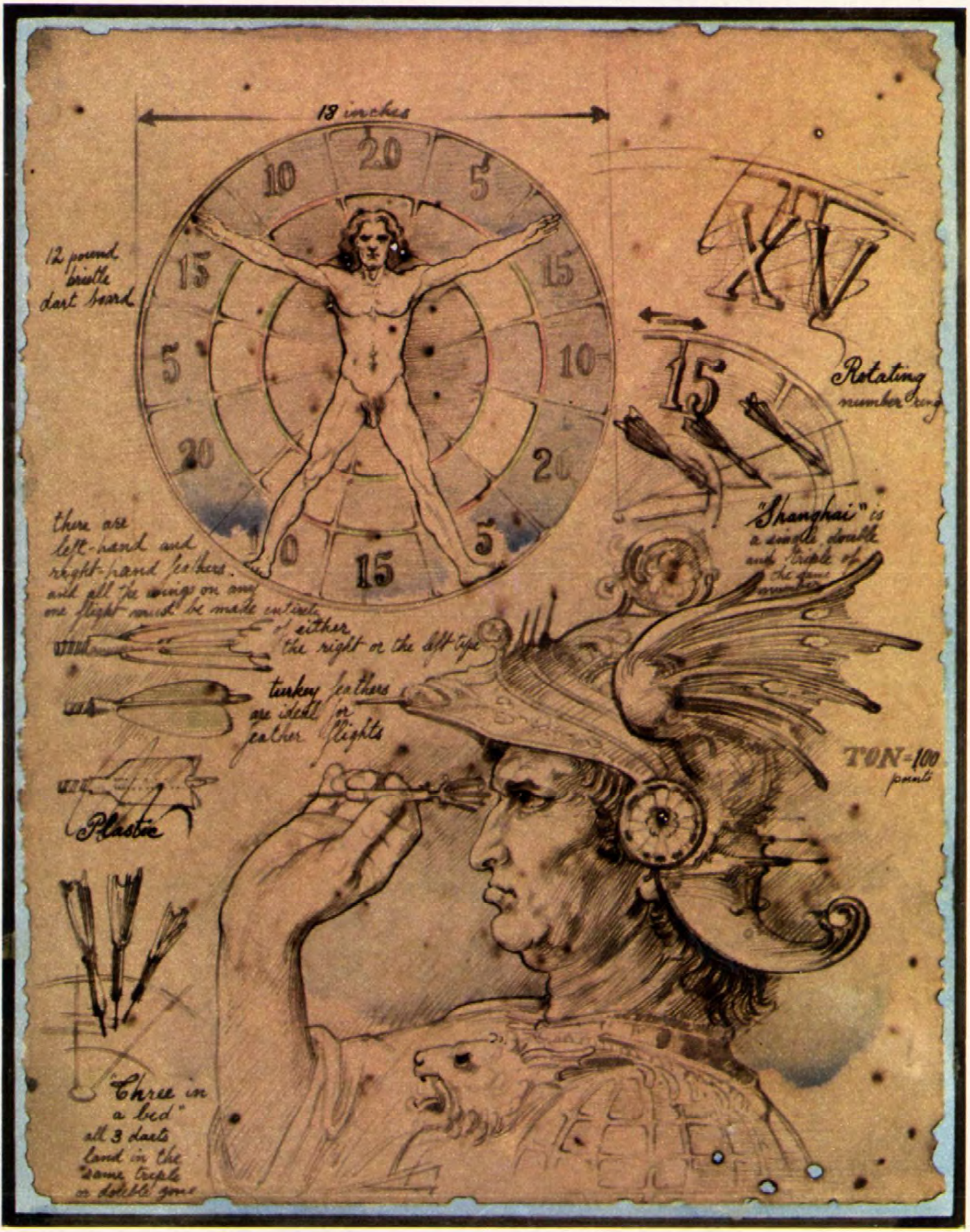
Recently discovered sketches by Leonardo da Vinci prove that he was actually the inventor of darts as well as the parachute and the helicopter.

ARTWORK COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN DART

Tired of bending elbows and ears with the same old crowd at the local watering hole? It might be a good idea to get up off your stool and check out the biggest barroom boom since Pong: darting—as in throwing. According to the British, where darting has long been considered the most important indoor recreational activity since oral sex, it will take your mind off your latest tragic romance and keep you from oversalting your beer with tears of woe or fruitless rage.


80 miles per hour (approx)
wrist provides thrust
5 feet 8 inches from floor to center of bulls eye
The arm, in particular the elbow and forearm guide the missile to the target.
8 feet from face of board to toe-line
Feathers
Adapter
Barrel
Point
Hold the dart between the first and second finger and thumb. The third finger can be used to steady the point if necessary
use a heavier dart
correct
use a lighter dart
Front heavy
Heavy in the middle
Evenly distributed
Ideally your dart should enter horizontally or slightly below centre (This gives the least obstruction to a following dart.
Maffia

You must be able to hold your beer (literally and figuratively) while standing at the hockey, or throwing line, and guiding your six inches (the dart, that is) into tiny sections on the board. Scoring in the classic version, you begin with 301 points, You must first place a dart in the double ring. Then you begin to score points, reducing your score to zero. The final dart must hit a double that brings the score to exactly zero.


18 inches
12 pound bristle dart board
20
10
5
15
15
5
10
20
20
10
5
15
XV
15
Rotating number ring
"Shanghai" is a single double and triple of the same number
there are left-hand and right-hand feathers. and all the wings on any one flight must be made entirely of either the right or the left type
turkey feathers are ideal for feather flights
Plastic
TON=100 points
"Three in a bed" all 3 darts land in the "same triple or double zone

Illustrations by Daniel Maffia

Apart from the da Vinci connection, almost nothing is known about the origin of darts. The game must have grown out of some primitive martial art, such as spear chucking. One theory claims that Ethelred the Unready (968?–1016) was the inventor of darting as a sport. He is said to have been so short that he was incapable of firing a longbow. Hence he developed the idea of throwing cut-off arrows by hand and encouraged his knights to compete with him on his own low level.

INTERNATIONAL FERMENT

BY MICHAEL VERMEULEN

The unique character of the local brewery has been sacrificed to mass marketing, but beer lovers can still experience the distinctive taste of natural, imported beers.

No one knows for certain which product prehistoric man discovered first: beer or bread. But we can safely assume it was bread—had our ancestors been brewers before they were bakers, it would never have occurred to them that *anything* better could be made from grain.

Beer was brewed in Mesopotamia more than 6,000 years ago. It was drunk in Babylon, in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, in ancient Greece. Julius Caesar termed it "a high and mighty liquor," and some theorize that the Romans brought beer along with plumbing (a necessary partnership, when one thinks about it) to the North when they invaded the British Isles. There is evidence, however, that the Picts and the Scots were already quaffing brew when Romulus was just a cub.

Whatever its origins, beer is the world's most popular drink, surpassed in consumption only by water—a poor substitute, to say the least. In Darwin, Australia, at least, water runs second. There they consume a prodigious 230 liters of beer per person per year. West Germany is the country that drinks the most beer: 147 liters per person per year. Next in the top five are Belgium (143), Czechoslovakia and Australia (142 each), and New Zealand (133). Although the United States brews more beer than any other country does—179.6 million hectoliters, followed by West Germany's 92.7 million—it ranks thirteenth in consumption, downing just 73 liters per citizen. Perhaps this is due to the quality of our indigenous product, which with only few notable exceptions is, as it were, unexceptional. But if so, beer lovers—and even occasional flirts—should find solace in the many outstanding imports now available in this country.

There was a time when asking for an imported beer meant asking for a Heineken and nothing else. The Amsterdam giant is still the world's biggest exporter, and Heineken is America's favorite foreign brew, but nowadays right next to it in the cooler is tough competition from such countries as Canada, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, France, West Germany, the United Kingdom, and even the People's Republic of China.

Photograph by Andrew Unangst

Someone who says he "can't taste the difference between beers" has either been drinking too much of the less interesting brands or has never tried. The differences between brews are as notable and distinctive as the differences between their labels. This is especially true since the imports range all the way from Japan's crisp and frothy Kirin to Ireland's murky elixir, Guinness Extra Stout. True, fine beer does not have the same snob appeal that fine wine has. But those genuinely in the know prefer it that way—just the appeal, without the snobs.

Beer, like all of life's great pleasures, is worth knowing a little something about. It is the brewing of the beer as much as its ingredients that determines its unique (or, in the case of bad beer, not-so-unique) character. All beers start with barley and water—although some brewers may add other cereals like rice, corn, or wheat to produce a lighter, often less tasty beer and also to save money. The first step in brewing is to moisten the grain and steep it till germination occurs. Germinated barley is called "malt" and is transformed from the original pebblelike seed to a softer, doughy yeast whose starches are soluble.

Next the malt is kiln-dried or perhaps even roasted if a mellow dark beer is desired. The malt is then "cooked" in hot water to convert the starches to sugar. Hops, a pungent variety of small wild flower, is added for flavor. This is a particularly important step, for while beer can be made without hops, the qualities of the hops and the amount that is added are the real secret of fine beer. In addition to flavor-ing, hops act as a mild preservative, the only one available in the days before additives and pasteurization. Finally, yeast is introduced into the mixture to commence fermentation and turn the sugar to alcohol.

Barley-malt, water, hops, yeast. These are the constants in brewing, always have been, and probably always will be. Each comes in an infinite variety and can be combined in enough permutations to boggle the mind. They are simple ingredients, but do not underestimate their influence. King Wenceslaus of Bohemia didn't. In the Middle Ages he imposed the death penalty on anyone caught smuggling hops cuttings out of the country; consequently, even today Bohemian hops are the most prized and contribute immeasurably to Czechoslovakia's Pilsner Urquell, the world's oldest and, some say, best beer.

With fermentation, beers diverge into two distinct categories: *top fermented* and *bottom fermented*. Most modern beers are bottom fermented, meaning that they are kept at a low temperature and their yeast slowly sinks to the bottom as the process occurs. All bottom-fermented beers are known as *lager*, from the German verb for "to store or age," because they must be set aside in cool places for a period of a month and a half or more for fermentation to be complete. The majority of German, Czech, Oriental, and American beers are lagers. They are the crystal-clear, golden, or amber beers with a thick, foamy head that make for the most common wet dream on a hot summer day.

Top-fermented beers are another thing entirely. In this process—actually the older of the two, as it predates most scientific brewing and all forms of refrigeration—the beer is fermented at a relatively warm temperature, causing the yeast to float to the top. The higher temperature hastens chemical action, and the whole fermentation process takes only a week or two, rather than a month. Some top-fermented beers are still made in northern Europe and in Africa and Australia, but they have their most perfect contemporary expression in the ales and stouts of Great Britain and Ireland, usually copper colored to opaque, with a head that is thinner than paper or, in the case of stout, no more than half an inch. They are definitely an acquired taste for North Americans and, as with oysters and olives, definitely worth it.

Apart from its art and science, beer also has its own mythology and culture. There are no fewer than three patron saints of brewing, including St. Nicholas of Myra, a closet tippler more popularly known as Santa Claus. In Germany, where the spirit of *Gemütlichkeit* and an icy stein of Dortmunder or Würzburger frequently fuel one another, it is estimated that one out of every five men of drinking age belongs to a *Stammtisch*, an

	Type	Country	Name	Comments
Top-fermented	Ale	Canada	Labatt's Ale	Pale, sweet, with a malty aftertaste. The best-selling ale in Canada.
	Ale	Canada	Molson	Less bitter than the English type but nonetheless a full, strong ale.
	Ale	Canada	Molson Golden	Lighter, bubblier, and more lagerlike than Molson's regular.
	Ale	England	Bass & Co.'s Pale Ale	Thick, fairly bitter, with a rich amber color. Good example of the English type.
	Ale	England	Watney's	A classic. Bitter, heavy, amber. Very fine.
	Ale	England	Whitbread	A well-rounded beer. Nicely bitter, very drinkable.
	Stout	England	Mackeson	Quite sweet.
	Stout	Ireland	Guinness Extra Stout	Another classic. The perfect stout. Smooth, yeasty, rich, with a wonderful aroma, too.
Bottom-fermented	Lager	Australia	Foster's Lager	A heavy, though not strong, beer. Good, brisk taste.
	Lager	Brazil	Brahma	Fairly heavy. Very drinkable.
	Lager	Canada	Molson Canadian Beer	One of the palest lagers, with a light taste to match.
	Lager	Canada	Moosehead	Goes down quite easy but with a slightly "young" aftertaste.
	Lager	China	Tsingtao	Yellow hue. A bubbly, active brew but very, very light.
	Lager	Czechoslovakia	Pilsner Urquell	A beautiful amber color. Rich, balanced, endearingly idiosyncratic. One of the world's best beers.
	Lager	Denmark	Carlsberg Royale	Combines more bubbles than most, with a fuller body, too.
	Lager	Denmark	Carlsberg Special Dark	Exquisite cola color. Rich and full with just a touch of sweetness.
	Lager	France (Alsace)	Kronenbourg	Very interesting. All the lightness of a southern European beer with the taste of a German brew.
	Lager	France	33 Bière	Exactly what you would expect from the French: light, refreshing, and as bubbly as Perrier.
	Lager	Greece	Aegean Hellas	A sharp bite in the throat and a nice kick in the aftertaste characterize this essentially light beer.

informal group that meets weekly around a large, round table at the local *Biergarten* for a ritual of beer drinking and conversation. In Britain the most successful grass-roots consumer revolt in history was staged in the early 1970s, when pub regulars became fed up with the watery, mass-produced swill that certain national breweries were substituting for the beloved bitter ale. The Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA) ultimately forced the country's whole brewing industry to stop its insidious homogenizing of the local beers and switch back to the real stuff. Among its more pleasant aftereffects was *The Good Beer Guide*, a guide to English pubs fit for serious beer drinkers.

It is a fallacy to think of beer as tamer stuff than wine or whiskey. While ounce for ounce, spirits are certainly stronger than brew, one does not usually pour oneself a pint or a steinful of scotch. Because of the smooth taste and refreshing qualities of beer, a person can consume much more of it, hence much more alcohol, in a single sitting. There are some very strong beers (one, Kulminator of Bavaria, is about 27 proof). Most European and other foreign beers range in strength from 6 to 16 proof and thus are slightly more powerful than their American counterparts. But distribution of the stronger ones is limited by law in states like Colorado, Utah, and Ohio, which ban beers above 6.4 proof. A high alcoholic content, however, does not necessarily denote a great beer. Beer lovers who are interested in quantity rather than quality can find cheaper brews to slake their thirst.

A far more important consideration in the enjoyment of good beer is temperature. The cold-beer/warm-beer controversy is a rift as deep as the Atlantic and as treacherous as the North Sea. Why do you ruin your beer by almost freezing it? the British ask the rest of the world. Better that than drink it so warm that it feels as if it ought to be coming out of the body instead of going in, the rest of the world responds. Calm down, please! There is a simple solution. A beer is at its best when it is served at a temperature related to that of its fermentation. This means the optimum temperature for a lager is 45 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, cold but not freezing. Serve a top-fermented ale or stout at between 50 to 60 degrees, a bit warmer, but not much.

In Australia they like to drink their Foster's Lager out of a can so big that it looks as if it should hold Pennzoil. Why? Well, it's the Australian thing to do. In Japan the Kirin brewery, the makers of the best-selling beer there, add a generous dose of rice, perhaps to better complement their sushi; this is the Japanese way. In England only a fat woman is allowed to throw the last handful of hops into the vat. Each country, each custom, has its own flavor—exceeded only by the flavors of its beer.

Type	Country	Name	Comments
Lager	Germany	Beck's	Its pale color belies its strength. Lots of taste.
Lager	Germany	Hofbrau Bavaria Light Reserve	Pleasant and light with a touch of bitterness for interest.
Lager	Germany	Hofbrau Bavaria Dark Reserve	A beautiful, rich, unsweet dark. Velvety texture.
Lager	Germany	St. Pauli Girl	A quite active brew. An almost almond aftertaste.
Lager	Germany	St. Pauli Girl Imported Dark	Less sweet than the other German darks but every bit as thick and heavy.
Lager	Holland	Grolsch	An undervalued Dutchman. Active. Balanced. Very tasty, both on the tongue and afterward.
Lager	Holland	Heineken	Pale, biting, light, and bubbly. But you already know that.
Lager	Holland	Heineken Special Dark	The better Heineken. Dark and yeasty, without all the weight of other darks.
Lager	Holland	Oranjeboom	A golden beer, with a taste unlike those of the other Dutch brews. More on the sour side.
Lager	Holland	Skol	Quite almondy but with a nice aftertaste. Very little bitterness.
Lager	Ireland	Harp	An outstanding example of the form. Rounded, full. Pleasant aftertaste.
Lager	Jamaica	Red Stripe	Very light and airy. Resembles American.
Lager	Japan	Kirin	A curious, complicated light lager. Surprising depth and a slight edge.
Lager	Mexico	Carta Blanca	A pale, light beer with a slightly bitter finish.
Lager	Mexico	Dos Equis (XX)	An extraordinary, smooth, russet-colored beer—brewed in the Bohemian manner.
Lager	Mexico	Montejo	Distinctive, 100 percent malt taste. Called the pride of the Yucatan.
Lager	Mexico	Superior Light	Light is right. A definite malty taste but less character than the Europeans.
Lager	Philippines	San Miguel	The slightest, driest of those beers tasted.
Lager	New Zealand	Steinlager	The flavor fairly bounces on the tongue. Best served with a good chill.
Lager	Switzerland	Feldschlosschen	A mellow, easy-drinking beer. Less taste than Grolsch but otherwise quite similar.

As our freedom is being auctioned off by hustlers, we should stop for a moment to remember a real American hero.

The Last American:

A Eulogy for William O. Douglas

By Nat Hentoff

He looked like his old friend Spencer Tracy and was amused when moviegoers, mistaking him for the actor, asked for an autograph. The thing about Tracy, William O. Douglas used to say, was that "he never talked bunk." Also, said the Supreme Court justice of the film star, "I never knew anyone more American than he."

Douglas could have been speaking about himself. Blunt, fearless, he scorned legalistic, euphemistic language. He was the same "Wild Bill," as his law clerks called him, on the bench as he was on the mountains he loved to climb: passionate, clear, and as rebelliously individualistic as the very framers of the Constitution. Indeed, the fiery main theme of the more than 1,200 opinions he wrote during 36 years on the High Court—he served longer than any other justice in our history—was undiluted, revolutionary Americanism.

And that is why he was the most crucially important member of the Court in our time.

But Bill Douglas's value to the nation was far more than as a jurist. He was the last of the truly great men in public life. In the brilliance and the sweep of his intellect, the boldness of his attacks on illegitimate authority—no matter how high or powerful—Douglas was in the direct line of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Frederick Douglass, Eugene Debs, and Sen. Bill Langer, the North Dakota maverick who supported Douglas when hardly anyone else would.

That rugged lineage may emerge again, but as of now there is no one like Douglas in any public office. Our officials are smooth, small in scope, fearful of being too controversial, tailoring their principles to polls. And on the High Court, the majority now treats the First Amendment as if it must be steadily cut down, because the post-Douglas doctrine is that the citizens are subjects of the government, not its masters.

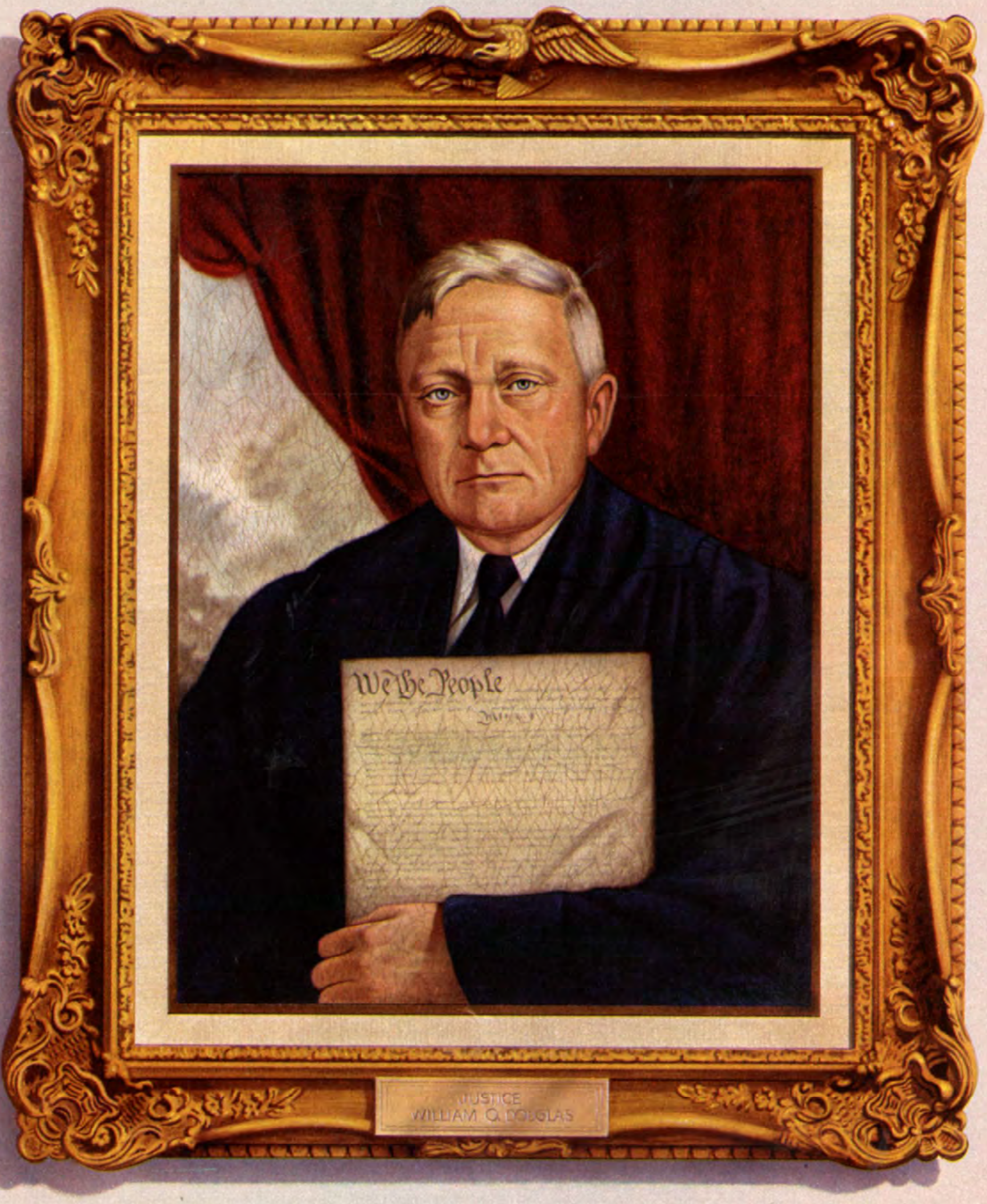
In sum, there is no voice now like that of Douglas when, in 1972, he furiously asked: "Since when have we Americans been expected to bow submissively to authority and speak with awe and reverence to those who represent us? The constitutional theory is that we the people are the sovereigns—the state and federal officials only our agents. We who have the final word can speak softly or angrily. We can seek to challenge and annoy, as we need not stay docile and quiet."

This uncompromising Jeffersonian stance got Bill Douglas into a lot of trouble with those, in and out of government, who, if they had to vote on the Bill of Rights now, would condemn it as a profoundly subversive document.

Three times there were moves in Congress to impeach the justice. Once, in 1953, when he stayed the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. (His brethren immediately overruled him.) Acutely aware of the incendiary popular feeling against these convicted atomic-bomb spies, Douglas figured that his act might lead somebody to "take a shot at me," but he'd be damned if he'd be intimidated. Under the law, he said, the Rosenbergs couldn't be sentenced to death unless the jury had so recommended. And the jury had not. Therefore, Douglas declared with characteristic straightforwardness, "No man or woman should go to death under an unlawful sentence." The Rosenbergs were electrocuted anyway, but Douglas had no complicity in that judicial murder.

In 1966 another impeachment posse went after Douglas because the justice, then 67, had recently taken as his fourth wife 23-year-old Cathleen Heffernan. It was always Douglas's unyielding view that he, like any other citizen, had the right to live his life anyway he chose so long as he didn't break the law. The Bill of Rights, he often said, "was designed to keep the government off the backs of the people." And that meant Bill Douglas, too.

The final impeachment plot came in 1970 and was led by House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, serving as a ventriloquist's dummy for President Richard Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell, who accurately considered this foremost paladin of the Bill of Rights their natural enemy. The charges included the scandalous fact that Justice Douglas had exercised his First Amendment rights by writing for such "pornographic" magazines as *Evergreen Review*. Another


We the People
JUSTICE
WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

allegation had to do with a $12,000-a-year retainer Douglas was receiving for his work on a charitable foundation set up to promote international understanding by bringing foreign students to study the workings of American government. The businessman who had funded the project, it turned out, held a mortgage on a Las Vegas hotel and gambling casino. Therefore, Gerald Ford implied, Douglas had ties with The Mob. A House Judiciary Subcommittee entirely cleared Douglas.

Having had his high noon with Nixon, Mitchell, and Ford, Douglas kept on being his controversial self. And he continued to be a loner on the Court, for he never engaged in the customary bargaining there whereby a justice, to persuade enough of his brethren to make a majority, trades off bits and pieces of his own principles. (The process is detailed throughout Woodward and Armstrong's recent book *The Brethren*.) And because Douglas would not dilute his opinions, he was wholly free to play to his greatest strength. As his former law clerk, Harvard Law School Prof. Vern Countryman, says of Douglas: "His capacity to get to the guts of the issue was his most distinguishing characteristic. He wouldn't get enmeshed in technicalities or doctrine. He would always see clearly what the issue was. And powering that extraordinary skill at penetrating to the heart of the matter was Bill Douglas's rage, until death itself, against injustice. As Justice Hugo Black, his longtime ally in many dissents that later become majority opinions, said: "Bill must have come into this world with a rush, and his first cry must have been a protest against something he saw at a glance was wrong or unjust."

For instance, three years after the Nixon Mafia tried to have him thrown off the Court, Douglas became the first member of the High Court in history to stop American bombing of another nation. He didn't stop it for long, because his appalled brethren reversed his decision, but the courage he showed—and the fundamental humanity of his opinion—particularly underscores what Douglas meant to the nation. As will be seen, he was best known for his decisions giving full breathing room to the First Amendment—a body of work that will be a benchmark of liberty of speech and press so long as this country exists. But there was much more to Douglas, as *Holtzman* v. *Schlesinger* reveals.

In 1973 Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman of New York and several air force officers serving in Asia sued to force the Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger, to stop U.S. air operations over Cambodia. Why? Because Congress had not declared war on that hapless country. For years Nixon and Kissinger had secretly been destroying that land, and now it was being done openly. A lower court had agreed with Holtzman and the air force officers, but a Court of Appeals ruled that the bombing must go on until the case went all the way through the judicial system. The Supreme Court, however, was in summer recess, and so the lawyers for Holtzman and the other antibombers went to Douglas to get him to stop the killing. They found him in his beloved Goose Prairie, Wash. (permanent population: eight), a place on the last natural frontier that he considered his permanent home.

Douglas examined all the arguments on both sides and said that, in essence, this was like all other capital cases. That is, when life is about to be lost and there is doubt whether due process has been followed in the imminent taking of that life, a stay of execution must be granted because "death is irrevocable."

Then Douglas spelled it out in language so clear that all citizens could understand: "The classic capital case involves whether Mr. Lew, Mr. Low, or Mr. Lucas should die. The present case involves whether Mr. X [an unknown person or persons] should die. No one knows who they are. They may be Cambodian farmers whose only 'sin' is a desire for socialized medicine to alleviate the suffering of their families and neighbors. Or Mr. X may be the American pilot or navigator who drops a ton of bombs on a Cambodian village. The upshot is that we know that someone is about to die."

> In 1972, Douglas furiously asked: "Since when have we Americans been expected to bow submissively to authority and speak with awe and reverence to those who represent us?"

So Douglas granted a stay of the bombings. It wasn't up to him, he pointed out, to decide at this juncture whether the bombings were constitutional, but anyway, he let us know what he did think: ". . . Even if the 'war' in Vietnam were assumed to be a constitutional one, the Cambodian bombing is quite a different affair. Certainly Congress did not . . . declare war against Cambodia and there is no one so reckless as to say that the Cambodian forces are an imminent and perilous threat to our shores."

The very next day the other members of the Supreme Court—polled by telephone—decided to let American bombers continue their killing in Cambodia. William Douglas, of course, was the only dissenter.

Douglas so often stood against the majority, in fact, that he filed more dissents—531—than did any other justice since the founding of the Court. But more of his dissents later became the law of the land than did those of any of the other Great Dissenters, including Louis Brandeis and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Most often Douglas was alone, or in alliance with Hugo Black, in his total resistance to punishing speech or writing—no matter how outrageous, offensive, or "subversive." Of all his dissents, he was proudest of what he said in *Dennis* v. *United States* (1951), when the High Court affirmed the conviction and jailing of 11 Communist party leaders for "teaching" and "advocating" the overthrow of the government by force.

It was a time when much of the nation was transfixed by the fear of communism, and witch-hunts against domestic Reds, real and imaginary, were being conducted with at least as much fervor as in colonial Salem. Yet Douglas unequivocally declared that these Communist party officials were fully protected by the First Amendment because all they had done was to discuss and teach certain books. They had only engaged in "speech, to which the Constitution has given a special sanction. . . . We have deemed it more costly to liberty to suppress a despised minority than to let them vent their spleen. We have above all else feared the political censor. We have wanted a land where our people can be exposed to all the diverse creeds and cultures of the world."

But these were *Communists!* Precisely, said Douglas, why they, too, should be able to speak freely here. And he quoted, at the end of his dissent, from a 1938 book by the chief Soviet prosecutor, Andrei Vishinsky, *The Law of the Soviet State*. Vishinsky had warned the citizens of *his* country: "In our state, naturally, there is and can be no place for freedom of speech, press, and so on for the foes of socialism."

"Our concern," Douglas emphasized, "should be that we accept no such standard for the United States." The quintessential difference between a free nation, as we profess to be, and a totalitarian state, is that here *everyone*, including a foe of democracy, has the right to speak his mind.

Douglas never got over the anti-Americanism of the majority of his brethren in that case. In 1973, speaking to students at Staten Island Community College in New York, the dauntless First Amendment warrior said of the convicted Communist leaders: "Those defendants were not plotting revolution, handing out grenades, making caches of rifles and ammunition and the like. They were teachers only—men teaching Marxism."

Not only was all political speech protected, said Douglas again and again, but *all* speech and writing. The First Amendment could not be more clear.

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There shall be no law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." Period. As Douglas thundered in the 1966 *Fanny Hill* case, "Publications and utterances were made immune from majoritarian control by the First Amendment, applicable to the states by the Fourteenth. *No exceptions were made,* not even for obscenity" [emphasis added].

Douglas, throughout his long term on the High Court, was appalled that his brethren took it upon themselves to police so-called obscenity. He himself never saw the movies or read the books that came up for decision, "because I have thought the First Amendment made it unconstitutional for me to act as a censor."

Back in 1957, when a majority of the Court first directly ruled that "obscenity" was not protected by the First Amendment, Douglas made his position utterly clear, and he never budged from it. Dissenting in *Roth* v. *United States,* the conservator of individual liberty proclaimed: "Any test that turns on what is offensive to the community's standards is too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment. Under that test juries can censor, suppress, and punish what they don't like, provided the matter relates to 'sexual impurity' or has a tendency 'to excite lustful thoughts.' This is community censorship in one of its worst forms. If the First Amendment is to mean anything in this field, it must allow protests even against the moral code that the standard of the day sets for the community."

In obscenity cases and every other case that came to him on the Court, Douglas was the strictest of constructionists, interpreting the Constitution as the guarantor of *individual* liberties it was fully intended to be. Or, as James Madison, the principal architect of the First Amendment, had kept emphasizing, the greatest danger to liberty in this free nation is to be found "in the body of the people, operating by the majority against the minority."

And what particularly enrages the majority is protest against its customs, values, and norms of proper behavior. So long as that protest was peaceful, however, Douglas not only supported but also encouraged it. For example, during the rise of the civil-rights movement in the South, students were arrested in a small Florida town for assembling at a jail to protest the official segregation policies. In an opinion dissenting against the upholding of the protesters' convictions, Douglas delivered a classic endorsement of every American's right to take to the streets to exercise his freedom of speech:

"The right to petition for the redress of grievances is not limited to writing a letter or sending a telegram to a congressman; it is not confined to appearing before the local city council, or writing letters to the president or governor or mayor. Legislators may turn deaf ears; formal complaints may be routed endlessly through a bureaucratic maze; courts may let the wheels of justice grind very slowly.

"Those who cannot afford to advertise in newspapers or circulate elaborate pamphlets may have only a more limited type of access to public officials. Their methods should not be condemned as tactics of obstruction and harassment as long as the assembly and petition are peaceable, as these were."

This craggy six-footer from the West, who always looked directly at you with his gray-green eyes, continually insisted that the Constitution exists to nurture dissent and to protect the powerless. It was made to safeguard the heretic from the state and to give the poor at least a shot at justice. He was years ahead of his brethren, for instance, in urging that all criminal defendants be given free counsel if they couldn't afford a lawyer.

The intensity of Douglas's empathy with outsiders, even outcasts, did not come solely from an abstract reading of constitutional history. It came from his own life. As he once said, "I worked among the very, very poor, the migrant laborers, the Chicanos, and the I.W.W.'s [the Wobblies] whom I saw being shot at by the police. I saw cruelty and hardness, and my impulse was to be a force in other developments than cruelty and hardness in the law."

> Douglas never saw the movies or books that came up to the Supreme Court on obscenity cases. "The First Amendment," he said, "made it unconstitutional for me to act as a censor."

Douglas was born on October 16, 1898, in Maine, Minn. Soon after birth he was taken to California and then to a small town in Washington. His father—a circuit-riding frontier preacher—died there when the boy was six. Three years before, the child had contracted polio, and the doctors had gloomily assured his family that the stricken youngster would never walk again and would be lucky to live to the age of 40. Fatherless, growing up in poverty, Douglas spent much of his childhood forcing his limbs back into full use through hiking and mountain climbing. Along with instilling in him a lifelong tenacity of awesome proportions, this experience turned Douglas into an ardent admirer and protector of what was left of the wondrous wilderness.

An environmentalist before the term was known, Douglas was later, in dissent, to fight against any further exploitation of forests and streams, even claiming that all the forms of natural life should have standing before the Supreme Court to defend their right to exist—"the pileated woodpecker as well as the coyote and bear, the lemmings as well as the trout in the streams."

Although the young Douglas felt at one with his surroundings out on the trail and on the ridges, he was acutely conscious of being "different" back in Yakima, Wash., where he grew up. The family was so poor, he recalled in his autobiography, *Go East, Young Man,* that he, his brother, and his sister were never invited to a single children's party. "We grew up never seeing the inside of another home." In retrospect, though, Douglas was glad that he had never become "united with the elite of Yakima," because "to be accepted means living in the right area, wearing the right hat, thinking the right way, saying the right thing. What it means in the law is a Dean Acheson or John Foster Dulles or a reactionary president of the Bar Association. They cause all the beauty to disappear in pontifical emptiness."

Douglas never did become part of any elite. While he was on the Court, his friends mostly continued to be old companions of the trail rather than chieftains of the American Bar Association; and rather than dining in expensive, exclusionary Washington clubs, Douglas used to hang out at Jimmie's café, an anciently informal beer-and-sandwiches joint on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Supreme Court. When not in his robes, he looked like anything but an ultimate arbiter of constitutional law. Once, at the end of a long hike down the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal outside Washington, Douglas was refused service at an inn because he was taken for a tramp. He never told them he had a job.

Another time, coming down from Mount Adams in the state of Washington, the justice developed so painful a set of blisters that he went into a doctor's office for relief. That worthy told the frontiersman, "We don't take care of the likes of you. There's a clinic down the street that takes care of all the bums." When Douglas pulled out $25, the doctor started calling him "Sir."

"While he applied the bandages," Douglas recalled, "I told him quietly how the law was way ahead of medicine, how, if he were disbarred for malpractice and was indigent, the highest court in the land would take his case, would waive all filing fees and costs and name a lawyer—'as good as Bethlehem steel has'—to represent him."

"How do you know all that?" the doctor asked.

"Because, sir," Douglas answered, "I seem to spend a lot of time there."

"Under normal siege conditions I can get more than twenty knights to the gallon."

From boyhood on, Bill Douglas was most comfortable with those who would never be part of the elite. As a teenager, during vacations from school, he worked with harvest crews in the wheat fields of eastern Washington. And alongside him—as well as on other laboring jobs he had—were members of the Industrial Workers of the World, the Wobblies, who believed in the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of a true socialism, under which hunger and want would also be abolished. To the good burghers of such towns as Douglas's Yakima, the Wobblies were dangerous, disreputable radicals, but Bill Douglas found them to be "warmhearted people" who had "higher ideals than some of the men who ran our banks and were the elders in the church."

Douglas also rode the rods with the Wobblies, picking up an acute distrust of the police's dedication to justice that stayed with him all his years. "Most of the IWW's," he used to say, "had no criminal records and engaged in no lawless conduct. Yet, though few who rode the rods were criminals, we were all treated as outcasts or vagrants; we were even fired on by the police in railroad yards."

Working was the only way Douglas could get to and through school. He was graduated from Whitman College in Walla Walla, Wash., taught school in Yakima for two years, and then was accepted at Columbia Law School. He paid for half the journey to New York as a freight hand handling 2,000 sheep. The rest of the way he traveled as a hobo, riding the rails. He arrived in New York City with six cents in his pocket.

Douglas worked his way through Columbia and graduated second in his class. Then came the most severe disappointment in his life to that point. He had fully expected to be chosen as a law clerk for Supreme Court Justice Harlan Fisk Stone, but the appointment didn't come through. There went his chance to see how the High Court actually worked. Looking for a job, Douglas applied to a number of the prestigious and immensely powerful Wall Street law firms. At one of them he was interviewed by John Foster Dulles, later the most righteous of the Cold War secretaries of state.

"I decided against going with Dulles and his firm," said Douglas, "because he was so pontifical. He seemed to me like a high churchman out to exploit someone. In fact, I was so struck by Dulles's pomposity that when he helped me on with my coat, as I was leaving his office, I turned and gave him a quarter tip."

For a while Douglas did work for one of the elite Wall Street firms, but he hated it. "I looked around at the older men there, and I knew I didn't want to be like *any* of them. They couldn't climb a mountain, couldn't tie a dry fly; they knew nothing about the world that was closest to me—the real world, the natural world." Or, as his friend, Yale Law School Prof. Fred Rodell was to say, "Bill's life, like his law, is free."

After a year practicing law back in Yakima and a brief teaching period at Columbia Law School, Douglas went off to Yale Law School, where his swiftly rising reputation as an expert in financial matters led to his 1934 appointment to the Securities Exchange Commission, of which he became chairman two years later. As the *Washington Post* summarized Douglas's tenure at the SEC, the mountaineer from the Far West "brought the giants of Wall Street to heel."

In 1939 Franklin Roosevelt—who had come to admire Douglas's keenness of intellect and natural egalitarianism during many White House poker sessions as well as on the SEC—appointed him to the Supreme Court. At 40 Douglas was the youngest justice in more than a century. It was Louis Brandeis's seat he had taken, and the Great Dissenter had become a kind of mentor to the Westerner during his Washington years. A Brandeis dissent that Douglas liked to quote had been written in the very first wiretap case in 1928. Brandeis was unalterably convinced that wiretapping was an invasion of privacy, thereby violating the Fourth Amendment, and warned: "If the government becomes a lawbreaker, it breeds contempt for the law; it invites every man to become a law unto himself; it invites anarchy."

> “Not only all political speech was protected, said Douglas again and again, but *all* speech and writing. The First Amendment could not be more clear.”

Douglas kept that in mind as well as Brandeis's deep suspicion of the concentration of power, whether in government or in the private sector. "Brandeis said," Douglas pointed out in a 1972 CBS television interview, "if we continue in the way in which we're going, this nation will become a nation of clerks, submissive clerks, rather than independent, free men. And he was quite right."

So it was that nine years after he came onto the Court, Douglas himself sounded a warning in a characteristic dissent: "Power that controls the economy should be in the hands of elected representatives of the people, not in the hands of an industrial oligarchy. . . . It should be scattered into many hands so that the fortunes of the people will not be dependent on the whim or caprice of a few self-appointed men."

A single Supreme Court justice could not do much to fulfill this vision of economic democracy, but a president might. And in 1944 Douglas was almost placed in a position that could have made him president. Franklin Roosevelt told the Democratic Convention that either Douglas or Harry Truman would be acceptable to him as the vice-presidential nominee. Douglas's name was first on FDR's list, but Robert Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic party, reversed the names when he sent the list to the party leaders. If FDR died, Truman, who had come up through the party machinery, would be far less unpredictable and much less dangerous to the status quo than the wild card from the West would be.

Douglas used to claim that he never had any real interest in being president anyway, but when asked by lawyer-journalist Sidney Zion how his presidency would have differed from Truman's, he said: "For openers, the atomic bomb wouldn't have been dropped on Hiroshima; there wouldn't have been a Cold War; there wouldn't have been the Korean War; there wouldn't have been loyalty oaths; there wouldn't have been the witch-hunts; there wouldn't have been a seizure of the steel mills; and we sure as hell would have recognized Red China."

In any event, Douglas, remaining on the Supreme Court, wielded the First Amendment like a giant broadsword against all who would try to tame the people of this nation. In 1949 he proclaimed: "A function of free speech under our system of government is to *invite dispute*. It may indeed best serve its high purposes when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger. Speech is often provocative and challenging. It may strike at prejudices and preconceptions and have profound unsettling effects as it presses for acceptance of an idea" [emphasis added].

The work of the Court, however, hardly took up all of his time. When other justices, particularly Chief Justice Warren Burger, complained that the nine men were greatly overburdened, Douglas noted that it took him just four days a week to take care of his work there. But then, Douglas was a good deal smarter than his brethren. Abe Fortas, an old friend and a colleague on the Court, said: "His mind is a cutting instrument of fabulous sharpness. His intellect is a well-ordered, highly organized machine."

Accordingly, much to the annoyance of some of the other justices, Douglas, while hearing oral arguments along with his brethren, was able to write a good many of his books. Jotting away, seemingly oblivious of the jousting of the lawyers in front of the bench, Douglas would suddenly raise his head, ask the most penetratingly pertinent question of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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To them, no sin in a union devoid of procreation–their mounting joy is the only offspring they wish to bring to life.

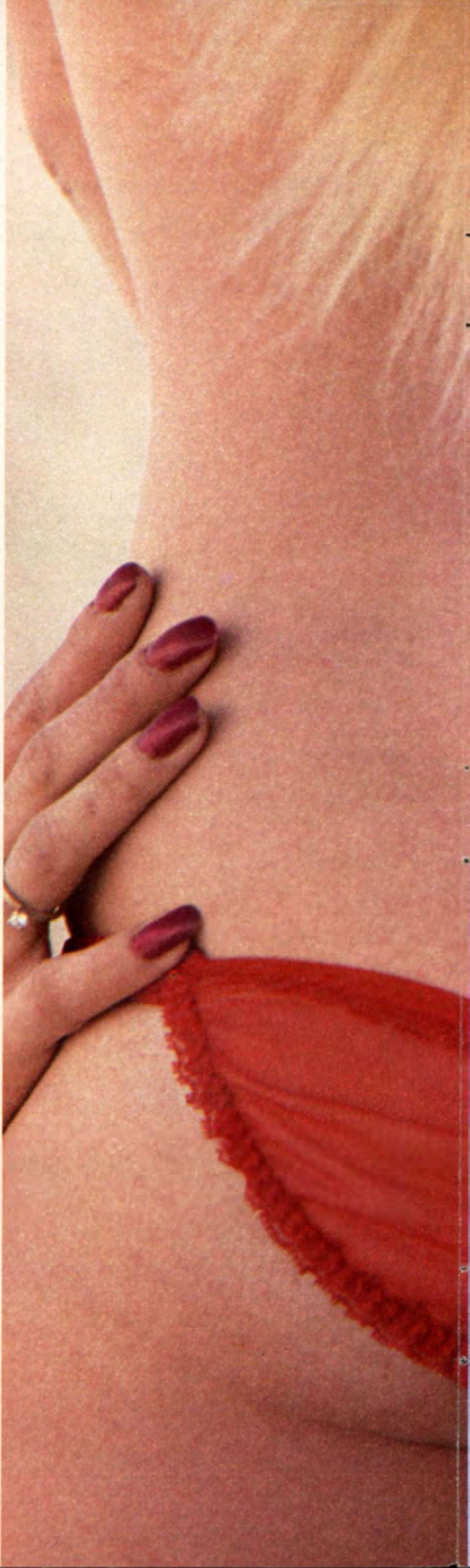
OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS

The tender affection of friends, expressed in innocent touches, becomes all at once desire–an awareness of womanly stirrings as new as the day. Budding young flesh, alike enough to attract, different enough to provoke a primal connection, feelings without a name. Silken, pale tresses brush against dusky curls, a sunburst crowning a quiet midnight sky. Untutored exploring of flickering tongues, tasting sensations forbidden but sweetly alluring. Comrades grown to lovers: obeying the laws of nature instead of man. Promises are whispered . . . innocent vows of devotion are exchanged in the night and then persist with breaking dawn, like a dream remembered. Outside their bedroom door the sounds of morning–of voices in other rooms–remind them gently: the world goes on, forcing lovers apart, invading the haven they've found in their secret embrace . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

Arm in arm, they plot their chartless course, fugitives from worldly chores and concerns, looking for worlds to conquer within themselves . . . Runaway nomads, they roam the desert together, helpless to stop the fresh but searing desires that rival the sun's intensity, richness, and warmth. And yet they disdain the sun, while basking in its heat; they become the center of each other's universe, expanding with each new look . . .

Breast points touch in silence, the infinite splendor of soft on soft . . . Exhilarated with love, they race hand in hand, inheriting the wind as their only witness. Moistened mouths confess to moistened love flesh, ready for new adventures that spring from eager hands, from searching fingers . . .



Removing a flimsy garment with gentle devotion (inventing their pagan rituals), their ripe, rounded hips are the altar for their constant worship . . . The sifting sands that warm them inevitably become their bed . . .

As they find each other's pulsing, molten center, they are astonished at the easy pleasure within their grasp. To them, there is no sin in a union devoid of procreation–their mounting joy is the only offspring they wish to bring to life. Desire forms a musky palette of endless scents, infinite shades of softness, of sumptuous texture. . . Kneeling before the sunburst she adores, the dusky lover pays homage...

Their passion, dormant so long, is betrayed in a burst of wildly fluttering heartbeats, of dampness and of tongues and fingers that probe in ways unnamed. Their thirst is only for the liquids of love, for the hidden crevices that swell with thrilling secrets, wordlessly told and rapturously exchanged . . .

WEEDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

DADDY? DADDY, WAKE UP!"

Yes, even big trash dies, and after B. White's death—caused by the excitement of double-fucking Rita with a dildo designed by Hedda Kedd—his funeral was attended by all the luminaries of the time. Even now-gone-dyke Sloria Swandaughter made a rare return appearance to read her touching eulogy:

"LET'S FACE IT, B. WHITE WAS AN ASSHOLE! HE HATED WOMEN! HE USED PEOPLE LIKE HE USED A TOILET! HE PISSED ON EVERYBODY! THE COCKSUCKER'S DEAD NOW, AND A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE RELIEVED. BUT ON HIS BEHALF I JUST WANT TO SAY THAT, FOR ALL HIS ASSHOLISM, HE WAS TRULY UNIQUE! HE HAD SOMETHING I'VE NEVER SEEN ON A WHITE MAN BEFORE—*A BLACK DICK!*" Louella Parsons fainted.

Yes, the news was out, and now that B.'s faggot son, Hollywood, who would fuck anything alive up the ass, had sold the vast film studios, it was time to get out of L. A. and start a new life in a new town, where he could go straight! Cal decided to go into the show business of the forties—POLITICS! He deposited the vast fortune from the sold stock in a Swiss bank and moved to North Dakota. Yes, Hollywood C.—now using his more common middle name, "California"—liked ass, and *he didn't care what kind!* But he soon realized that money and ass aren't everything if the "right" people don't talk to you, and, also, that a potential senator from North Dakota cannot afford to have only a male lover who is a dark-haired, hazel-eyed, muscular 19-year-old lifeguard named Rusty—which, incidentally, is the same name (if you've been following) as that of the first buffalo that fucked Cal's great-grandmother, the legendary Nancy! So Cal had to find a prominent society wife to give texture and dignity to the by-now "dripping" White name. (Yes, Cal had just contracted gonorrhea from a "casual acquaintance" he met in a truck-stop john near Route 809.)

A search was made by reading the socially prominent magazine *Socialite Cunt Today*, which was a series of photographs taken by disturbed photographers with zoom lenses as unsuspecting socialites sunbathed nude on their private and social islands. On page 64 of *Socialite Cunt Today*, Cal found the perfect "front" wife with the roundest ass to give class, style, and some good times to an avid and devoted ass-eater: the lovely, the socially prominent but broke, Mayflower-descended Lili St. Cyr (no relation to the great actress). Soon, after a generous prenuptial settlement, Lili and Cal were married at the State Capitol.

Yes, Cal had gone full force into "show biz" politics. And the months passed, and World War II came, bringing Cal victory, Rusty three more inches on his chest and arms, and Lili her firstborn child—as well as the distinction of being the first woman to have conceived a child up her ass. Yes, this child who would grow to be the worst demon White of them all—the child of Lili and Cal, the child of Kitty and Boy, the child of Porgy and Annabelle, the child of Andrew and Dixie, the child of Byron and Babs, the child of Chester and Mona, the child of Kevin and Trixie, the child of Garfield and Sarah, the child of James and Liza, the child of Harrison and Ethel, the child of Louie and Essie, the child of Evangeline and the Moose, the child of John and Hope, the child of Buffalo Joe and Peace, the child of Chief Bear Aztec and Nancy, the child of Bobbb and Ray, the child of Henryyy and Bendelll—was a *boy*, and like his father before him, Cal took the child up into the Black Hills of South Dakota and wrote his name across the face of Mount Rushmore with a magic marker, making the world's first official *graffito!* And the name was KIRK WHITE! Yes, Kirk White, our current presidential candidate, is the son of TRASH, and he would achieve the seemingly impossible: to be sleazier and lower and trashier than all his forebears put together!

Cal was now an embezzling senator and going to Washington frequently. Lili was now a hopeless alcoholic and going to AA frequently. And Rusty was now a raving queen and cruising the park frequently. And by the time Kirk was five years old, he had seen it all! Then, in the

". . . Gets a mite lonesome out here on the south forty, eh, Slim?"

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middle of the night of June 15, 1955, a call came on THE RED PHONE! Cal was being thought of to replace Richard Nixon as vice-president on Eisenhower's ticket. Cal flew to Washington for a conference, taking along Lili, who wanted to do some shopping and hit a few bars. Kirk was left with Rusty, and though it is widely known that homosexuals never touch minors, dark and handsome Rusty was the one-in-a-million exception. As soon as Cal and Lili left, he immediately tried to "fool around" with little Kirk (six foot two at the age of 14)!

Kirk was innocently sleeping in his bed with the beige rubber sheets—YES, KIRK WAS AND STILL IS A *BED WETTER!* Rusty sat on the boy's bed, looking at the extremely developed body of Kirk. Oh, what torment raged in Rusty's dark, boiling body! "OH, SHOULD I OR SHOULDN'T I? WHAT WILL MY CONSCIENCE SAY? WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBORS SAY? HOW CAN I TELL THIS IN CONFESSION? THIS IS SICK, SICK, SICK!" Yes, Rusty was a Catholic in a High WASP Methodist world, and though he had a conscience, he didn't have any morals; so he stroked Kirk's thumping tool of puberty!

"WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?" Kirk awoke with a scream of panic! The dark-blooded Rusty was diving into Kirk's body as if it were a cool ocean on a hot, sultry day. "I'VE GOT TO HAVE YOU! I KNOW IT'S WRONG, I KNOW IT'S SICK, I KNOW IT'S A SIN—BUT I LIKE IT SO MUCH!" The rippling Mediterranean muscles of Rusty enveloped Kirk like an octopus gone rapist. Kirk's body started to convulse, as though a demonic anger were about to erupt! YES! YES! YES! THAT WAS IT! The angered demon seed of his great forefather Bobbb WhiteWasp, who had vowed vengeance on all dark races, was transferring itself into his soul! YES! YES! YES! The gods of Waspia had been awakened to take revenge, for "Rusty Sparks" was originally Emanuel Santiago, a Spanish kid from the South Bronx!

Then came an overpowering demonic voice, filling Kirk's throat, "KILL! KILL! THE SON OF A BLOOMINGDOB MUST DIE!" Suddenly, a strange power anchored itself in Kirk's heretofore "light" body, matching the three-times-a-week dumbbelled strength of Rusty, and he began to fight with the added fuel of the hate from all his sleazy ancestors: Bobbb, Deirdre, Nancy, Morc, John, Louie, James, Garfield, Kevin, Chester, Byron, Andrew, Annabelle, Boy, and, of course, his own mentally disturbed father, California—who must not have known Rusty's origins, but then again, he didn't care *who* he fucked!

Rusty and Kirk fought like two gladiators in the pagan ring of hate, spurred on by the raging screams of generation upon generation of evil upon evil! But Rusty was winning. *But then*, when all seemed lost and Kirk would have to submit to the "degenerate" ways of Rusty, the door swung open. "LOOK! IT'S CAL AND LILI, BACK FROM WASHINGTON!"

Cal roared at Rusty; Lili went for a drink; Rusty lunged at Cal; Kirk ran to the kitchen; Lili poured a double; Rusty and Cal fought; Kirk returned from the kitchen with a knife; Lili had another double; Rusty slugged Cal through the seemingly picture-of-normalcy window; Kirk took the knife; Lili screamed, "NO, KIRK, NO! YOU MUSTN'T!"; Kirk then stabbed Rusty! Lili fainted into her quadruple scotch! Cal crawled back through the picture window, lunging at Kirk and ranting, "YOU KILLED THE BEST PIECE OF ASS I'VE EVER HAD!"

"DIE, TOO, YOU SICK BASTARD!" Kirk's knife screamed as it found Cal's guts. Cal's face went dead, but as his large, bisexual body began to fall, he smiled a last sleazy smirk, "MY SON IS A TRUE WHITEWASP, AFTER ALL! HE KILLED ME!" and died over Rusty's inferior but well-defined body.

> “Hollywood C. White soon realized that a potential senator from North Dakota cannot afford to have a male lover who is a dark-haired, hazel-eyed, muscular 19-year-old lifeguard named Rusty.”

YES! YES! For the first time you know the real truth behind the death of Kirk's father, Sen. Cal White! The clever cover-up made it seem like a robbery by a muscle-bound assailant. But, as in all trashy novels, time mechanically passed, like government-inspected hookers on the streets of Amsterdam. Lili remarried the bottle of broken dreams and went on a binge of a lifetime of one-night stands, causing Kirk to grow up with a different man every day at the breakfast table. Yes, all these things made hate grow in Kirk's soul, as he vowed vengeance on America for 500 years of Waspian abuse! And every day he wrote down every despicable thing he hated on a list in blood: *blacks*, *homosexuals*, *Spics*, *lesbians*, *fat people*, *smokers*, *Jews*, *cabdrivers*, *waitresses*, *subway changers*, *lifeguards*, *theater critics*, *relatives*. On and on he wrote, until his fingers grew sore from hate! But always he knew that he would be the one—the one White to make everybody pay for the sacred hole of his fifteenth great-aunt, Deirdre, gang-fucked by her dark captors—*AND FOR FREE!*

Aside from these minor problems, Kirk grew up a normal and twisted teenager in the fabulously fuckless fifties. But as the demon of supercilious sleaze formed in his body, he masturbated on a picture of Lesley Gore in a prom dress; he led teenage gang wars between Utah and Montana; and, the goal of every fifties teenager, he stole hubcaps belonging to cars of the handicapped! Then the sixties came and, like every other disturbed youth, he went to Berkeley and bombed ladies' rooms, put piss into apple-juice bottles, and led the famous KEEP THE NIGGERS, JEWS, SPICS, FAGS, AND DYKES OUT OF UTAH rally!

Yes, we cannot allow such a man, consumed by the hate of prejudice, to be our next president! NOT AGAIN!

Now, you may ask, how do *I* know all this? I, noted historian Stuart Paul Hale, have kept a file all these years—a file that I have compiled from stolen private and personal diaries of the family. How and why did I get them? I got them because I, Stuart Paul Hale—with the distinguished credits of being a contributing writer for *Cunt Today*, its offshoot *Socialite Cunt Today*, *The Village Voice*, *Popular Mechanics*, and *The Daily Worker*—am in reality (and here it comes!), *I am in truth ELLIE MERTZ*, the silent film actress whom that macho pig Boy White renamed *Sloria Swandaughter* and made a star, a legend, and a lesbian and then fired just for a bad blowjob, forcing me to find work as a bouncer in a "ladies" bar before I had a schizoid breakdown and discovered that I possessed 36 distinct personalities, all of whom hated each other. *So what else could I do* but use my affliction and—become A WRITER (thanks to the Lake Forest Correspondence School)?

Yes, this, my first documentary exposé, in the great tradition of Jacqueline Susann, Harold Robbins, and Marcel Proust, will destroy the White hold on America! Yes, *I'm the one who'll get revenge!* The White family must fall before it devours our fine country with its contaminating slander and sleaze! This morning the polls await. I lay it before you—would you vote for a man:

(1) whose primary campaign was totally financed by a coke shipment from São Paulo, Brazil?

(2) who plans to destroy all ethnics and deviates, as he did his own father?

(3) who hates all Arabs, and vice versa?

(4) who will surely bring on a gas shortage?

(5) who is a certified paranoid megalomaniac, which constantly causes him to fire everyone around him?

(6) whose forefather ran the first WASP whorehouse?

(7) whose great-grandmother fucked buffalo?

(8) whose other great-grandmother fucked a moose?

(9) whose own father was a fag?

(10) whose own mother is a hopeless-

ly promiscuous alcoholic?

(11) whose grandfather's penis was black?

(12) who graduated from Berkeley?

(13) who plans to abolish freedom of the press?

(14) who has every record Helen Reddy ever made?

These are the things I put to you as my vengeful mouth grows weary, telling the talented and award-winning Mr. Eyen, and a politically minded America, THE TRUTH! In exactly six hours the voting begins! I *beg* you, as a rehabilitated lesbian (thanks to DykeEnders, now making me hate women as much as men!), if you want the United States to survive, DO NOT VOTE FOR KIRK WHITE! He will destroy every decent, moral fiber of integrity we barely have left!

Yes, he will destroy America like his grandfather B. destroyed me! THESE WHITES ARE KILLERS, wanting to destroy all the minorities—the *same* minorities that rage in their own blood!

Now, you ask, what right do *I* have to make these accusations? I HAVE THE RIGHT, for I, *Stuart Paul Hale*, noted historian, who am in truth Sloria Swandaughter, silent-screen legend and lesbian, who am in truth Ellie Mertz, innocent and raped waif, *am really in truth* SISSY WHITE, illegitimate ex-dyke daughter of B. White and sister of fag Cal! YES! YES! I am the only normal member of a family of disgusting degenerates, a daughter whose own father and men of his kind insulted and abused with their discolored members! He made *me*, his own daughter, a star to save money and keep it in the family—but when I went against his rules and cunt-dived, he ruined me like everything else he touched!

YES! YES! I am Kirk White's aunt and his executioner!! And here is the news with which I shall hang him—*KIRK WHITE IS A WOMAN!* YES! YES! YES! Cal and Lili's child was born a girl, but Cal hated women so much that he had the child's sex changed in Sweden at the age of three! Yes, Kirk White is a TRANSSEXUAL with a three-year-old dick—'cause once they fix it, that's just where it stays! Yes, my hateful nephew/niece Kirk must be stopped before he/she wins the full vengeance vowed by his/her sleazy forefather Bobbb and turns our fine, respectable, decent country into a low-class, heartless, and mindless ROCKY HORROR SHOW! *And, remember*, this is not a movie but REAL LIFE!

Tomorrow the polls wait, and I, the only decent and moral member of the White family, beg you to mark your political vote "UNDECIDED" to really show Washington it can't dump trash on our clean lawns anymore.

About the Author: *Stuart Paul Hale, alias Ellie Mertz, alias Sissy White, is currently the president of the Nazi Party of Miami Beach.*

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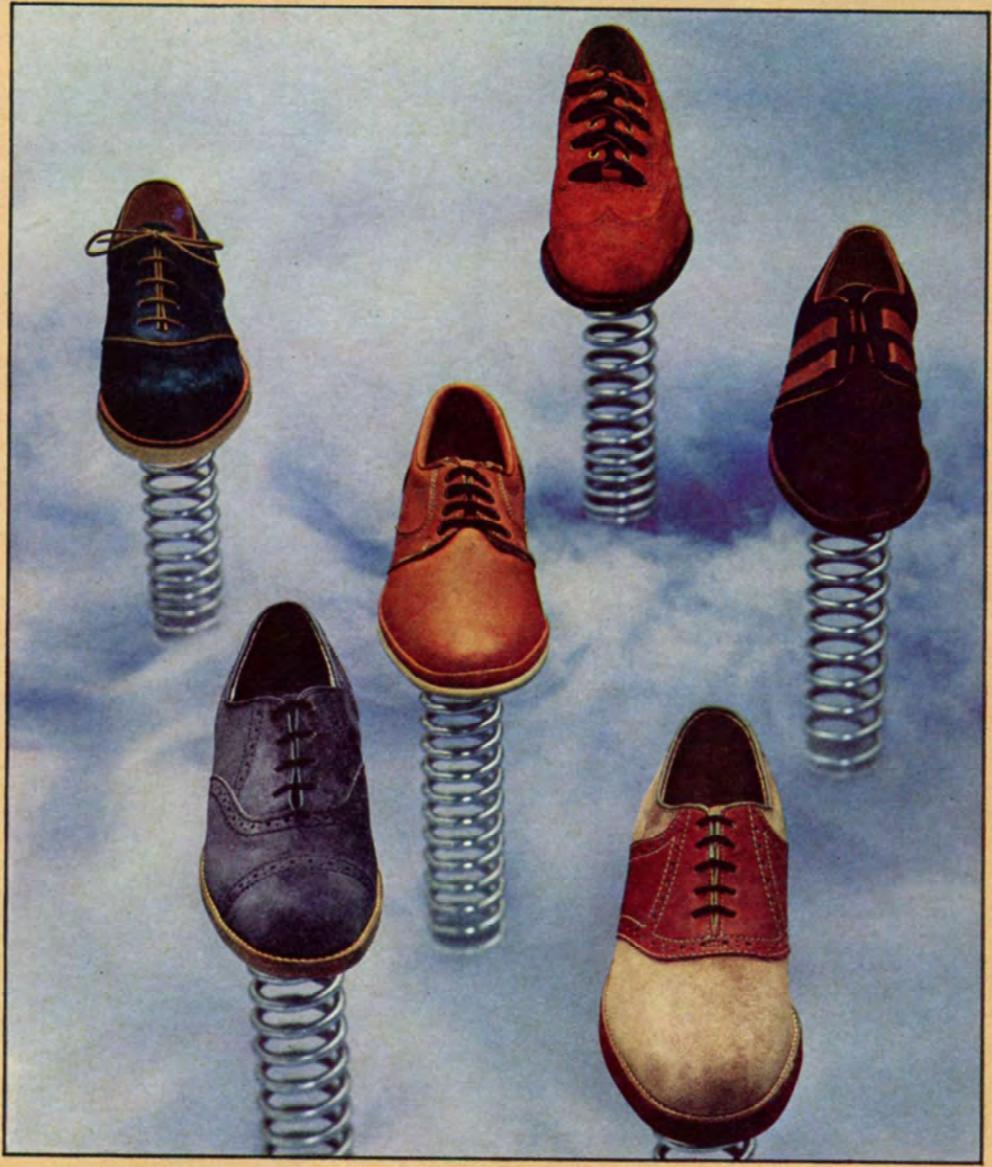
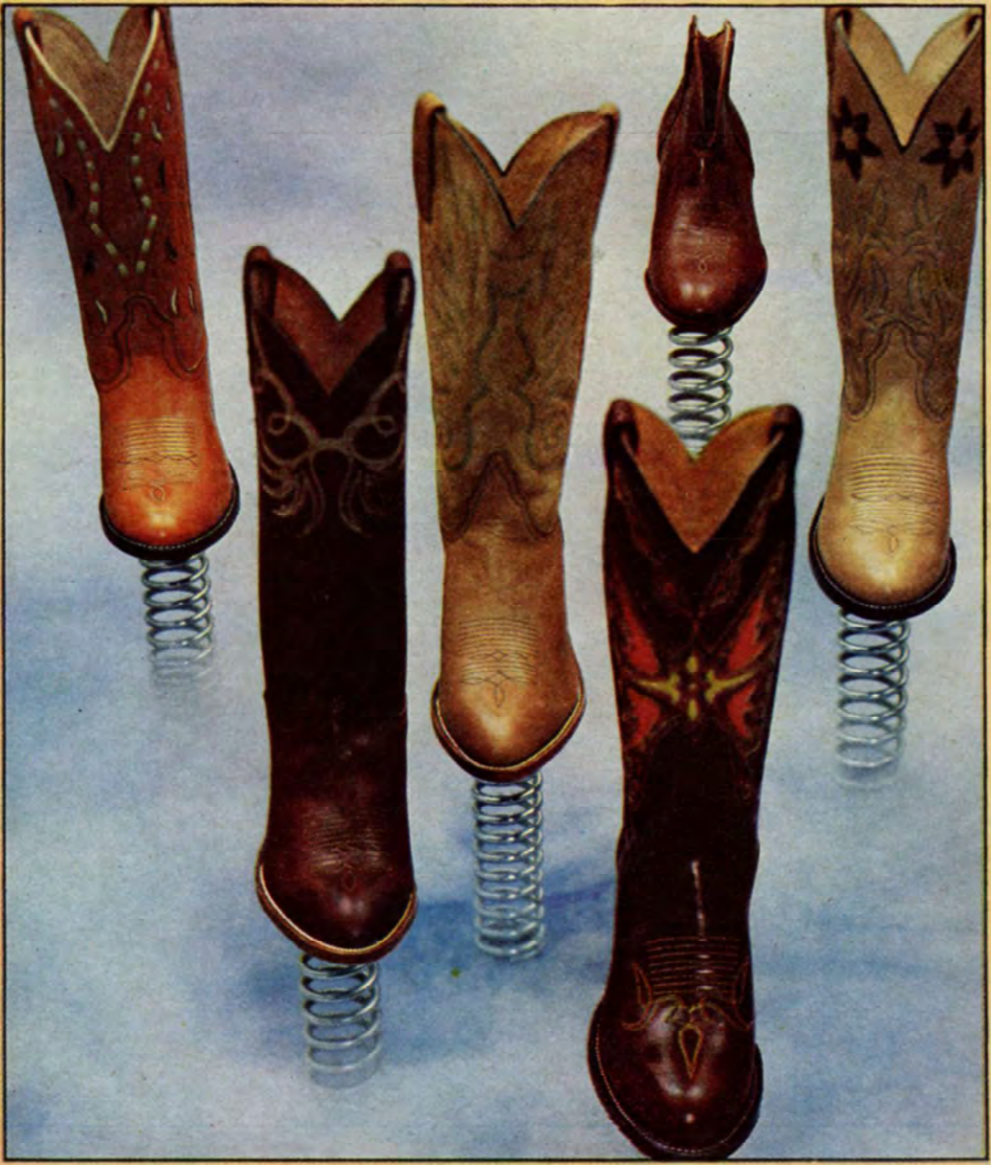


Men's footwear has transcended the boring, must-buy category of underwear and socks and sprung into high fashion. Whether you're riding the range or writing prescriptions, you'll find fashionable shoes on these pages to suit your working style. Besides your work shoes, your footwear wardrobe should include several other styles. Cowboy boots have become

(opposite page, clockwise from top left) The lizard dress shoe ($350) is by Michael Goldman for Portofino. The dress shoe with one-eyelet closure ($75) is by Jonathan Richards, Inc. The wing-tip oxford ($95) is by Pierre Cardin for Smerling. The lace-up oxford in the new grape color ($175) is by Vittorio Ricci. The cap-toe oxford ($110) is Yves St. Laurent by Harwyn International. The slip-on with calfskin tassels ($145) is by Carina Nucci. (center) The high-top, lace-up calf-leather boot ($170) is by The Very Best of Nancy Knox.

(above, clockwise from top) The suede, open-front lace-up shoe with wing-tip design ($170) is by The Very Best of Nancy Knox. The suede, lace-up sport shoe with leather running stripes ($35) is Crayons by Smerling. The leather-and-suede saddle shoe ($36) is by Hush Puppies. The pigskin Princeton shoe ($35) is also by Hush Puppies. The saddle shoe of finely grained leather and suede ($75) is by Jonathan Richards, Inc. (center) The jazz-tie oxford ($48) is Streetcars by Laconia.

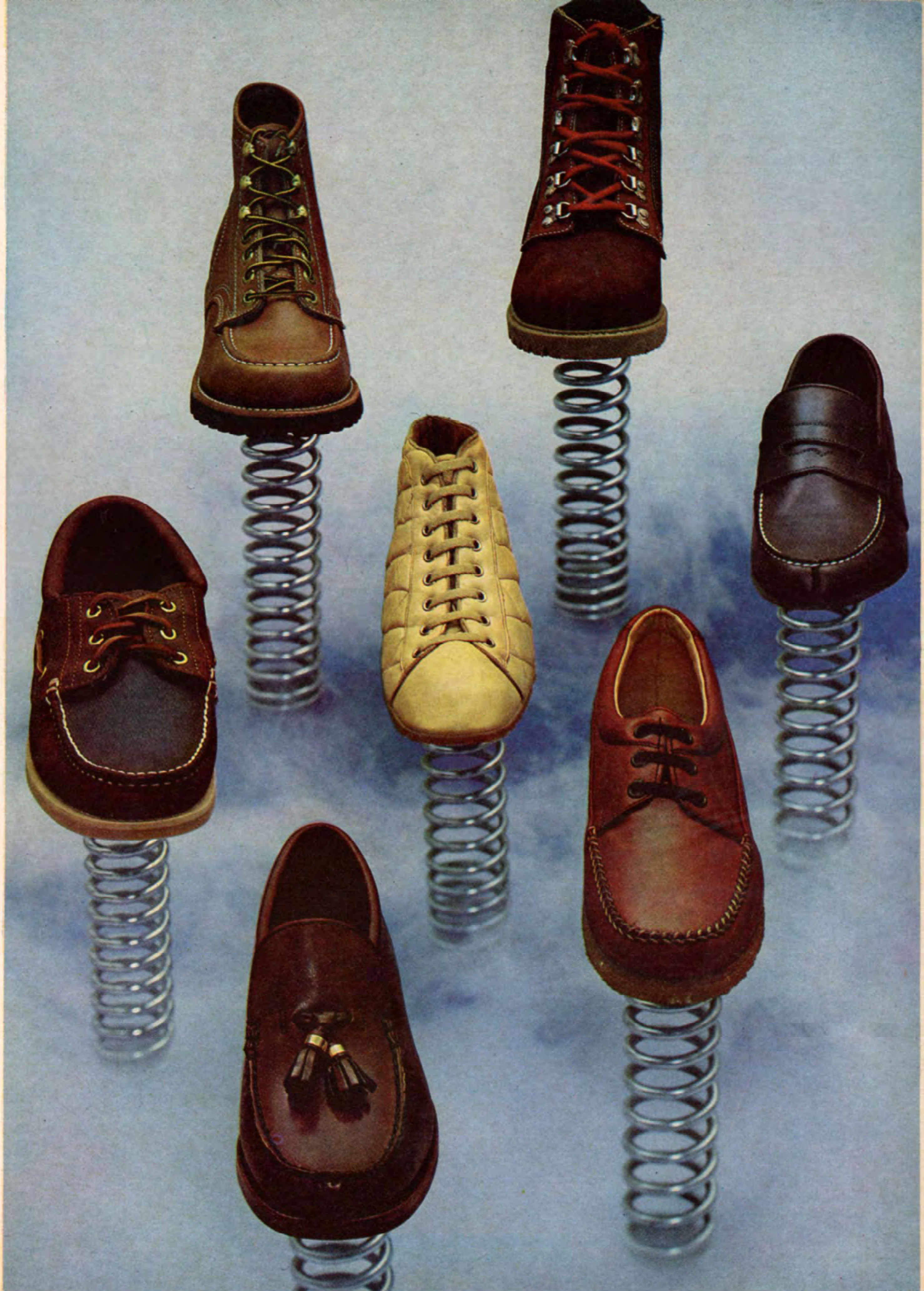


the most popular rugged-wear shoe, but the reliable, lace-up work shoe is still sought after by traditionalists who get up at dawn to plow the north forty or chop kindling (or by those men who just want to look as if they did). For stepping out, you'll want a dressy shoe; this year look for sharper toe styling and a pronounced texture, such as slick patent leather, lizard skin, or nubby suede. Sports shoes and boots are receiving the same fashionable styling; big-city types will go for the jazzy colors combined with a comfort factor that won't cramp their style—or their toes. Whatever your career and life-style, you'll add a little spring to your step with this year's models. ⚲

(above, left to right) The rustler boot with rawhide-lace design ($96) is by Acme Boot Company. The fancy-stitch cowhide boot ($117) is by Frye Boot Company. The leather boot with natural velour suede and accented by a green-stitch design ($117) is also by Frye Boot Company. The leather demi-boot ($90) is by Jean-Pierre Clemente for Italia. The leather cowboy boot with a fancy-inlay butterfly pattern and leather sole ($120) is by Texas Brand. The rustler boot with cowboy heel and rounded toe is accented by a floral motif ($96) and is by Acme Boot Company.

(opposite page, clockwise from top right) The water-repellent hiking boot with padded-leather collar and insulated interior ($72) is by Timberland. The penny loafer ($79) is by Roots. The baseball-stitch sport shoe with leather insole ($63) is by Rockport. The brogue-style leather loafer ($70) is also by Rockport. The boat-moccasin-style loafer with rippled rubber sole ($60) is by Timberland. The rawhide leather field shoe with Goodyear welt construction ($48) is by Herman Survivors. (center) The quilted sneaker ($130) is by The Very Best of Nancy Knox.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 160.



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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU THE PROBLEM OR THE SOLUTION? CAN YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to tell whether you cope or mope.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Now, if you are Muhammad Ali, you don't have to take this quiz. Any man who believes that you should float like a butterfly and sting like a bee, who wins and loses championships more often than some people change their socks, who alters his name and his tactics both inside the ring and out, is obviously flexible as hell. His coping style is clear.

But if you're not Ali and you want to determine just how fast your own mental footwork is, this psychograph can help. It measures coping strategies and can give you an idea of how you react when faced with the pressures and choices of everyday life.

Social scientists are not altogether sure what makes one person more rigid or flexible than the next, but they do know that you can differentiate between the two types by asking the right questions. In hundreds of studies conducted throughout the world, researchers have sought to identify individual coping responses and to pin down which ones work and which ones don't. They've surveyed Bombay laborers, Chicago college students, East African herdsmen, Burmese highlanders, and American politicians (the most flexible creatures on earth, who have transformed fancy footwork into a fine art). As a result of these studies, scientists have isolated the psychological traits and personal philosophies that correlate with various coping styles. This psychograph is based on their research.

While investigators may not be precisely sure what makes one man approach life with a stiff spine and another with weak knees, they suspect that upbringing ("socialization" is the term they use) has a lot to do with it. In effect, we *learn* how to cope. This might explain why women seem to be less successful at coping with problems than men are. In a recent issue of the *Journal of Health and Social Behavior*, two researchers at the National Institute of Mental Health, Leonard Pearlin and Carmi Schooler, wrote, "Men more often possess psychological attributes or employ responses that inhibit stressful outcomes of life problems." Women's responses, on the other hand, are "likely to result not in less stress, but more." The reason, say Pearlin and Schooler, is that women are "socialized in a way that less adequately equips them with effective coping patterns."

But don't start gloating over your "male superiority" until you answer these questions; there are plenty of men who are lousy at coping, too. And don't try to guess the "correct" answers on this quiz. If the test is going to be of any use to you, your answers must be honest.

1. Which of these statements are you more likely to agree with?
   (a) my problems are generally worse than the problems other people have or different. The bad things that happen to me don't usually happen to others
   (b) the basic problems that human beings encounter don't differ much from one person to another or from one generation to another. No matter what difficulty I run up against, the same problem has been encountered by dozens, hundreds, or maybe even millions of people before me

2. Which of these statements are you more likely to agree with?
   (a) ideally, I'd like somebody else to solve all my problems for me. Even if he didn't do it as well as I could, it would be worth it to be rid of the burden of making the decisions myself
   (b) I want to solve my own problems. I may blow it, because I'm not as smart as someone else, but I want to have control

3. When you dine with other people, are you usually among the first to be finished eating?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. Complete this sentence: Any success I have at work comes from
   (a) my ability to do things better than other people
   (b) my ability to do things faster than other people

5. Would you say you're basically a loner?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "For most problems there is no single 'correct' solution. There may be several solutions, each of which has something of value to it."
   (a) I agree. Most things in life are relative; there are few absolutes
   (b) I disagree. You may not always be able to find the one right solution to a problem, but it exists out there somewhere

7. Which statement reflects your feelings more accurately?
   (a) I dislike summaries or condensations of reading material. I may end up only skimming a book or paper, but I want it all there in front of me
   (b) I like condensations and summaries. You get right to the heart of the matter without getting bogged down in extraneous details

8. Do you hate waiting in line?
   (a) yes
   (b) no, it doesn't bother me, especially if it's for something I want to do (like waiting outside a movie or waiting for a seat in a good restaurant)

9. How do you feel about this statement: "Most things one reads in newspapers, books, and magazines aren't really worth the paper they're printed on."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. Which statement do you agree with?
    (a) there are all types of people in the world; some are smart, some are dumb, some are lazy, and others are ambitious
    (b) most people are either stupid or lazy or both

11. If you were having problems with your lover (spouse, etc.), which would you prefer?
    (a) to work them out between the two of you
    (b) to talk them over with a psychologist, counselor, relative, friend, or some other "neutral" person

12. If you were having problems with your work, which of the following would most likely be your response?
    (a) I'd say, "Hell, as long as they keep paying me, I can put up with it"
    (b) I'd redouble my efforts and make a stronger commitment to my work until I solved the problem

13. Do you often feel that you don't have a lot of respect for yourself?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. Which is more likely to be your response to a conversation that doesn't interest you?
    (a) I listen politely; it's no great hardship on me, and you never

know when the person might say something valuable
   - (b) if I can't bring the conversation around to something I'm interested in, I tune out; my eyes glaze over, and I think about something that's important to me—that way I don't waste time

15. Do you think it's important to be able to do two things at once (taking along work on your vacation, watching television while you review reports from your job, etc.)?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

16. How are you at remembering details of places you've just been in?
   - (a) good
   - (b) bad; after I walk out of a room, I have trouble telling you what color the walls were or what the furniture was like

17. Do you feel that most people in the world really don't care about others?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

18. When you take a vacation are you inclined
   - (a) to relax and not feel as if you should be doing something "constructive"
   - (b) to feel guilty if you just take time to relax and goof off

19. When you're having money problems, which of the following are you more likely to do?
   - (a) I try to take my mind off the subject; after all, there are more important things in life than money
   - (b) I think about the problem, searching for ways that will possibly alleviate it

20. Think of how you react when somebody is talking to you. Which of the following "styles" is more likely to characterize the way you behave?
   - (a) I often nod my head and say things like "hmmm," "yeesss," "uh-huh," etc.
   - (b) I just sit there and listen

ANSWERS

Here are the answers most likely to be chosen by people who cope best with the strains and problems of daily life.

1. b	6. a	11. a	16. a
2. b	7. a	12. a	17. b
3. b	8. b	13. b	18. a
4. a	9. b	14. a	19. a
5. b	10. a	15. b	20. b

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each of your answers that agrees with those above.

If you scored:

75–100 points:

You appear to be very effective at coping with life's trials and tribulations. When you are faced with a problem, you approach it in an open-minded, flexible way. You believe that there's more than one way to skin a cat, and you've used many of those different ways. You don't force solutions to problems before they're ready to be solved. You let your options build up until fuzzy situations become more sharply focused. (Your problem-solving style may resemble that of Calvin Coolidge, who said, "If you see ten troubles coming down the road, you can be sure nine will run into a ditch before they reach you and you'll have to battle with only one.") If you're in this category, there's a good chance that you're better educated and better off financially (or will be in the future) than the average person. That makes sense: people who are best at coping are likely to rise to the top. You probably don't have many negative feelings about yourself. You may not think you're the greatest person in the world, but neither do you think you're the worst. Recent research has shown that an absence of negative feelings about oneself is one of the strongest clues to identifying the person who deals most effectively with everyday problems.

Now for the bad news: your coping style may be *too* flexible and pragmatic (especially if you scored near the upper end of this category). On a case-by-case level, your solutions to problems may seem extremely effective. But when examined over a period of time, your behavior may appear inconsistent, since there is no unifying rationale—other than flexibility—that justifies your actions. Others may see you as insincere and without standards, someone who flip-flops from one issue to another. (Look at what happened to Jimmy Carter.) Still, in a crisis you're the best man around.

40–70 points:

Your effectiveness in dealing with problems is erratic. Sometimes you cope well; at other times you really screw things up. You're at your best in areas that you're most familiar with. You are more likely, for instance, to cope well with problems in your love life than in the more diffuse worlds of finance and the job market. When you know something well, you're likely to choose the right strategy to cope with those problems that arise. But on less-familiar ground, you tend to become less open-minded and more rigid. You tend not to see some of the options available to you and, consequently, are more likely to choose the wrong strategy. You may be extremely good at solving problems in the narrow technical area of your job, but if you were boosted into top management, you might have problems.

If you have to make a decision in an area you're unfamiliar with, hold off until you gather as much information as possible. That will make you more sure of yourself, and your anxiety level will decrease. As a result, your effectiveness at coping should improve significantly.

0–35 points:

Oh boy, do you have problems, and for each of those problems, there's a good likelihood you'll choose the wrong solution. You tend to approach problems with a narrow, single-minded outlook. You don't poke around to see what other options are open to you. You believe that there's only one solution to every problem, and you stick to that solution even if your world tumbles down around you. (Most people would interpret continuing chaos as a clue that they've made some wrong choices, but your inflexibility blinds you to that fact.) When faced with a problem, you sometimes erupt into a flurry of action, while at other times you bury your head in the sand. While both these responses can sometimes be effective coping strategies, you usually apply them to the wrong problems. You act when you should show restraint, and you hide when you should be out there punching. You probably find that you don't often achieve your goals. This is because you tend to set goals that are unrealistically high. If you scale down your expectations, you should achieve more of your goals. This, in turn, will reduce some of the negative feelings you have about yourself. Those negative feelings, as we noted earlier, tend to be one of the chief roadblocks to effective, flexible coping.

Paradoxically, people who are inflexible and lousy at coping often achieve great success in their chosen fields. If you look into the biographies of the great artists and tycoons, you often find that their personal lives were a swamp of unsolved problems. Their single-minded, rigid, dogmatic approach to life left them poorly equipped for dealing with day-to-day problems. Yet those same characteristics gave them the drive to push toward their one goal in the face of the most awful tribulations. So, while you may be a nervous wreck, you may also turn out to be a great success.

The true story of how one determined New York City patrolman tried to buck the porn world to put a criminal behind bars.

THE CHILD PORNOGRAPHER

WILLIAM SHERMAN

November 1971. The street was so quiet, patrolman Joe Horman could hear the muffled click-click from the traffic-light box on the corner. He looked at his watch and then up at the lights; every 40 seconds they changed—green, *click*, red, *click*, green, *click*, red. It was his sixth hour with detective Donald Gray in the unmarked car, parked resolutely on the corner of Forty-second and Ninth. It was the sixteenth hour of the fifth long day that they had been following a man named Daniel J. Laura—mustache, sideburns, late twenties, light-brown hair. Now they were waiting for Laura to make a move from a building in the middle of the block. His car, a late-model Continental, was parked out front.

Daniel-J.-fucking-Laura, Joe thought viciously as he kneaded his fingers on the steering wheel. Daniel J. Laura, who is keeping me away from my warm bed. Daniel-J.-fucking-Laura who is pissing my wife off beyond belief.

It was the third night in a row that Barbara had prepared dinner on the strength of Joe's promise that he would be home on time. It was the third night Joe had called her to apologize that he couldn't make it, all because of Daniel J. Laura, who recruited teenage girls for fuck pictures to sell through the mails.

In the rear seat of the car, Gray sat Buddha-like, his eyes half closed. He and Joe had run out of conversation several hours earlier. It was now 2:00 A.M.

Joe glanced again at the doorway at 598 Ninth Avenue, where Laura had disappeared after the car chase down from the Bronx. Nobody would drive the way Laura had if he was doing nothing more than peddling porno, Gray had said. No, Laura was up to something else, something heavier. But what? Joe wondered.

A week earlier, upon Joe's return from sergeant's training at the Police Academy, Captain McGowan had told him and Gray about the Laura complaint. Postal inspectors had discovered that a man using the company name DJL Enterprises was using a post-office box in the Parkchester, Bronx, station as a drop for porno. He picked up his cash and checks there and mailed out his merchandise. The inspectors had sent away for the pictures. Most of the girls looked about 12 or 14. They had been paired up with men, vibrators, and each other in every imaginable pose. "Lovely, wouldn't you say?" Gray said when they looked over the photos.

The next morning they meandered around the Parkchester post office, identified Laura with a hand signal from an inspector, and then learned Laura's full name and address by checking his license-plate number with the State Department of Motor Vehicles.

But that wasn't nearly enough for an arrest. They had no right to open Laura's packages. A warrant was necessary for that, and even if they could seize Laura's work, an arrest wouldn't stick without other evidence. They needed to show a pattern of promotion and sales, and to find the girls Laura used, the location of his studio, and his accomplices.

After they had established Laura's identity, the next two days dragged by without any action. Joe and Gray watched the Parkchester post office, but Laura didn't turn up until the third day. Then they tailed him to his car. When Laura pulled out, Gray followed, carefully keeping two cars between the Continental and the wagon. They drove into Manhattan, where Laura led them to 598 Ninth Avenue. Thus began their vigil on Ninth Avenue.

That morning Joe saw his man emerge from the building. "I got him," he said, waking Gray.

Laura was walking to his car, his arm around a girl about 13 with dark-brown hair. They could see her profile.

"What's he doing?" asked Gray and then tried to answer his own question. "He's taking her to the car. No, wait. He's going back inside." A moment later Laura appeared with a large studio camera, a tripod, and a black valise. "Spotlights in

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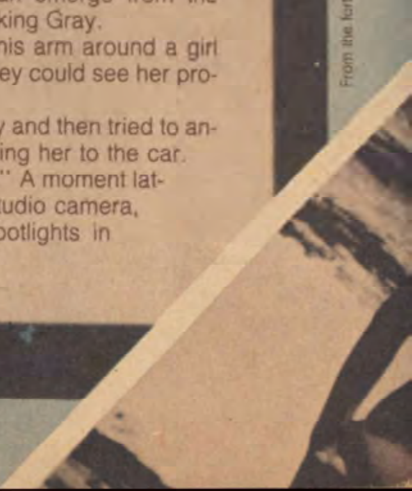
"The Child Pornographer" is the product of reviews of court and wiretap transcripts, police files, and other documents as well as interviews with those of the Times Square underworld. The names of minors and innocent people peripheral to this account have been changed to protect their identity.

From the forthcoming book *Times Square*, to be published by Bantam Books. Copyright © 1980 by William Sherman



there," said Gray. "Okay, he's ready to move."

Laura drove off with the girl into the rush-hour traffic. Joe kept the mandatory spread between himself and the Continental. At Fortieth Street Laura made a light just as it was turning red. A car in cross traffic stalled in front of Joe, and when the light turned green again, Laura was far ahead and somewhere to the left, out of sight. Joe and Gray went home.

The next day Captain McGowan assigned five more men to the case. Two detectives set up a photo surveillance opposite the Ninth Avenue building and determined that Laura used an apartment there as his shooting studio. The other cops followed Laura as he made his rounds, and they noted all his contacts.

By the end of the week, they had amassed a thick file of evidence and were about to make the arrest when they got the break they were looking for. It came out of left field. They were on a routine raid of Joe Brochinni's store, a quickie ordered by a boss to bolster arrest statistics, when Joe spotted something odd about a couple outside the door. The man, a tall, greasy-haired fellow, was knocking persistently. Gray flashed his badge and waved them away. Joe looked again. It wasn't the man who caught his eye. It was the girl, something about the girl.

He grabbed Gray's arm. "Let 'em in," he whispered. "The girl is the one we saw with Laura in the car."

When Gray opened the door, the man asked for a clerk named Gerry. The girl, a pasty-faced, skinny thing, was silent.

"What's your name?" Gray began politely with the man.

"Marty Cohen."

"Marty Cohen, eh? That's nice."

Brochinni started to wave his hands, signaling Cohen to shut up. Joe warned Brochinni off with a look.

"And who is this lovely creature?" Gray asked, gesturing to the girl.

"My girl friend, uh, Linda," Cohen stammered.

"Ah," Gray nodded, "your girl friend. And how old are you, my dear?"

"Twenty," she answered defiantly.

"My, you're well preserved," Gray continued. "Joe, doesn't she look great for her age? Where do you come from, Linda?"

"New Jersey," she pouted.

Joe thought Gray was taking too long with his nibble. He pulled his partner over and told him to hold Cohen and Linda while he called the district attorney's office. An assistant DA said the couple should be interviewed downtown, and 20 minutes later Cohen and Linda were loaded into a patrol car.

In the prosecutor's office the couple was separated. Cohen continued his protest, but the girl kept silent. Maybe she doesn't like him, Joe thought. I could use that for leverage to break her down.

But Linda gave no clue to her affections or lack of them as Joe led her into an office and introduced her to John Jacobs, a stocky young assistant DA who customarily handled porno cases. At 25, Jacobs had only recently graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School, but he was a fast-talking Brooklyn boy, and he quickly sized up the situation at hand. He whispered to Joe that they should use a soft, friendly approach with Linda.

Joe agreed. The girl had large, blue eyes set in a thin, pale face. She had a cute pug nose, and, Joe thought, she'd be pretty if she took care of herself.

"Where you from in New Jersey?" Joe began. She turned away from them, toward the window. Was it defiance or nerves? Joe wondered.

"A home," she said, biting her lower lip.

"What kind of home?"

"You know," she stammered, "a home."

"Where?"

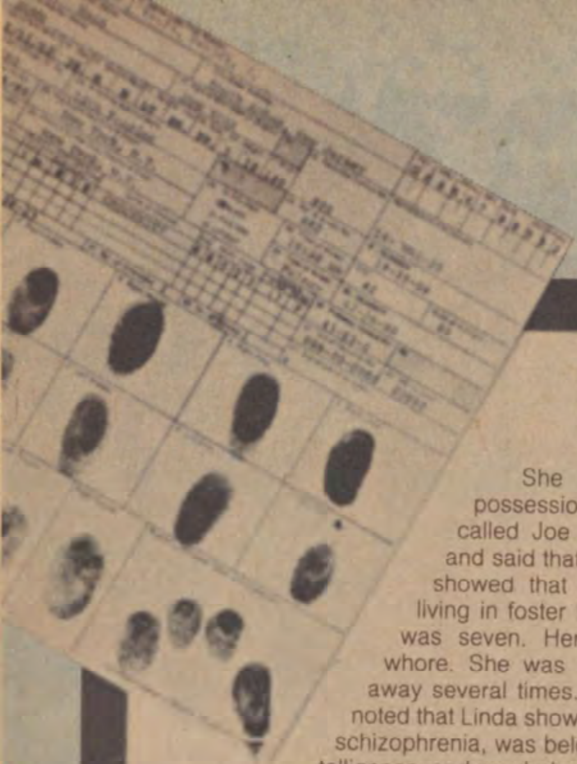
"I didn't like it there."

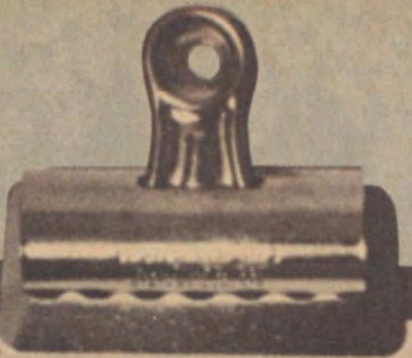
"Where?" Joe pressed.

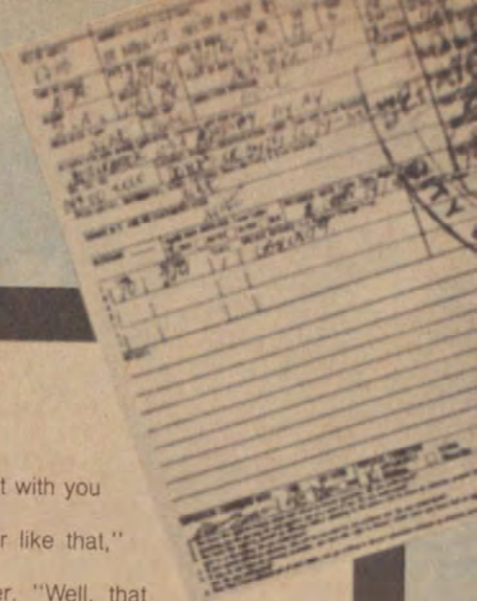
She wiped her hands on her skirt. "They didn't treat me good there."

It took them five minutes to pry out the name of the home, a New Jersey facility for delinquent girls, and another ten to find out that she didn't know her father and that her mother left her alone for weeks at a time.

Photo illustrations by Pat Hill







She was listing her possessions when Gray called Joe out into the hall and said that a records check showed that Linda had been living in foster homes since she was seven. Her mother was a whore. She was 13 and had run away several times. A social worker noted that Linda showed some signs of schizophrenia, was below average in intelligence, and needed psychiatric care. A recommendation to that effect had not been followed.

"What about sex? Did they say whether she had ever been knocked up?" Joe asked.

"Nope, but listen. Ask her about Marty Cohen," Gray suggested. "The guy who's questioning him thinks he's been pimping her off. He didn't admit it, but I'm certain he's been nailing her."

The assistant DA, John Jacobs, suggested that she sign an affidavit, and then they could arrest Cohen for statutory rape. First they had to make her talk.

Back in Jacobs's office Gray joined in the questioning. "What about this guy Marty Cohen? You're much too cute to be hanging around with a slime-ball like him." She didn't answer.

"Did he sleep with you?" Again no reply. "Did you see him in the hall? He didn't ask anything about you. He just kept shouting about how he hadn't done anything," Gray continued. She turned again to the window.

"We'd like you to sign this paper," said Gray. "You could help us, and we could get you into a better home. The paper says that Marty slept with you when you didn't want to."

"I won't sign any paper like that," she piped up.

Gray leaned toward her. "Well, that makes you and your boyfriend even."

"How do you mean?" Linda asked.

"Because he said you were no good in bed," Gray barked. "He said you were a lousy lay."

The girl flushed. "He said that? He said that I was no good?" Her eyes began to water.

"That's what he said," Gray nodded.

"Gimme that paper. I'll sign it." She began to cry.

Jacobs went upstairs to have the affidavit drawn up. It alleged that Cohen had raped her, and after Linda read it, she signed it with a flourish. Cohen was arrested on the spot and taken to a precinct to be booked.

Joe and Gray took Linda downstairs and bought her an ice-cream cone. Then they resumed their interrogation and slowly pried out her story. Marty Cohen had picked her up several weeks earlier at the Port Authority after she ran away from the home. That night, she said, "He did it to me, and then he took me to a man who took pictures of me." Later Cohen had delivered her to a massage parlor, where she worked without pay. She slept there on a couch. "They gave me food, and then Marty Cohen took me to this man who runs a merry-go-round. I stayed with him for a while, and then Marty came and got me again for more pictures."

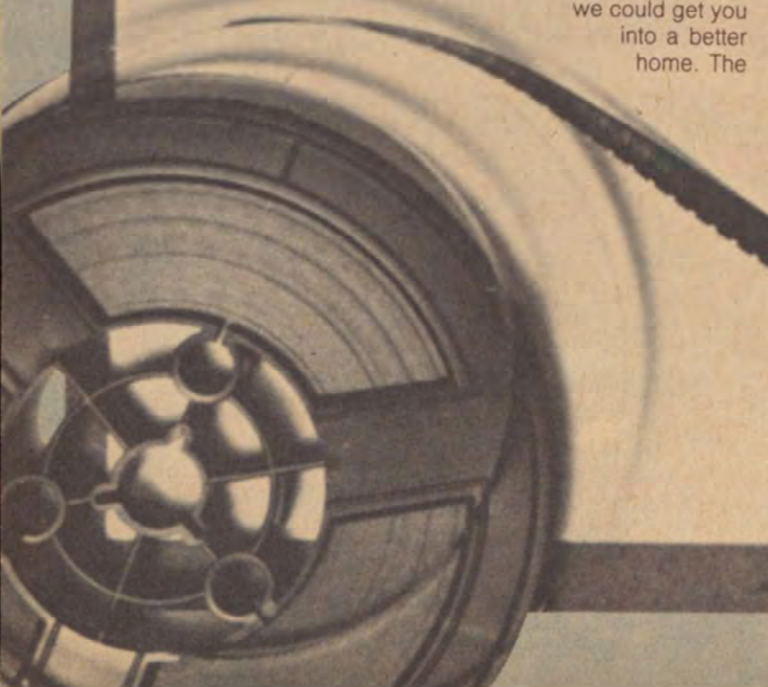
Christ, Joe thought. Cohen and Laura have been pimping her off like a used car. Now they had Cohen, but they needed her information about Laura, and what about that man with the merry-go-round? It sounded like he had rented her from Cohen. First, Joe decided, they would talk about Laura.

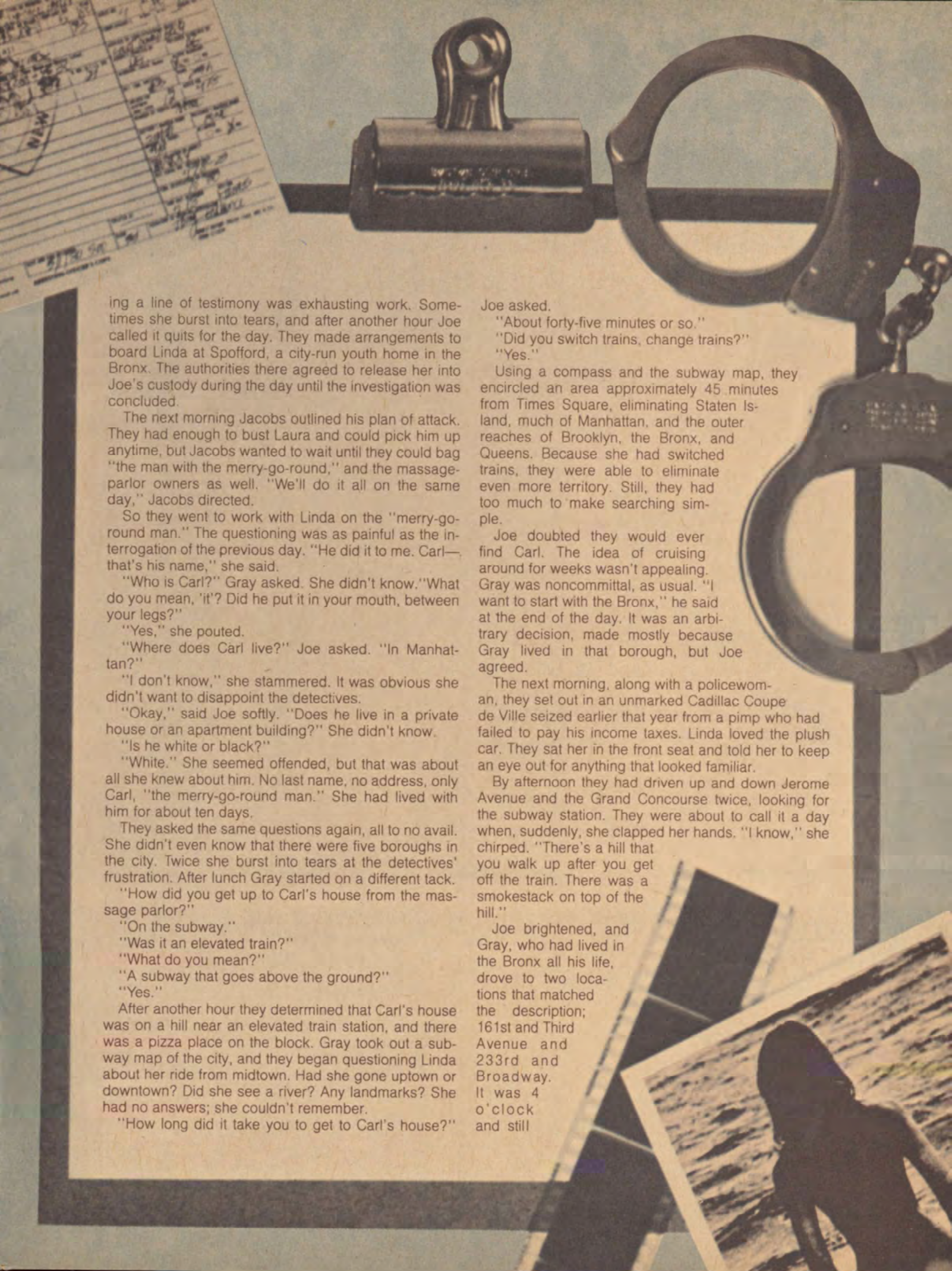
She didn't know his name but said, "He's cute; he has sideburns, you know? Long ones." Then she picked him out of a photo lineup. "This is the man who took me upstairs."

"What happened there?" Gray asked.

"He gave me something and told me to stick it inside." She described how he had taken pictures of her fiddling with a vibrator and then, after setting the camera up to operate on remote control, took pictures of himself with her. "He made me get on my hands and knees, and he came in from behind."

Develop-





ing a line of testimony was exhausting work. Sometimes she burst into tears, and after another hour Joe called it quits for the day. They made arrangements to board Linda at Spofford, a city-run youth home in the Bronx. The authorities there agreed to release her into Joe's custody during the day until the investigation was concluded.

The next morning Jacobs outlined his plan of attack. They had enough to bust Laura and could pick him up anytime, but Jacobs wanted to wait until they could bag "the man with the merry-go-round," and the massage-parlor owners as well. "We'll do it all on the same day," Jacobs directed.

So they went to work with Linda on the "merry-go-round man." The questioning was as painful as the interrogation of the previous day. "He did it to me. Carl—that's his name," she said.

"Who is Carl?" Gray asked. She didn't know. "What do you mean, 'it'? Did he put it in your mouth, between your legs?"

"Yes," she pouted.

"Where does Carl live?" Joe asked. "In Manhattan?"

"I don't know," she stammered. It was obvious she didn't want to disappoint the detectives.

"Okay," said Joe softly. "Does he live in a private house or an apartment building?" She didn't know.

"Is he white or black?"

"White." She seemed offended, but that was about all she knew about him. No last name, no address, only Carl, "the merry-go-round man." She had lived with him for about ten days.

They asked the same questions again, all to no avail. She didn't even know that there were five boroughs in the city. Twice she burst into tears at the detectives' frustration. After lunch Gray started on a different tack.

"How did you get up to Carl's house from the massage parlor?"

"On the subway."

"Was it an elevated train?"

"What do you mean?"

"A subway that goes above the ground?"

"Yes."

After another hour they determined that Carl's house was on a hill near an elevated train station, and there was a pizza place on the block. Gray took out a subway map of the city, and they began questioning Linda about her ride from midtown. Had she gone uptown or downtown? Did she see a river? Any landmarks? She had no answers; she couldn't remember.

"How long did it take you to get to Carl's house?" Joe asked.

"About forty-five minutes or so."

"Did you switch trains, change trains?"

"Yes."

Using a compass and the subway map, they encircled an area approximately 45 minutes from Times Square, eliminating Staten Island, much of Manhattan, and the outer reaches of Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens. Because she had switched trains, they were able to eliminate even more territory. Still, they had too much to make searching simple.

Joe doubted they would ever find Carl. The idea of cruising around for weeks wasn't appealing. Gray was noncommittal, as usual. "I want to start with the Bronx," he said at the end of the day. It was an arbitrary decision, made mostly because Gray lived in that borough, but Joe agreed.

The next morning, along with a policewoman, they set out in an unmarked Cadillac Coupe de Ville seized earlier that year from a pimp who had failed to pay his income taxes. Linda loved the plush car. They sat her in the front seat and told her to keep an eye out for anything that looked familiar.

By afternoon they had driven up and down Jerome Avenue and the Grand Concourse twice, looking for the subway station. They were about to call it a day when, suddenly, she clapped her hands. "I know," she chirped. "There's a hill that you walk up after you get off the train. There was a smokestack on top of the hill."

Joe brightened, and Gray, who had lived in the Bronx all his life, drove to two locations that matched the description; 161st and Third Avenue and 233rd and Broadway. It was 4 o'clock and still

she hadn't recognized anything. Then they tried 161st Street and Webster Avenue, where the Sheffield Milk Company had a large factory with a smokestack, but again, Linda shook her head no as they drove by.

Joe suggested calling it a day. The policewoman, Diane Lynch, agreed, but Gray suddenly rapped on the dashboard. "I got it; I got it."

"It better be good," Joe said wearily.

"No, listen, this is it: Morrisania Hospital, right around a Hundred and Sixty-seventh. It's on a hill, and the hospital has a smokestack."

"We already drove by there twice," Joe protested.

"I know," Gray argued. "But I want to try it from a different way."

They drove along Shakespeare, but Linda kept shaking her head. Joe was watching her eyes carefully, and then, at the 1,200 block, she bounced in her seat. "That's the house," she yelped, pointing to a five-story brick affair. They all cheered. "Thank you, thank you all," Gray crowed.

Because they couldn't take any chances on the location, they made Linda retrace her steps from the subway and then directed her to lead the way to "Carl's" apartment. They found it on the second floor. The name "Carl Persons" was on the buzzer.

The next morning Captain McGowan put the whole unit to work. Two detectives were assigned to tail Carl Persons from his home. They reported that he was a middle-aged, unmarried man who ran a small, mobile street carnival. Linda's "merry-go-round" turned out to be a Ferris wheel mounted on a truck. Persons drove throughout the Bronx, stopping outside grade schools, where he charged kids 25 cents a ride.

"I wonder how many other little girls he's balled," Joe told Gray. "It's gonna be a pleasure busting that guy."

Other cops kept tabs on Danny Laura and the massage-parlor owners. On Wednesday, December 15, Jacobs obtained State Supreme Court warrants for Laura, Carl Persons, the massage-parlor owner, and the man whose apartment Laura used as a photo studio. The next morning Captain McGowan and Joe put the arrest plan in motion. They decided to wait until Laura reached his Manhattan office to arrest him in order to avoid extraditing him from New Jersey. Two detectives followed him from his home in South Amboy to make sure he didn't try to escape.

The three other targets lived in New York and were arrested at dawn. Carl Persons, blubbering his ignorance of the affair, was dragged off to the local police precinct, where he was charged with endangering the welfare of a minor as a felony, a crime carrying a penalty of six years' imprisonment. Ronald Cosby, the massage-parlor owner, was charged with statutory rape, promoting prostitution, permitting prostitution, and endangering the welfare of a minor; maximum penalty, 25 years. Ernest Henderson, whose apartment Laura used, was charged with criminal nuisance and possession of pornography, both misdemeanors.

Danny Laura was the prize of the catch, and Joe and Gray decided on taking him for themselves. Along with plainclothesman John Gorman, they waited in an unmarked car near Laura's office. When they got a signal that Laura was inside, at 1:30 P.M., they moved.

With guns drawn, the three detectives crashed into Laura's suite. "Up against the wall!" Joe shouted. Gray and Gorman dragged the limp, shocked Laura away from his desk, spun him around, and began frisking him. He slumped to the floor. "What's going on?" he shouted.

"Keep your fuckin' mouth shut," Joe barked. He surprised himself with his ferocity. "Just lie there with your hands out." Joe looked around the room. Divided up into two sections, it was about 50 feet square. The rear was a storage area filled with cartons of mail-order photos, rubber penises and vaginas, cabinets filled with packets of fake pubic hair, "Jack Off with Judy" phonograph records, reels of film, hundreds of photos of little naked children, and erotica including fake semen-stained underwear.

"Some collection you've got here, Danny boy," Joe said, grinning.

"Don't you think we ought to read him his rights?" said Gray.

Joe thought about Linda and the long nights of surveillance. "This scumbag has no rights," he roared. "Fuck him. Put on the cuffs." Gray put his hand on Joe's shoulder. Joe pushed it away. Gray read from his card, "You have the right to remain silent . . ."

"This scumbag is gonna need more than a lawyer when we're through with him." Joe moved to where Laura lay crumpled on the floor and pulled him to his feet. "I'd like to lock your wife and kid up for living with a fuckin' pervert, Danny." Joe turned to Gray. "Maybe we should call up some reporters, some TV guys, and have this guy's face broadcast all over. That would serve him right."

"No," Laura squeaked.

"What about Linda?" Joe demanded. "You wanna talk now, or you wanna call your lawyer? Donald, call the TV stations."

"I'll tell you whatever," said Laura. "I hardly know the girl."

"Dial, Donald," Joe commanded.

"Okay, I know her. I just took pictures of her."

"Tighten the handcuffs," Joe ordered Gorman.

"That's all. I just took pictures."

"Where are they?"

For the next ten minutes they sorted through the pictures but found none featuring Linda. Nor were there any negatives. "How much did you pay her?" Joe asked.

"Twenty dollars."

"Who got the money?"

"I gave it to Cohen. She was his broad."

Twenty dollars, Joe thought. Marty Cohen pimped her off for a lousy double sawbuck. "How'd you meet Marty?"

"He's a hang-around guy. I met him at the massage parlor where Linda worked. That's what I'm tryin' to say. I met her there. So I didn't know she was underage."

"Bullshit."

For the next two hours they questioned Laura. He insisted that he hadn't balled Linda but described how he took pictures of her and how he heard that Marty had rented her for $50 to Carl Persons. "I swear I had nothing to do with that."

"All right," said Gray finally, "let's book this creep."

But during the second week of January, Jacobs telephoned Joe with some bad news. "We're going to let Laura and the others cop a plea," he said. The arrangement would allow the defendants to plead guilty to lesser charges rather than costing the state the time and expense of a trial. But the worst news came later in the week. "Linda's disappeared," Jacobs told Joe. "She ran away from the home in New Jersey."

Gray took the news calmly. Things bounced off him that way. Joe ranted for 20 minutes at lunch.

"You're getting to be like one of those TV cops," said Gray. "Calm down."

"You watch what happens," he shot back. "You'll see what I mean."

In the end Carl Persons was allowed to plead guilty to attempted criminal solicitation, paid a $200 fine, and walked; the charges were dropped against Cosby, and Laura pleaded guilty to promoting obscenity as a misdemeanor. He paid no fine, nor did he serve any time in prison. Jacobs held on to Marty Cohen as long as he could, hoping that Linda would be picked up so she could come in and testify. But she wasn't found. With no witness the charges against Cohen were dropped, and he walked out of jail.

They called it "revolving-door justice"; the crooks are out of court before the cops can finish their paperwork, an everyday happenstance. But Joe was bitter. Then he got a letter from Linda.

It began: "Dear Joe, I really miss you. I wish I was in New York. I'm going to have a baby. I can't figure what to name it. I don't know who is the father. I want the child. I think I can get welfare."

She ended, "I will send you all a picture of the baby when it is born. Love, Linda."

Joe took the letter home. Next time, he thought with a vengeance, next time it's going to be different. What was it that guy said? If you want to catch the devil, you play with the sinners. Yeah, that was it. We'll see what happens next time.

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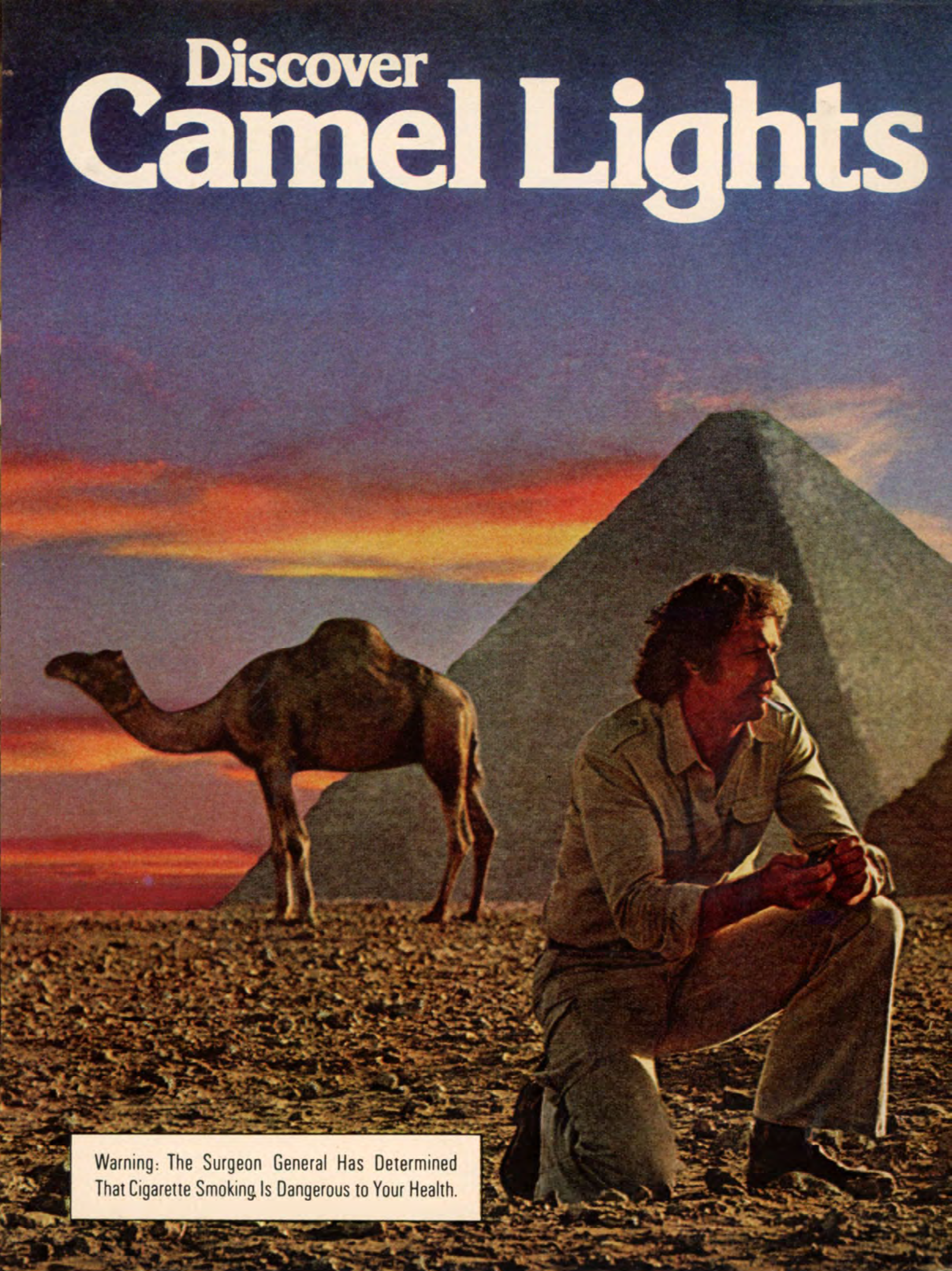
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DOUGLAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

morning, and soon go back to the next chapter of his work in progress.

With the time to roam, intellectually and geographically, Douglas wrote 30 books and traveled to every continent except Antarctica. A man who had conquered just about all fears, he still had one left when he was appointed to the Court—that he might become so enshrined there that he would no longer *experience* enough to be a fully responsive justice. As Douglas once said to Eric Sevareid: "The decisions we make on the Court are profoundly important to the people. And I think that the person who goes there and stays ten, twenty, thirty years, should be very active in life. Otherwise, he'll end up a dried husk, unrelated to anything that's going on in the world."

No other justice in American history was more active in life or had a wider range of knowledge than Bill Douglas. And because he refused to insulate himself within any one class or age group as he grew older, he never did lose his youthful curiosity and irreverence. Without being sentimental, moreover, Douglas tried to reach out to the young, writing in publications he figured they read. "People of my generation," he explained, "are bankrupt. Politically and philosophically bankrupt. Look at what they've produced: a system that makes war the alternative, a system that's highly stratified, that just pays off great sums of money. This is socialism for the rich. I'd like to reach the minds of the youngsters because this system doesn't have to be this way."

Once, in a recording distributed by Scholastic Magazines and Folkways, Douglas had a chance to speak directly to very young students. His advice essentially was to live as he had: "Learn to live boldly and adventurously, get rid of all the fears that slow people up and inhibit them. Come to the world with an open mind. Don't be afraid of it."

And in the epigraph to the first volume of his autobiography, Douglas, quoting a thirteenth-century Persian poet, added: "All your anxiety is because of your desire for harmony. Seek disharmony; then you will gain peace."

Bill Douglas actively and exultantly pursued disharmony for all his 81 years. The last six were extraordinarily frustrating, however, because a stroke suffered on New Year's Eve, 1974, so incapacitated him that, with great reluctance, he resigned from the Court on November 12, 1975, after striving mightily, in intense pain, to continue his work there. And after he yielded that much to his infirmity, Douglas nonetheless tried to stay on as a "tenth justice." The Constitution, however, had no provision for such an arrangement, even for its most fervent protector, and Douglas was eventually persuaded

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For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 144–147, contact these manufacturers and stores.

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Foot Works, New York, N.Y.
Barney's, New York, N.Y.
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JONATHAN RICHARDS, INC.
45 West Thirty-fourth Street
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 685-2202

Ronald Philips, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ten Toes of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. Arrowsmith, New York, N.Y.

SMERLING INTERNATIONAL
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Broadway department stores, Los Angeles, Calif.
Stadler Shoe Stores, New York, N.Y.

VITTORIO RICCI
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Vittorio Ricci, New York, N.Y.
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to withdraw entirely.

His mind would not be confined, though, and Douglas continued writing—finishing the final volume of his autobiography. To be published by Random House this fall, the book, according to sources who have seen it, presents scathing profiles of certain justices, most notably the late Felix Frankfurter and present Chief Justice Warren Burger.

Until the end, Douglas also kept up with his usual wide range of interests, far beyond the Court and the law. In May 1979, for instance, he commented trenchantly in a letter to the *Washington Post* on what had happened at Three Mile Island: "The message is clear. The benefits of nuclear power are far outweighed by the greater risks imposed upon an unsuspecting public. If we should treat the energy crisis as the 'moral equivalent of war,' then we should view the continued use of nuclear power plants as the 'moral equivalent of suicide.'"

On January 19, 1980, William Orville Douglas, after being hospitalized for a month with pneumonia as well as lung and kidney failure, died at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington. He was 81. His Court opinions fill 118 large volumes—a quarter of the entire production of the Supreme Court from its beginning. But Bill Douglas's opinions—and the thrusting spirit of liberty that powers them—are not just for study by constitutional scholars and historians. He reached, and will keep on reaching, those Americans who continue to refuse, in Louis Brandeis's words, to become "submissive clerks" rather than remain contentiously independent citizens.

And, as Douglas had most fervently hoped, his views go on having special resonance for the young. In 1977, two years after he had left the Court, a 16-year-old student in New Jersey, Deborah Lipp, refused to stand for the Pledge of Allegiance because she did not believe this is a country of "liberty and justice for all," since "blacks, poor people, American Indians, atheists, and countless other minorities do not have equal rights under the law."

Faced with expulsion, she defied school authorities, her own father, and large numbers of ferocious critics who denounced her as un-American. In federal court Deborah finally won her First Amendment right not to be compelled to assert a belief she did not hold. One of the things that had kept Deborah going in her lonely battle for independence of thought was a statement of William O. Douglas that she had memorized: "The right to dissent is the only thing that makes life tolerable.... The affairs of government could not be conducted by democratic standards without it."

So long as that is not forgotten, Bill Douglas will remain a vivid presence among us. "The conscience of this nation," he used to say, "is the Constitution." Douglas was its keeper.

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE JULY 24

ISOLATION

ILLUMINATIONS

SOVIETS

SOVIETS IN SPACE—Did you know that the Russians are developing a space shuttle of their own? That their killer satellites will soon be able to knock out our orbiters? That they have a new generation of space stations nearly ready for use? Neither did NASA. Preoccupied with Iran and Afghanistan, our intelligence community has forgotten that the Soviets take space development very seriously. Aerospace writer Craig Covault's startling account of Russia's determined move into orbit appears in this month's *Omni*.

THE ELECTRONIC CHURCH—Praise the Lord and don't change the channel! Evangelical Christianity has taken to the airwaves in a powerfully persuasive, Space Age style. Millions of dollars and the attitudes of 100 million Americans are controlled by the slickly produced, satellite-borne programs of the new video preachers. Will ministers of the future put the word of Nielsen before the Word of God? Find out in August's *Omni*.

ISOLATION TANKS—Is rummaging around in the darkness of the soul good for you? Follow writer John Gorman as he enters the soft, black world of the isolation tank, where humans float sightless and weightless to confront their inner selves. For some the tank is like a womb; for others, a tomb. For American astronauts it simulated the emptiness of space. Isolation tanks may represent an important new treatment for stress and anxiety. This month *Omni* reveals why sensory deprivation may help you cope with tomorrow.

URBAN ILLUMINATIONS—In August *Omni* shows how today's urban landscape is converted into stunning, articulate light art of the future. Photographer Dudley Gray and light sculptor Joe Strand combine to transform buildings, bridges, and statuary into chains of light and geometric metaphor. Using Klieg lights, Gray/Strand create memorable cityscapes of color and light. Tomorrow can become, by their technological devices, reality today.

SCIENCE FICTION—The exciting conclusion of a two-part excerpt from Stephen King's novel *Firestarter* highlights our August selection. Also, a short story by William Kotzwinkle, an author not usually associated with science fiction: "The Curio Shop" is a delightful exception. And *Omni's* Robert Sheckley conjures up a pleasant future in "The Future Lost."

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

million was appropriated in 1978 "to kill seals."

The fact is, however, that only $400,000 was used directly for the fur seal harvest. The majority of the funds appropriated by Congress was used to carry out government obligations under the Fur Seal Act of 1966. That act requires the secretary of commerce to provide certain services to the natives of the Pribilof Islands to help ensure their socioeconomic well-being. Approximately 630 Aleuts who reside in the two villages of St. Paul and St. George Islands are primarily dependent upon the economy generated by the federally financed activities in research, fur seal harvests, and community-support activities mandated by the Fur Seal Act.

If the fur seal harvests were stopped, the government obligations to the Aleuts would continue. The loss of revenue from the sale of the conservation by-product would *increase* the overall cost to the American taxpayer, and the resulting loss of employment to the Aleuts would constitute a severe economic hardship to those Aleuts who depend upon fur seal harvesting and processing for a substantial part of their income. The Aleuts see the battle over the seal as a battle for their survival. They explain that the fur seals are not an endangered species, but the Aleuts, their heritage and culture, are.

In addition to the economy of the Aleuts, the absence of the conservation by-product of pelts would have an impact on other American jobs. American workers process the pelts for all party members of the interim convention. (Japan and Canada receive 15 percent each of the U.S. and Russian harvests.) A 64-year-old pelt-finishing process has given the northern fur seal a position of preeminence in the fur fashion field. Seal pelts processed in the United States are in demand throughout the world. Since many pelts and garments are exported, the United States enjoys a favorable balance of payments in this enterprise.

The proposed legislation to terminate the interim convention was introduced and is supported under the misguided conception that U.S. jurisdictional authority will provide complete protection for the Pribilof seal herd. As Carmen Blondin, U.S. commissioner for the North Pacific Fur Seal Commission, explained in his testimony before Congress in 1979, "this is not the case."

Mr. Blondin pointed out to the House Asian Affairs Subcommittee that since the seal stocks are migratory and spend a significant portion of their lives outside U.S. jurisdiction, the animals not only are subject to renewed pelagic sealing but also are extremely vulnerable to killing by foreign commercial fishing interests. He indicated that the United States is aware that other governments have been pressured by the alleged damages caused to fishing operations. Mr. Blondin concluded his testimony by stating that through an exchange of diplomatic notes by the party nations to the interim convention, the feeling was that "the present management principles have proven their success in maintaining the seal populations at a healthy level."

Ever since man has influenced nature, a reasoned and scientific approach to wildlife conservation is mandatory in order to balance the demands on the world's ecosystems. Through international cooperation based upon sound principles of wildlife management, an incredibly successful program has been established for the northern fur seal—and man. Despite the continuing din of a vocal minority, the record responsibility requires a continuation of the Interim Convention on the North Pacific Fur Seal, which recognizes the merit of wildlife management principles. Congress can do no less.—*Duane Pursley, Chief, Wildlife Management Services for the Maryland Wildlife Administration, Editor,* North American Furbearers, *coorganizer of the Worldwide Furbearer Conference, Inc., and Chairman of the International Fur Resources Committee.*

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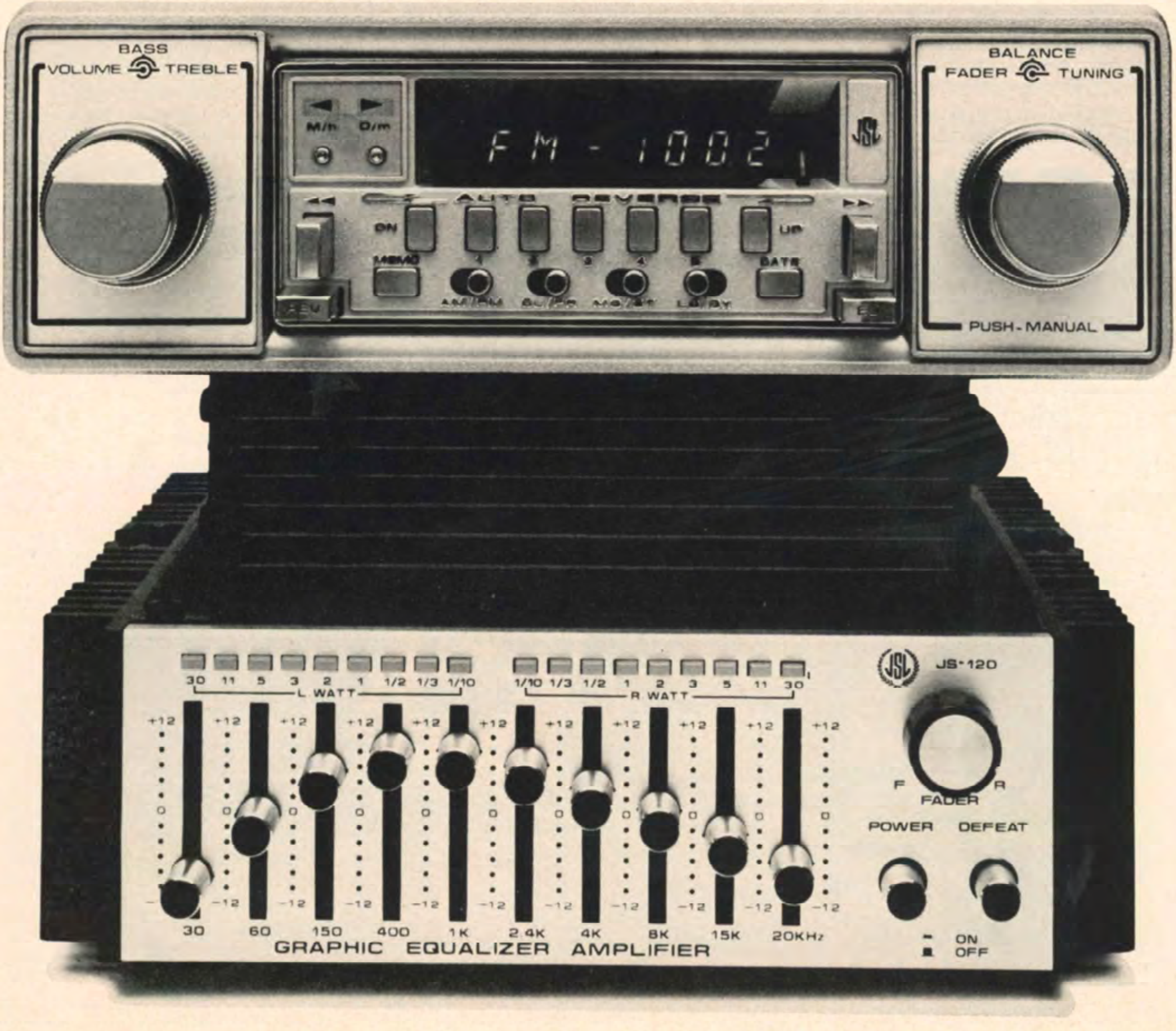
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DOLLAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

rency, said in an unguarded moment, "The sack of these United States by the Fed is the greatest crime in history."

There were only trivial changes in America's domestic monetary structure from the thirties to the sixties. However, our story would not be complete without consideration of some of the important international developments dating from the end of the Second World War. It was then that representatives of the Western countries met at the Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, N. H., to establish a new international monetary structure. The new system enshrined the U. S. dollar as an international reserve currency for use in settlement of debts and the conduct of international trade. The other currencies within the system, the British pound, the French franc, etc., were all pegged at fixed exchange rates against the dollar. The dollar, in turn, was guaranteed by the U. S. government to be worth one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold. Foreign central banks had the right to trade in their dollars in exchange for gold at any time.

When this arrangement was struck in 1944, the world was engaged in a devastating war. All the economically advanced countries were combatants. Of these, only the United States and underpopulated Canada emerged relatively unscathed. In these unhappy circumstances the American economy was far and away the strongest in the world. American diplomats and banking officials, representing much the same configuration of interests denounced earlier as the "(Paper) Money Trust," played on this advantage successfully.

Instead of building for a solid prosperity with other countries, they used the newfound status of the dollar as an international reserve currency to cover the printing of money. This was facilitated by artificially undervaluing the dollar in the fixed exchange rates by pegging these rates at prewar levels. Naturally, since the dollar was a bargain on those terms, foreigners were anxious to obtain and hold it. With billions of dollars being squirreled away in foreign countries, the inevitable consequence was a much-heralded "dollar shortage."

As long as the dollar remained artificially low in price *relative to other currencies*, American politicians and banking interests were utterly free to print as much money as they pleased. Indeed, they had the support and encouragement of some foreign governments that needed additional dollars to provide reserves for their own currencies and to conduct international trade.

In retrospect, the political decision to undervalue the dollar artificially in a system of fixed exchange rates was a remarkably stupid move on the part of other countries. Had the dollar's value relative to foreign currencies been set at the going rate, there never would have been a "dollar shortage." Foreign banks and governments would thus have been sensitive to the inflation in the United States. We would not have been able to finance the purchase of raw materials and foreign goods through the printing press. Other people would not have let us. Instead of hoarding dollars, they would have moved more quickly to turn them in to the various banks around the world, which would have redeemed them for gold. As it was, persons at home and abroad were snookered into holding dollars that could be printed at will by the American inflationists.

That is exactly what happened. The printing presses rolled, churning out billions and more billions. By the time Europeans, the Japanese, and others caught on, they had so many dollars stashed away that it was difficult for them to take decisive action. To force a devaluation of the dollar by converting it into gold would necessarily have meant devaluing their own reserves.

Nonetheless, by the sixties it was obvious that the total dollar liabilities far exceeded the U.S. government's supply of gold. That had stood at $25 billion (at $35 per ounce) at the end of World War II but had declined steadily since 1949. Anyone who could count should have seen that devaluation of the dollar in terms of gold was inevitable. President de Gaulle of France realized this, cashing in billions of dollars. Other countries were not so quick to act—partly because American politicians made every effort to disguise the truth. Indeed, the first overseas television broadcast showed President John Kennedy proclaiming that the United States would maintain the value of gold at $35 an ounce forever.

It did not happen that way. As more billions were printed to finance the Vietnam War and as gold supplies dwindled, Congress acted in 1965 to abolish gold reserve requirements for Federal Reserve deposit liabilities. This meant that the printing presses could run even faster. In that same year the Treasury replaced real silver in the coins with slugs. The dollar had been so inflated that the silver content of dimes and quarters exceeded their face value. As a result, hundreds of millions of coins disappeared from circulation in early 1965 as citizens saved them as a hedge against inflation or melted them down at a profit. These developments were all symptoms of the remorseless expansion of the U.S. money supply. By 1965 the dollar had lost more than half of its 1945 value. (Today a real dime from 1965 is worth more than a paper dollar.)

Lyndon Johnson kept the printing presses going around the clock, while doing his best to browbeat our allies into stockpiling new hoards of dollars rather than converting them into gold. This worked but only temporarily, while many

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of the foreign governments could be intimidated, foreign citizens could not. Increasingly, they turned their dollars into gold on London's private market. As selling of dollars intensified, the price of gold rose above $35 per ounce. By 1968 the U.S. government no longer had enough gold to sell in private markets to fix the price at $35 per ounce. As gold soared, Johnson promised that the United States would maintain the official parity at $35 per ounce only for dealing with other governments. From that point on it was only a matter of time until the system collapsed. The United States continued to deliver gold, but no other government was stupid enough to trade an ounce of gold for $35.

As the 1970s began, the U.S. government continued to print money. Foreigners became increasingly alarmed. In a last-ditch effort to save the dollar and thus prop up the value of their reserves, the Japanese and European central banks decided to mop up excess dollar supplies by using them to buy U.S. government bonds. In 1970 alone almost $20 billion was spent that way. It did no good. By 1971 U.S. budget deficits had orphaned more than $83 billion U.S. dollars in Europe (Eurodollars) while U.S. gold supplies had dwindled to only $9 billion ($35 per ounce).

Finally, on August 15, 1971, Richard Nixon officially repudiated the promise of the U.S. government to back the dollar with gold. Our politicians had defrauded our allies, just as they had plundered the people at home. Nixon's announcement was a tacit admission that the U.S. government was bankrupt. American money would henceforth be backed by nothing. No one, not citizens, not businesses, not even foreign governments, would be able to call the U.S. inflationists to account. From 1971 on the U.S. dollar has not been backed by gold at any price. There has been no outside force limiting the printing of dollars.

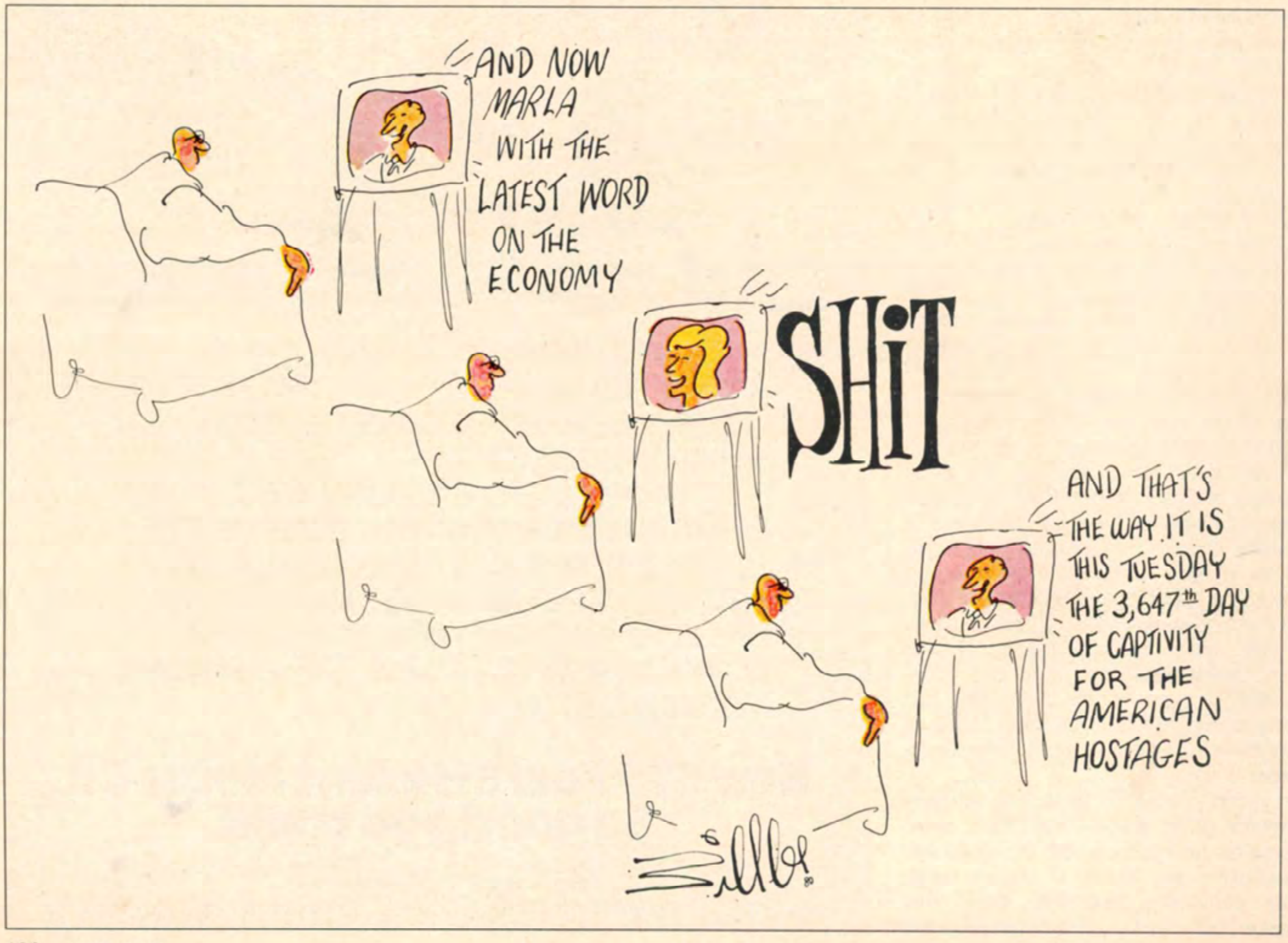
It is hardly surprising, therefore, that since 1971, inflation has been worse than ever. Politicians and bankers, freed of practically every restraint on the creation of money, have turned out so many new dollars that the financial condition of the American people has become almost as desperate as that of our already bankrupt government. Real purchasing power for seven out of ten persons has actually declined to less than it was 13 years ago—before the gold convertibility was repudiated. Most people have found it impossible to earn as many additional inflated dollars as they would need to maintain their standard of living. For one thing, the "progressive" tax system means that your taxes go up 16 percent every time your income increases by ten percent. But that's only part of the problem. Long-time inflation destroys an economy. Someone must *earn* every bit of income that anyone receives. Inflation makes that more and more difficult.

While American politicians have been printing money, people in other countries have been learning to be more productive. With each year that passes, the products in Europe, in Japan, and even in areas such as Korea and Taiwan have improved in quality and price, thus driving American goods out of world markets. Who in Tokyo would want to buy an American television? Or an American camera? American automobiles are curiosities in Europe. Outside of large computer technology, which is heavily subsidized by the Pentagon, there is only one field in which America shows a wholesome export account: agriculture.

We are gradually becoming an oversized banana republic, exporting foodstuffs for cash.

Many of our basic industries are without sufficient investment funds to modernize. The tax laws, written to subsidize the banks, encourage borrowing but not investment. This increases the inflationary spiral, making business appear to be profitable when it is not. Inventories are overvalued because of inflation, and depreciation allowances are insufficient to actually replace plants and equipment.

It's like what happened in Germany in the 1920s. A grocer may have bought a loaf of bread for 10,000 marks and sold it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for 50,000. Did he make a profit of 40,000 marks? No. He made a loss, because to buy another loaf of bread and stay in business he had to spend 100,000 marks. Major American industries are suffering because of just this problem. They are paying taxes on "profits" that are actually losses. *Business Week* recently examined the *real* position of just one American corporation—U. S. Steel. It found that the real cumulative cash flow for that company was $3.498 billion in the red over the last five years. Productivity is declining. Our steel industry's capacity is actually less than it was years ago. American companies would have to double their annual investment—which they do not have the money to do—"merely to maintain existing facilities. . . ." Our steel industry is so poor thats its facilities are 20 years behind those of Mexico.

A survey of all the ways in which the American economy is being bankrupted by inflation is beyond our limits. Suffice it to say that the process is well under way. Productivity in two-thirds of our major industries is declining. We are no longer producing what we wish to consume.

Instead of being stimulated by the further issue of paper money, our economy is in the phase of stagnation that precedes collapse. Figures compiled by Hamilton Boulton, founder of the *Bank Credit Analyst*, documented the diminishing effect of credit inflation in "stimulating the economy." From 1949 to 1953, each 17 percent increase in bank credit produced an additional dollar rise in Gross National Product. (The GNP is the total value of all goods and services produced in the United States.)

From 1960 through 1965 it took 46 cents in additional bank credit to produce another dollar increase in the GNP. As inflation worsened from 1966 to 1968, it took $1.03 to yield one dollar in the GNP. From 1975 to 1978 it took $1.38 in credit expansion to stimulate another dollar increase in the GNP.

And from March 1978 through March 1979, it took $1.88 to increase the GNP by another dollar. In other words, it now takes more than *ten* times as much inflationary credit expansion to stimulate the economy as it did 30 years ago. As investment economist Richard Russell comments, "This ominous trend is highly inflationary, an indication of an economy that's bogging down and becoming increasingly fat and inefficient. . . ."

As the American economy has suffered from inflation, consumers have gone ever more heavily into debt, both as a tactic to profit from continued depreciation of the dollar, and simply to maintain their standard of living in the face of declining purchasing power. The average household now spends almost 25 percent of every dollar to service overdue bills. This means that consumers are in the most illiquid condition they have been in since the last depression in the thirties.

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At the age of 24, Gail Palmer has become the most successful woman porn filmmaker today. She tells *Forum* what it's like to live and work in the world of X-rated flicks.

THE BIG BUCKS IN WEIGHT CONTROL

Diet books, diet pills, slimming gadgets—they all make millions. Do any of them work? Gary Null finds that all's not kosher in the weight-loss industry.

SEPARATE VACATIONS

For more and more liberated couples, separate vacations are becoming the "in" way to keep their relationship fresh and exciting. *Forum* talks to a together couple who vacation apart.

In many households both husband and wife now work. Some observers attribute this to Women's Lib without bothering to consider what else the trend might mean. A survey by the Roper organization suggests a more disturbing explanation of why so many women are entering the labor force. Far and away the greatest reason provided by the women themselves for getting jobs was to make ends meet. Inflation has taken such a toll that they can no longer support their families on a single income. Under these conditions it is no exaggeration to speak of bankruptcy. In 1913, when the Federal Reserve was created, long-term debt in America amounted to only 19.7 percent of total estimated national wealth. Today America is mortgaged to the hilt. The present value of government spending liabilities in the Social Security program alone exceeds the whole wealth of the nation. This says nothing of explicit government debt that people are also squeezed to pay through taxes. This debt now amounts to more than a trillion dollars. But most important for our story is the fantastic consumer installment and mortgage debt. This debt has been rising twice as fast as personal income since the early 1950s. As the inflationary squeeze has intensified since 1975, consumers had to lengthen the terms of their debts, mortgaging themselves far into the future. It is this staggering debt burden, with new borrowings exceeding repayments, which has maintained consumer spending.

But new borrowing cannot indefinitely multiply beyond income. When debt too far exceeds wealth, there must be a collapse to bring the two back in line.

Pinpointing just when such a collapse will occur is like trying to say exactly how long an aged man will live. Even if he is now 89 years old, with a weak heart, there is no telling how long he might hang on. With good luck, he could live to be 100. But no one should be surprised if he were to collapse tomorrow.

That is the condition of the economy today. It is bankrupt. Busted. Any further reduction in consumer spending power could touch off a chain reaction of business closings, leading to unemployment, further reductions in purchasing power, further business closings, and still more unemployment. Under such conditions businesses would default on their loans. Delinquencies on consumer installment and mortgage debt would rise. And this could put the already overextended banking system in jeopardy.

Loan losses must be charged against a bank's capital account. But there is scarcely a bank in the country with enough capital to support massive bad-debt write-offs. Mortgage debt and consumer borrowing on bank cards, such as Visa and Master Charge, now exceed the capital of the average commercial bank by almost three times.

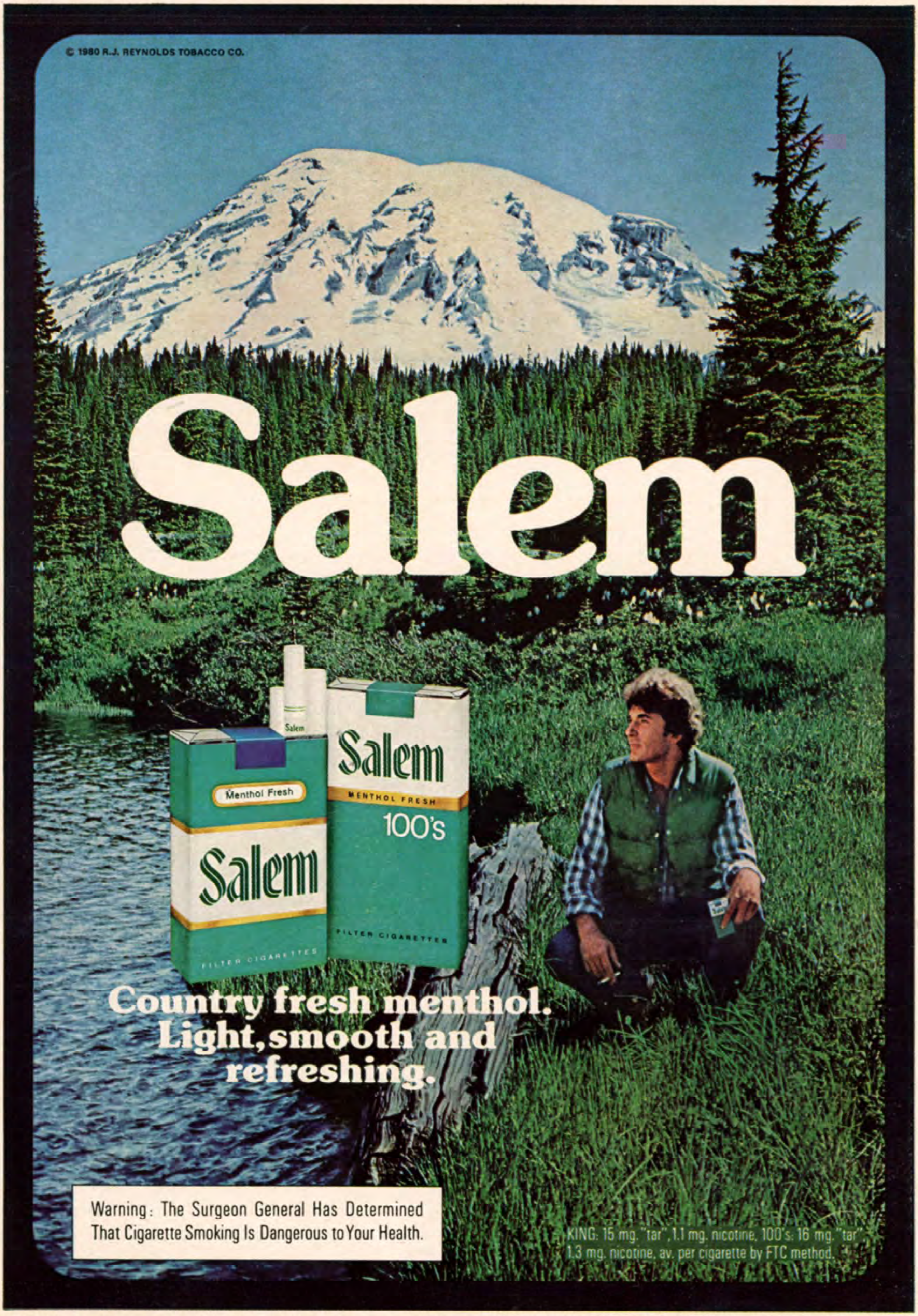
The politicians and bankers may have unwittingly set in motion the forces that will destroy their inflationary empire by sponsoring the so-called energy crises. As explained in the July 1979 issue of *Penthouse*, the energy crisis is not an energy crisis at all but part of the monetary crisis, whose origins we have analyzed here. When Nixon turned the dollar into unadulterated funny-money on August 15, 1971, he not only delivered the final blow to the world monetary structure but also removed the last barrier to a new kind of inflationary banking.

With all structural limits on inflation ended, large American banks have increasingly centered their activities broad—in the Eurodollar market. Because there are *no* reserve requirements or other regulations limiting the creation of credit with American dollars orphaned abroad, the big banks saw the opportunity to make high profits. Instead of being limited so that each dollar deposit had a credit leverage of from six to ten dollars, as it does in the domestic banking system, the banks could establish their own limits in the Eurodollar market. James Hugon, economist for the comptroller of the currency, has estimated that the reserves backing up the Eurodollar market may be as small as 2 percent of total liabilities. That means that the banks could have created as much as 50 times more credit than they actually have dollars.

No one really knows, however, because it is so difficult to obtain reliable figures on the size of the Eurodollar market. Estimates vary from as low as $200 billion to as high as $1 trillion. Reserves are flowing from one bank to the next and country to country so rapidly that it is hard to tell just what is happening. The debt of one bank may be a credit in another. A bond, note, or other instrument of indebtedness may become collateral for obtaining still more debt from another bank or lender. Thus the liabilities multiply from bank to bank and country to country.

The fluctuating value of all currencies, as countries inflate at different rates, causes billions to cross borders every night. This gives banks the opportunity to profit from the day-to-day fluctuation in exchange rates as well as to earn billions in longer-term speculations. These take the form of loans that have maturities of five years or more and are typically financed out of short-term deposits. In fact, almost 25 percent of all Eurodollar deposits have maturities of less than eight days.

This kind of high-risk banking varies from a crap shoot primarily in that the sums involved run into the hundreds of billions rather than pocket change. While things go well, of course, the banks can profit handsomely. Analyst Mark Hulbert's comments: "The top 12 U.S. banks in 1975 had loaned only 32 percent of their assets abroad; yet foreign loans accounted for 63 percent of their earnings. The top two banks, Bank of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America and First National City Bank, in fact took losses on their domestic operations in 1975, receiving their *entire* profits from foreign operations. David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank received 78 percent of its earnings from international lending."

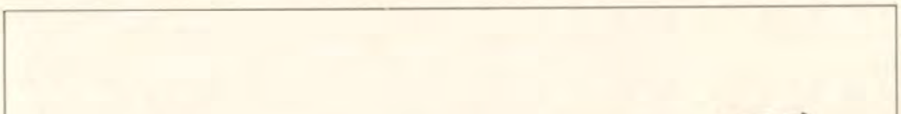
Much of the profit that the big banks earned a few years ago came from the loans of tens of billions at high interest rates to help countries with primitive economies finance their balance-of-payments deficits. These deficits were dramatically aggravated by the increase in world oil prices beginning in 1973. Every time the oil price goes up, that places these debtor countries in worse condition. U.S. banks and the foreign branches of U.S. banks are now owed $53.1 billion by these less-developed countries. These debtors have not even finished repaying the loans they incurred after the major oil price increase of 1973. Now, according to Ernest Stern, vice-president of the World Bank, they must borrow $50 billion more to pay for the 1979 oil price increase.

Already some of these debts have had to be "rescheduled"—a polite way of saying the debtors are in default. For example, in 1978, interest and amortization on a quarter of a billion dollars owed by Peru was rolled over by a consortium of banks led by Manufacturers Hanover Trust. At the same time, 24 of these less-developed countries joined together in a new group named, imaginatively, The Group of Twenty-Four to demand rescheduling of loan payments and press for more inflation in the industrialized world. The group, chaired by A.G.N. Kazi, governor of the State Bank of Pakistan, not only demanded more paper money but also supported steps to make all currencies worth less. In fact, it specifically urged that the International Monetary Fund apply pressure to low-inflation countries like Japan and West Germany to force them to inflate their currencies as fast as the United States is doing. In other words, their agenda was little different from that of the mad dictator of *The In-Laws*, who plotted to escape his debts by inflating Western currencies.

That's not the attitude of solvent, credit-worthy borrowers. With the debtor countries begging for more money and unlikely to earn it on their own, the banks that have lent these billions are in serious trouble. Without a dramatic change in the flow of funds worldwide, they could collapse.

Thus, the "energy crisis." Its basis is not oil, but money. By reducing American purchases of foreign oil, the bankers and politicians hope to generate a sufficient shift in cash flows to bail out the debtor countries and thus the banks. To do this, they are promoting policies, such as those embodied in Jimmy Carter's "energy program," that will further lower the already declining living standard of the American people.

Carter has imposed a quota on oil imports, limiting the amount of cheap foreign oil that Americans can enjoy, while proposing to spend $100 billion to produce more expensive synthetic alternatives. The tax aspects of Carter's plan will discourage domestic production of ordinary petroleum while offering *loan guarantees* for synthetic development—thus providing the big banks with guaranteed profits for further credit creation. The banks will lend billions to finance production of oil from shale rock at $50 per barrel so that you and other consumers can avoid paying one-half or one-third that amount for ordinary petroleum.



"You know, Ed, I've always had a thing about men in uniforms."

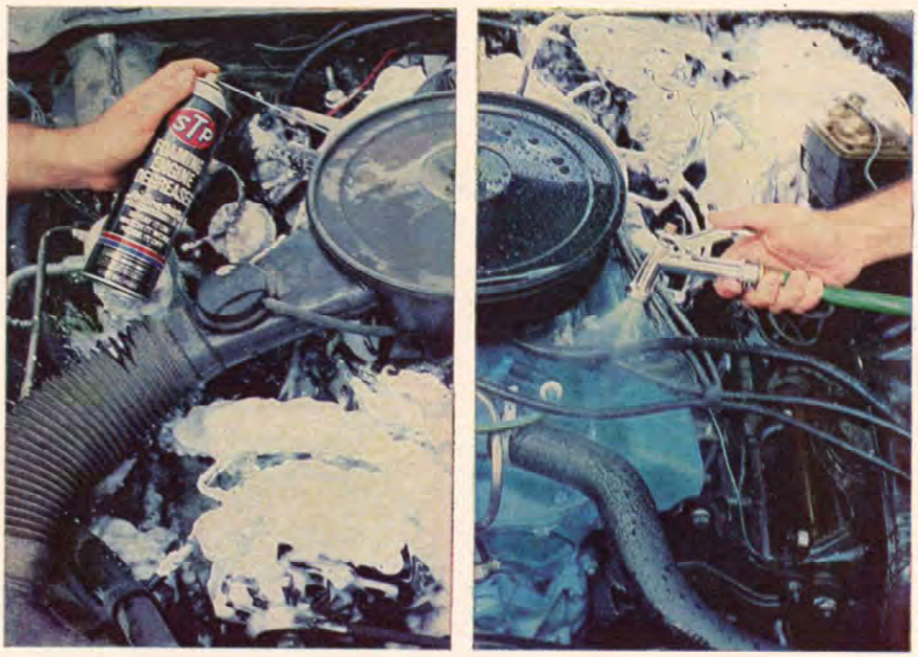
This latest inflationist scheme may be too clever by one-half. The gasoline shortage of 1979 engineered by the Carter administration to pave the way for its "energy program" came close to precipitating a collapse of the debt structure. Seeing how mismanaged and vulnerable the economy is and realizing that an ever higher portion of purchasing power would be needed just to buy necessities, consumers curtailed their spending. Sales of expensive items were especially hard hit. As inventories piled up in furniture and appliance stores, retailers were placed in a cash squeeze. The result: dramatic sales and price reductions to lure in additional cash needed to finance operations. Many small businesses went under. Even in the Washington area, with its hordes of overpaid politicians and bureaucrats, small-business bankruptcies reached record levels in mid-summer 1979. Throughout the country car dealerships failed, and the impending bankruptcy of Chrysler, America's tenth-largest corporation, became front-page news. Soon even dealers of gas-efficient foreign cars, such as Toyota, were offering price reductions and rebates. In the Northeast gasoline prices actually fell in New York City. And for the first time ever, the McDonald's Corporation announced a reduction in the price of its hamburgers. These steps all reflected the erosion of consumer spending.

It is still too early to tell how far this chain reaction must go. At least 25 million families face substantial reductions in purchasing power. This means trouble for many in such vulnerable industries as construction; automobile, appliance, and furniture assembly; men's clothing; and discount retailing. Millions in these and other businesses face unemployment. Furthermore, almost 20 million families with two income earners face the prospect that an economic slowdown will cost working wives their jobs. This sudden reversal of fortune among people who have been spending and borrowing to the hilt could lead to installment and mortgage delinquencies. And the upshot of it all, predicts economist T. J. Holt, will be far worse than any observers realize: "Large-scale defaults on consumer loans will cause banks to contract commercial lending. That's a classic ingredient of a depression."

Even America's strong agricultural economy is being increasingly jeopardized by the bankruptcy of other sectors upon which farmers depend for survival. For example, the railroads that haul cash crops to market have become so dilapidated that they threaten to collapse, taking hundreds of landlocked farming communities with them. Says Tom Phillips, a spokesman for the Chicago-based Milwaukee Road, "There's no question that some shippers are going to be driven to the wall and may find themselves in a hell of an economic squeeze." The Milwaukee Road is losing $500,000 per day. Much of the railroad's track is in such poor repair that federal court orders prohibit locomotives from proceeding faster than ten miles per hour on more than 650 miles of the main-line track. As farmers gathered in Denton, Mont., in the fall of 1979 to load their grain, they watched as the track below the train slowly gave way. It leaned farther and farther over and finally flopped on its side—a collapse that was symbolic of what is happening to the economy in this country.

Whether the proprietors of the printing press will be able to slap enough green ink on paper to put a failing economy back on its feet is the question of our time. Many experts feel that there is no way that the economy can ever collapse into bankruptcy and depression so long as the Fed is standing by, committed to print any amount of money that might be needed to keep the banks solvent. We are told not to sorry. But this calm counsel may not be correct. One person who thinks it's not is William McChesney Martin, who was chairman of the Federal Reserve Board under five presidents—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. Martin not only believes that a depression is possible; he believes it is likely. He has said, "The U.S. central bank alone can't protect the American economy from an economic collapse. I believe there's a good chance that we'll have another depression within the next three to five years."

By bankrupting the middle class, the politicians may have touched off a chain reaction of bankruptcies that will eventually destroy their robber's world of paper money. Once again, the painful lesson will be relearned. The printing presses cannot provide prosperity. The creation of debt through a monopolistic banking system cannot replace the need for people to work, produce, and save in order to build a continuing prosperity. What Thomas Jefferson spelled out long ago remains true today: "We are now taught to believe that . . . tricks upon paper can produce as solid wealth as hard labor in the earth. It is vain for common sense to urge that *nothing* can produce but nothing; that it is an idle dream to believe in a philosopher's stone which is to turn everything into gold and redeem man from the original sentence of his Maker, 'In the sweat of his brow shall he eat his bread.' "



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PRELUDE: DRIVING HARMONY

BY WADE HOYT

During the last nine years, Honda has sold more than a million cars in the U.S. Because 94 percent of them are still on the road, it expects to sell the second million in only three years. In 1973 Honda sold fewer than 40,000 cars here, making it the number-12 importer. In 1980 it will probably sell 350,000 cars, making it number three (behind Datsun and Toyota).

You don't zoom to the front ranks by being asleep in the engineering or marketing departments. Honda has always received top marks for its engineering: its Civics and Accords are well known for their quality, economy, durability, and performance.

The Honda Prelude, introduced last year, is a 2+2 coupe that they call "a sports car for adults." The Prelude is aimed directly at the sporty Toyota Celica, VW Scirocco, Datsun 200 SX, and Dodge Omni 024 market, where its price, features, and Honda reputation should make it a fierce competitor.

I drove the '79 model at its press introduction in Palm Springs, Calif., and an afternoon's blast through the desert mountains proved that the car is at its best on twisting, plunging roads, where predictable, stable handling and proportionate power are required. The 1751 cc four-cylinder engine produces 72 horsepower at 4,500 rpm and 94 ft lbs of torque at 3,000 rpm. The five-speed model has a top speed of just over 100 mph and will do the quarter mile in 18½ seconds at 75 mph. I recently acquainted myself with the improved 1980 model in the hilly suburbs north of New York City, where I drove both the standard five-speed model and the new, optional three-speed automatic.

While I am not an automatic-transmission fan, the new three-speed is a big improvement over the "Hondamatic." The two-speed was for lazy Americans who couldn't cope with a clutch; yet they still had to deal with handling the shift lever.

The new three-speed is a real automatic transmission. Put the gas pedal to the floor, and the transmission will hold each gear up to 5,500 rpm for sprightly acceleration. Cruising around town, it shifts at 2,500 rpm, saving gas.

First introduced in 1973, Honda's CVCC engine confounded the experts by easily meeting the 1975 antipollution requirements at a time when Detroit was swearing that it was impossible. Adding insult to injury, Honda modified a pair of Chevy cylinder heads to its CVCC design and demonstrated that even an American V-8 could meet the tough '75 smog specs. Detroit chose to use catalytic converters instead and introduced us to more expensive unleaded gas.

Hondas enjoyed the advantage of using cheaper leaded regular for quite a while, but as the smog specs grew stricter each year, Honda's famous fuel economy began to suffer. Now, in 1980, the inevitable has happened: all Hondas now require lead-free gas, and most of them use catalytic converters.

About 2½ inches have been removed from the Accord's wheelbase to create the Prelude, which is why rear-seat legroom is practically nonexistent in the 2+2. But the front seats are comfortable, and the driver is surrounded by a slew of standard luxury features, including an electrically operated glass "moonroof," a remote-control rearview mirror, side and rear window defrosters, inside hood and trunk releases, carpeting, a digital clock, velour upholstery, a covered coin tray, and enough courtesy lights for a Christmas tree.

A real AM/FM stereo radio with cassette deck has replaced the "rotary control" radio of the 1979 instrument pod. Held over from '79 are the Prelude's peculiar, concentric speedometer and tachometer, with their orange and chartreuse pointers. The rest of the Prelude instrument panel is a busy arrangement of such features as the maintenance reminder, low-fuel warning light, and illuminated top-view diagram of the car that tells you if the doors or trunk are open or a brake light has burned out.

The trunk is deep and roomy and includes two small plastic bins that will keep the standard tool kit, tire chains, or other odds and ends from rattling around. In short, the Prelude is as clever and enjoyable as any Honda. At $6,445, the price is about the same as that of the four-door Accord, which has less standard equipment.

Photographs by Pat Hill

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

greatest curiosities I've ever encountered is a movie company's definition of gross. It's incredible how, with apparent perfect candor, some of the parties involved will sit down and tell you that you're receiving a piece of the gross, but naturally they're deducting the costs of the prints and advertising and overhead and so on. My agents have long since clarified that by gross, we *mean* gross. And if I'm in a picture that suddenly is doing $50 million, I have to feel I've played a part in that.

Penthouse: At what point in your career did you start getting paid that well?

Heston: I didn't join that club until after *Ben-Hur*. Since then, I've done pictures that haven't grossed a great deal of money, and I even ended up doing one film for nothing.

Penthouse: Which one?

Heston: *Major Dundee*, which was the second picture Sam Peckinpah ever directed. When we were three weeks behind schedule and about $600,000 over budget, the studio wanted to replace him with another director. Groups of men in neat black suits came to visit us at our desert location in Mexico, and they told me they wanted to pull the plug on Sam. I was doing that picture under an old commitment Hal Wallis had sold to Columbia, under which I was paid a straight six-figure salary. I had no creative controls on the film, but Columbia very graciously offered me those controls, even though they didn't have to.

Well, I turned around and told them not to fire Sam, and I felt guilty about muscling them. So I called the head of the studio and said, "Listen, I feel badly about this, and I realize there's going to be a lot more overage involved. I'd like to contribute my salary towards that." I was very young and green at that point, but I really had nothing to worry about, because the studio head said, "That's very nice of you, Chuck, but don't be silly. We appreciate it, but we're gonna be fine, and I'm sure the picture's going to be a big hit. Thanks anyway."

I was quite pleased, and I called my agent, Herman Citron, and told him the story. Herman called me a stupid son of a bitch and said Columbia would take the money from me. I told him, "No, Herman, really, he turned it down, and we had a very rewarding conversation." Herman called me back the next day to report that Columbia had taken the money.

Penthouse: How much did that gesture cost you?

Heston: About $175,000. At the time, it created a small stir in the newspapers, and a wire service reporter called me in Mexico. "Tell me, Mr. Heston, do you feel this gesture of yours will set a precedent for other stars?" I said, "Are you out of your mind? It isn't going to establish any fucking precedent for *me*—I'll tell you

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that." On top of that, *Major Dundee* turned out to be a failed film, probably because the studio, Sam, and I all had different pictures in mind. The studio thought we were making a cavalry-and-Indians movie, I wanted to make a film about the Civil War, and Sam wanted to make *The Wild Bunch*, which he did a couple of years later.

Penthouse: Are you usually able to tell beforehand how well a film will do?

Heston: Oh, I remember being sure that films like *Ben-Hur*, *The Ten Commandments*, and *Planet of the Apes* would be commercial successes, but otherwise my judgment's as shaky and unreliable as anyone else's. When I first saw *El Cid*, for example, I was very disappointed by it. Its creative shortcomings are to be found mainly in the first half of my performance. But it was an enormous success, and it's come to be more highly regarded now than it was at the time. I still sort of think my first opinion of it was right, though.

Penthouse: Have you had the reverse happen—where you thought a film would be a huge hit, and it turned out to be a box office bomb instead?

Heston: *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. I went to a sneak preview, which I don't always do, but I did go to that one in Minneapolis, and it got the best preview reaction of all films 20th Century-Fox had ever made up to that time. We all thought the film was going to be great, but the picture was not a commercial success and not really a critical success. That surprised me, because I thought I was good in it, and I thought Rex Harrison was good, which he was. Unfortunately, people just weren't knocked out by it.

I also had a very good feeling about *Antony and Cleopatra*, which I acted in and directed as well. I didn't think it would be a great commercial success—because there's always a thin chance of that with Shakespeare—but I was very pleased with what I'd done. And perhaps because the picture meant so much to me, I was less objective about it than I should have been. In any case, it wasn't particularly well received, either creatively or commercially. I found it utterly exhausting and draining to act and direct at the same time. Actors like Clint Eastwood seem to be able to do both without a qualm, but on the other hand, he's not doing Shakespeare. Anyway, I don't regret having done it, and I'd like to be able to do it again.

Penthouse: You and Paul Newman rose to stardom just after Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas, and all of you played much more aggressive roles than do the newest crop of male superstars—Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman, and Robert De Niro. Any idea why?

Heston: I really think the difference is that Hollywood is now making movies about victims. That raises an interesting question: are films being made about victims because there are actors around like Pacino and Hoffman, or do those actors become popular because the studios are making those films and need actors who can be plausible as guys who have difficulty coping? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? I don't know the answer to that.

Penthouse: What do you suspect?

Heston: Probably a little of both, as is finally true of the chicken and the egg. They came at the same time; neither of them came first. Certainly, it was Dustin's great fortune to come along when they were making *The Graduate*, just as it was my great fortune to come along when they were making *The Ten Commandments*. I suppose our new preoccupation with the victim reflects an anxiety, a loss of confidence, a feeling of inadequacy, that we can probably attribute to a post-Watergate, post-Vietnam pessimism. I want to make it clear that I think Dustin Hoffman is a brilliant, brilliant actor who's made some marvelous films—and I also want to make it clear that I think Michelangelo is a much more interesting man than Ratso Rizzo. He really is. And I think it's equally interesting to see how audiences respond to a film like *Rocky*, which is about someone who goes all out for a goal and achieves it.

Penthouse: Those are the types of characters you want to continue playing?

Heston: Yes, and that somehow seems a trivial admission in the context of our time, which shows that I'm to some degree marked by this, too. But I believe in the hero.

Penthouse: Do you have any in mind whom you'd like to portray?

Heston: Sure, I do. The Duke of Wellington, Jackson again, Rommel in a remake of *The Desert Fox*, and, when I get a little older, Julius Caesar. I really can't conceive of calling it quits, you know. I can see myself getting a call in another 20 years and being taken in my wheelchair and lifted into the back of a van and driven to a sound stage, where they'll say, "Hello, Mr. Heston. Glad you're with us." The director will be some kid who's a freshman at the American Film Institute, and he'll say, "This part is just two pages, and we'd really like to have you do it," and I'll have to tell him, "Well, it'll take me a while to learn it, because I can't see too well, so someone will have to read me the lines till I get 'em." I can envision that, and I can also envision my agent calling around and saying, "Would you like Chuck Heston for this part?" And people on the other end saying, "Who's Chuck Heston?"

But I don't see myself hanging it up. In years to come, I'd love to be a real mean son-of-a-bitch of an old character actor who runs around hitting people in the knees with his stick. And maybe at that point I'll finally be able to accomplish what I've always wanted to do as an actor. To get it right just one time.

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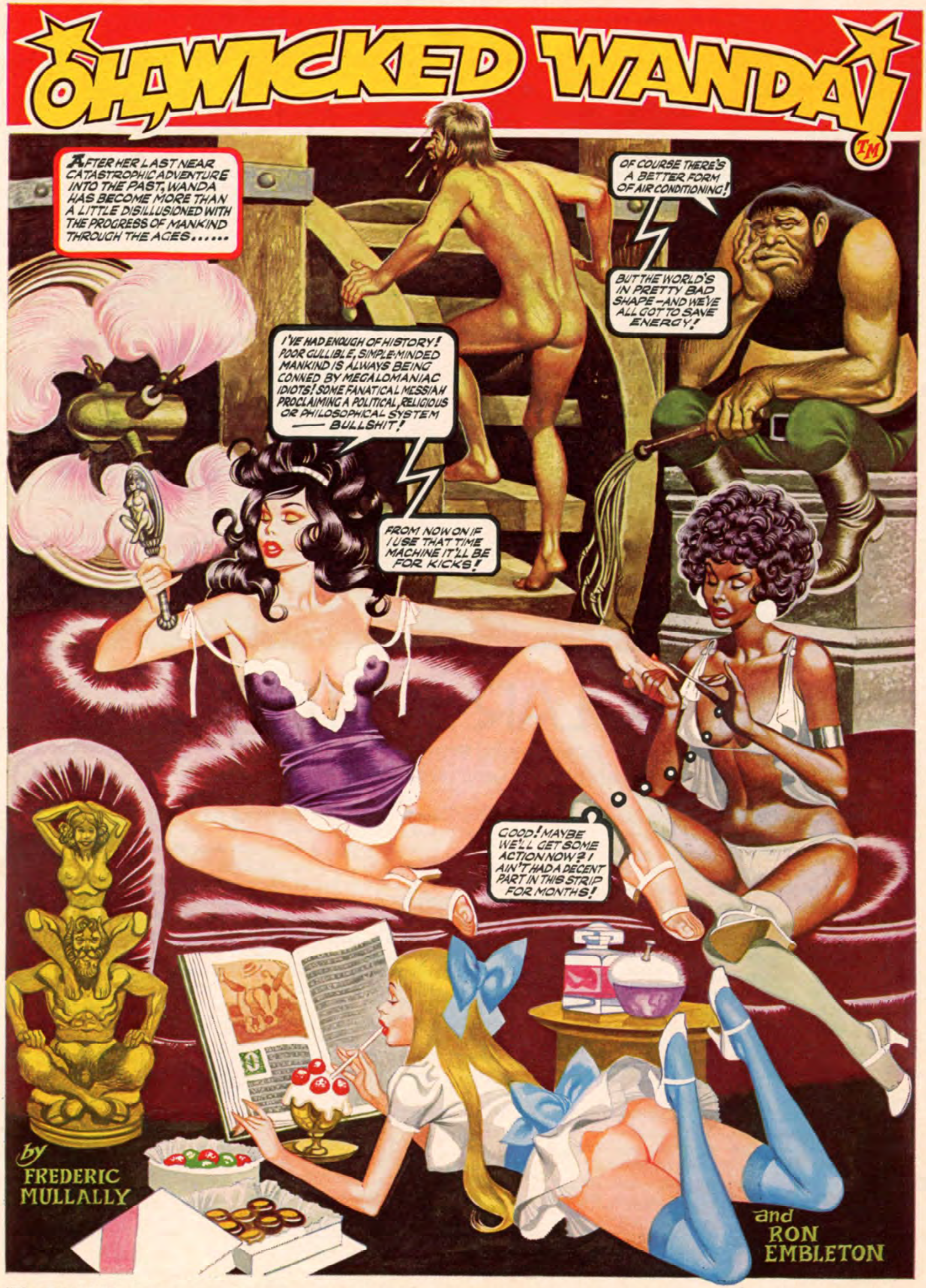
The Sun Protection Factor is a standard index that rates a product according to the amount of protection it offers: the higher the number, the greater the protection.

So that you can evaluate the right product for you from the oceans of lotions around, *Penthouse* lists numerous brand-name sun preparations according to skin category. For the light-skinned who need more protection there are: COPPERTONE Super Shade Sun Blocking Lotion (SPF 15), SUNCARE Maximum Protection (SPF 8), CLINIQUE's Sun Block (SPF 19), BAIN DE SOLEIL Ultra Sun Block Creme (SPF 15), ECLIPSE Sunscreen Gel, SEA AND SKI's Block Out Cream Lotion, ALO-SUN Sun Block Lotion, and SUN SYSTEM's Tanning Strength I First Exposure Lotion.

For darker skin or light skin with a tan base there are ALO-SUN's Super Rich Tan Oil, BAIN DE SOLEIL Suntan Gelee Orange (SPF 4), COPPERTONE's Dark Tanning Oil (SPF 2), SUN GER's Suntan Lotion (SPF 4), SUN SYSTEM's Maximum Acceleration Oil III, ARAMIS Deep Bronzing Oil Gel (SPF 4), SEA AND SKI Dark Tanning Oil (SPF 2), and PIZ BRUN (SPF 2).—*Ed Emmerling*

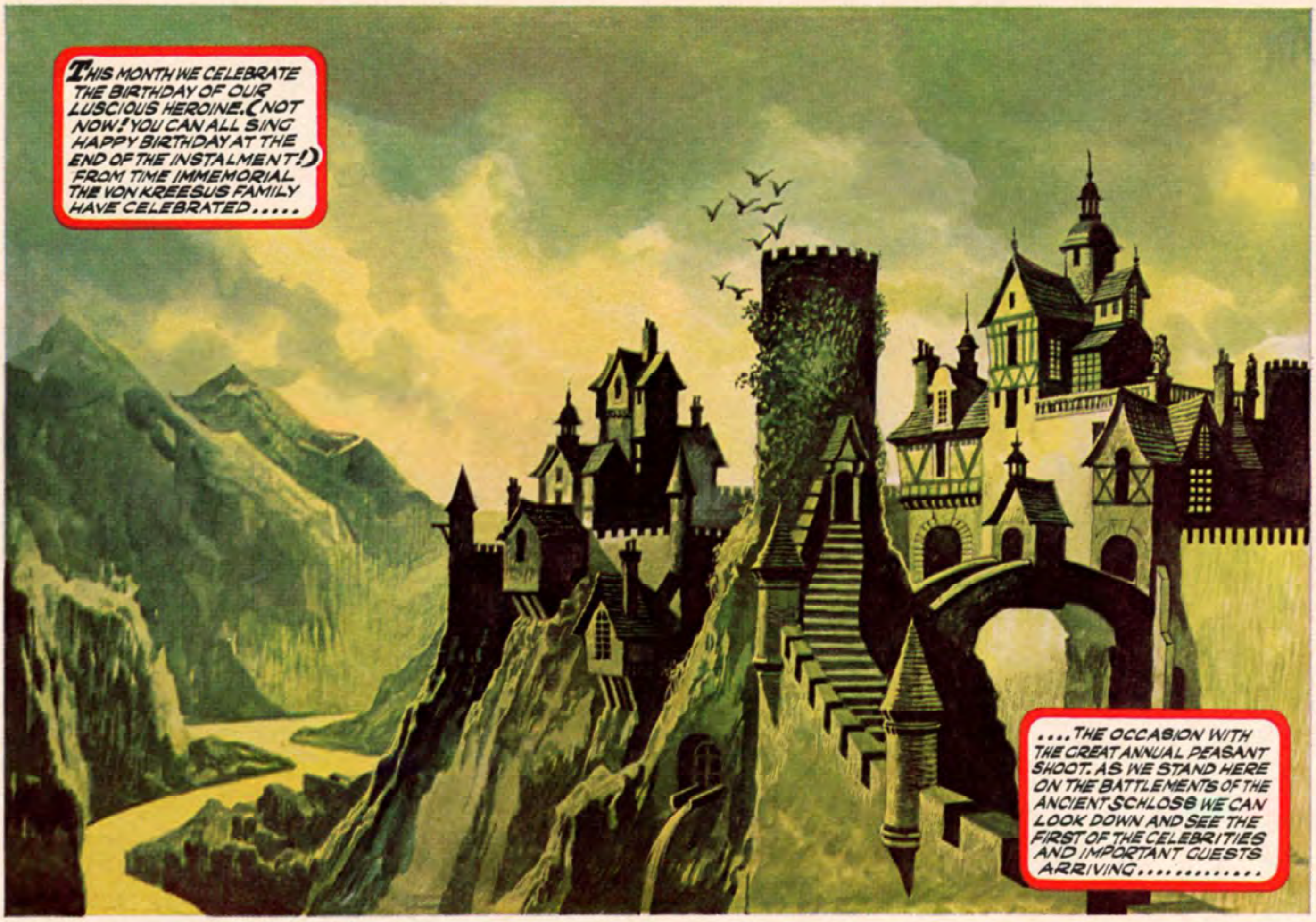
Photograph by Antonin Kratochvil

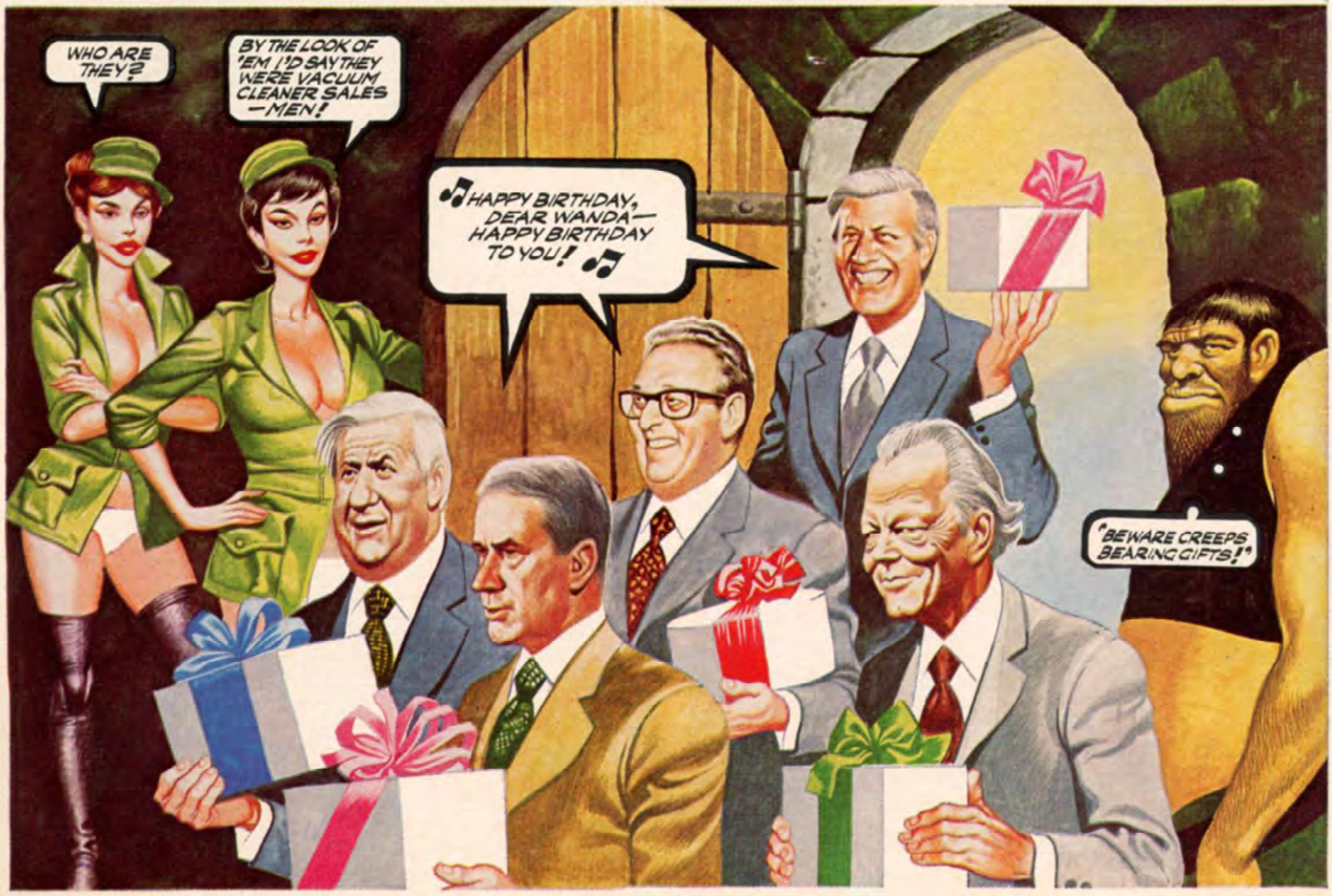
OH WICKED WANDA!

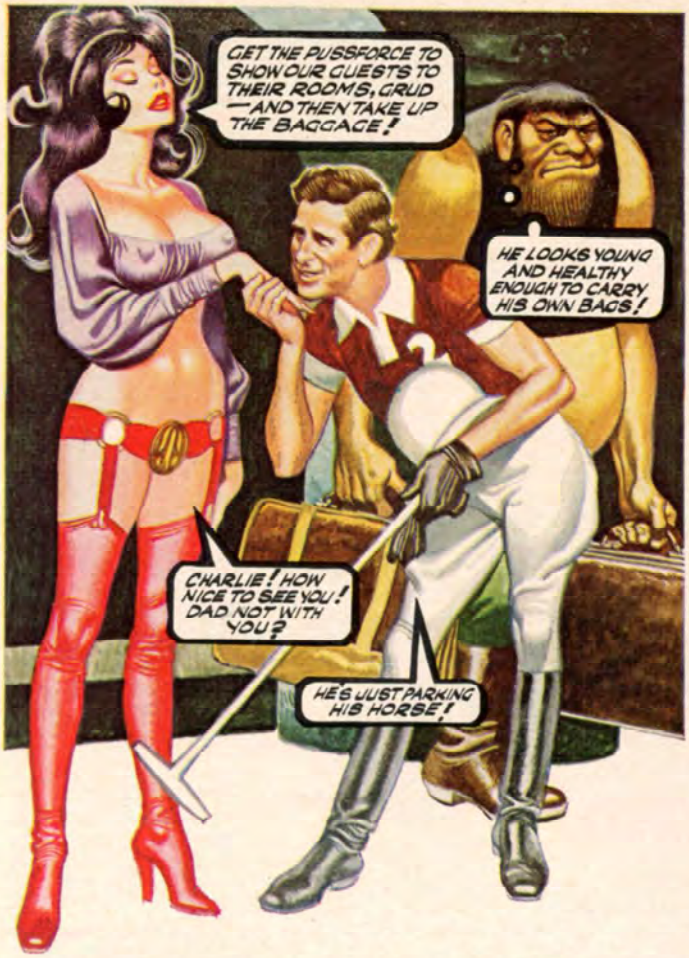

TM
AFTER HER LAST NEAR CATASTROPHIC ADVENTURE INTO THE PAST, WANDA HAS BECOME MORE THAN A LITTLE DISILLUSIONED WITH THE PROGRESS OF MANKIND THROUGH THE AGES......
OF COURSE THERE'S A BETTER FORM OF AIR CONDITIONING!
BUT THE WORLD'S IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE—AND WE'VE ALL GOT TO SAVE ENERGY!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HISTORY! POOR GULLIBLE, SIMPLE-MINDED MANKIND IS ALWAYS BEING CONNED BY MEGALOMANIAC IDIOTS! SOME FANATICAL MESSIAH PROCLAIMING A POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS OR PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEM — BULLSHIT!
FROM NOW ON IF I USE THAT TIME MACHINE IT'LL BE FOR KICKS!
GOOD! MAYBE WE'LL GET SOME ACTION NOW? I AIN'T HAD A DECENT PART IN THIS STRIP FOR MONTHS!

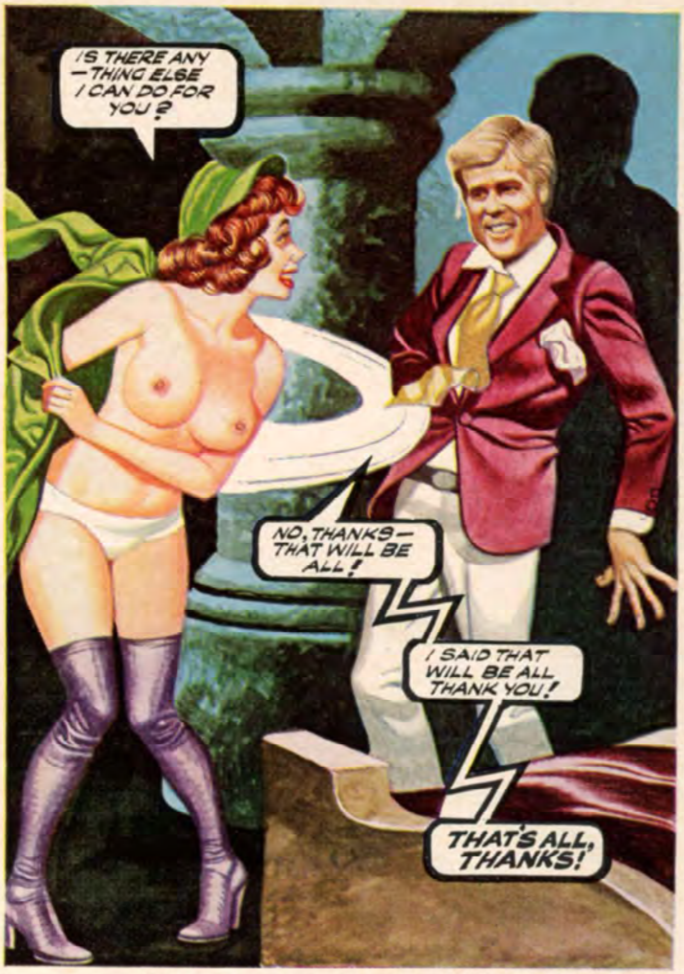
by
FREDERIC
MULLALLY

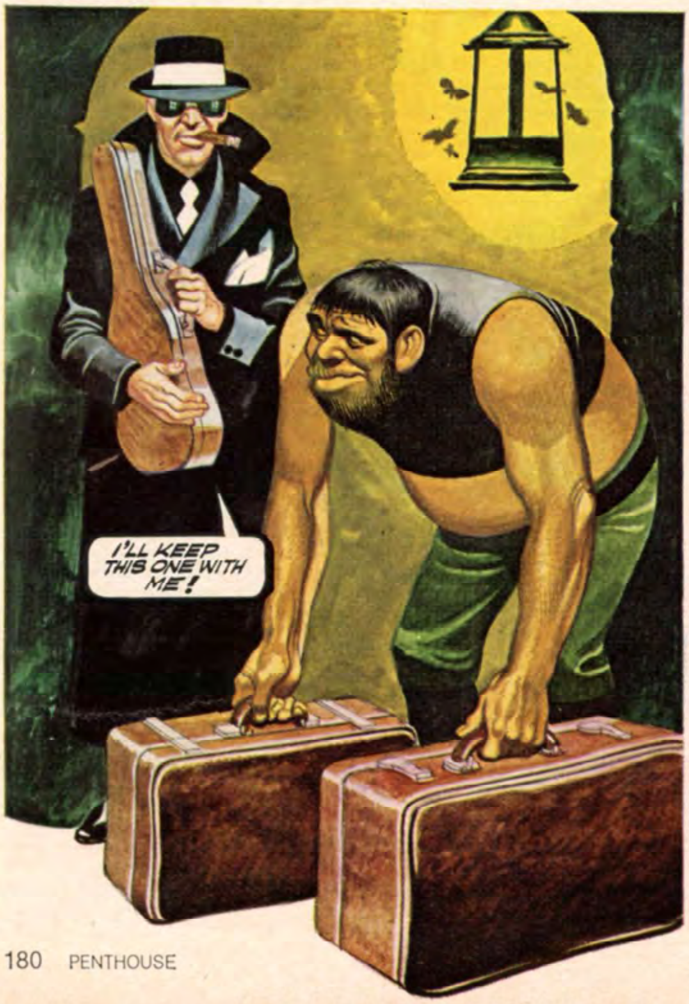
and
RON
EMBLETON

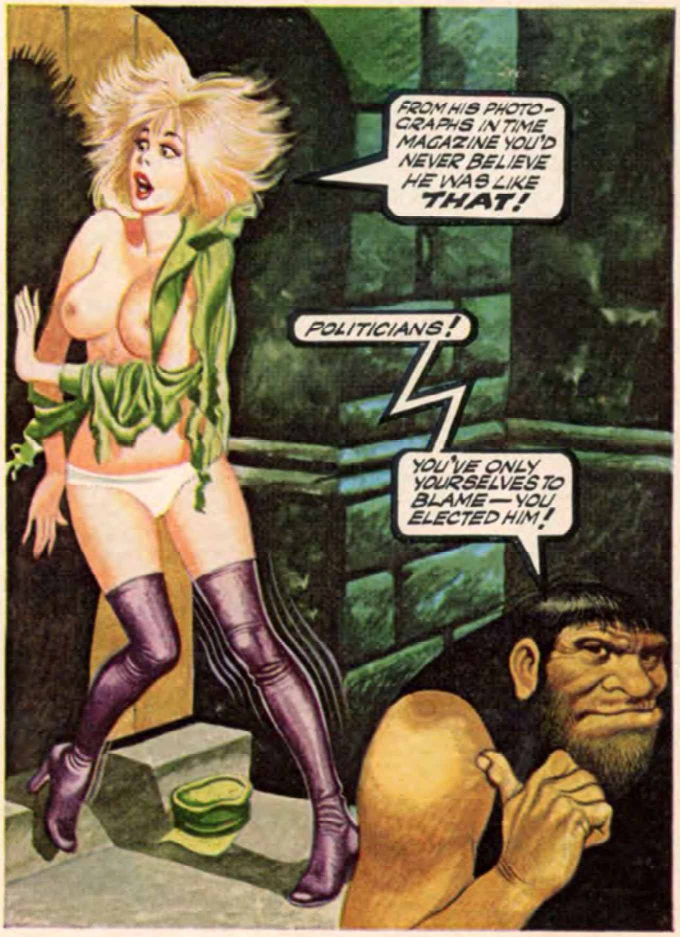

THIS MONTH WE CELEBRATE THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE. (NOT NOW! YOU CAN ALL SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY AT THE END OF THE INSTALMENT!) FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THE VON KREESUS FAMILY HAVE CELEBRATED.....
....THE OCCASION WITH THE GREAT ANNUAL PEASANT SHOOT. AS WE STAND HERE ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT SCHLOSS WE CAN LOOK DOWN AND SEE THE FIRST OF THE CELEBRITIES AND IMPORTANT GUESTS ARRIVING.............

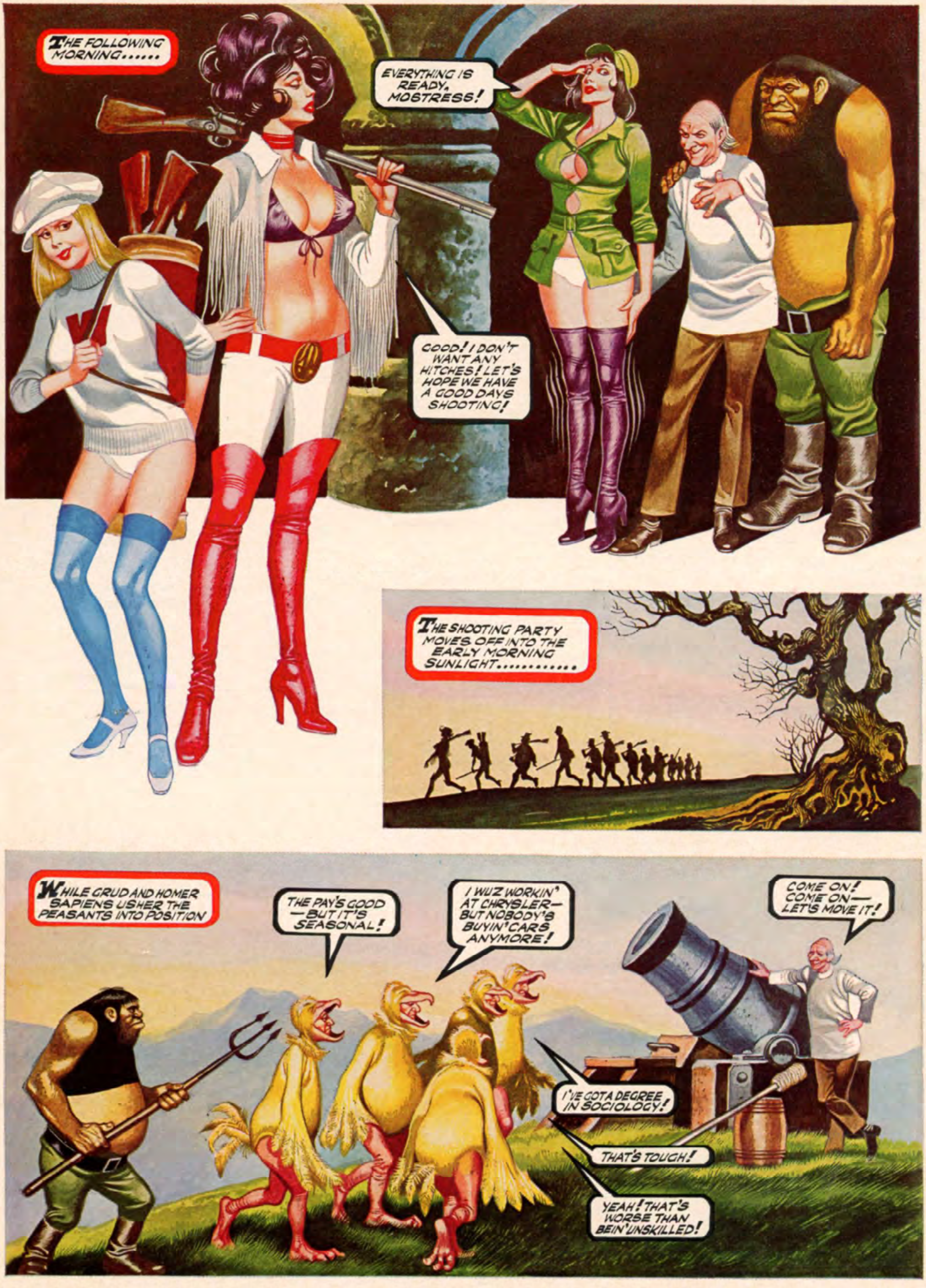

WHO ARE THEY?
BY THE LOOK OF 'EM I'D SAY THEY WERE VACUUM CLEANER SALES-MEN!
♫ HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR WANDA— HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! ♫
"BEWARE CREEPS BEARING GIFTS!"

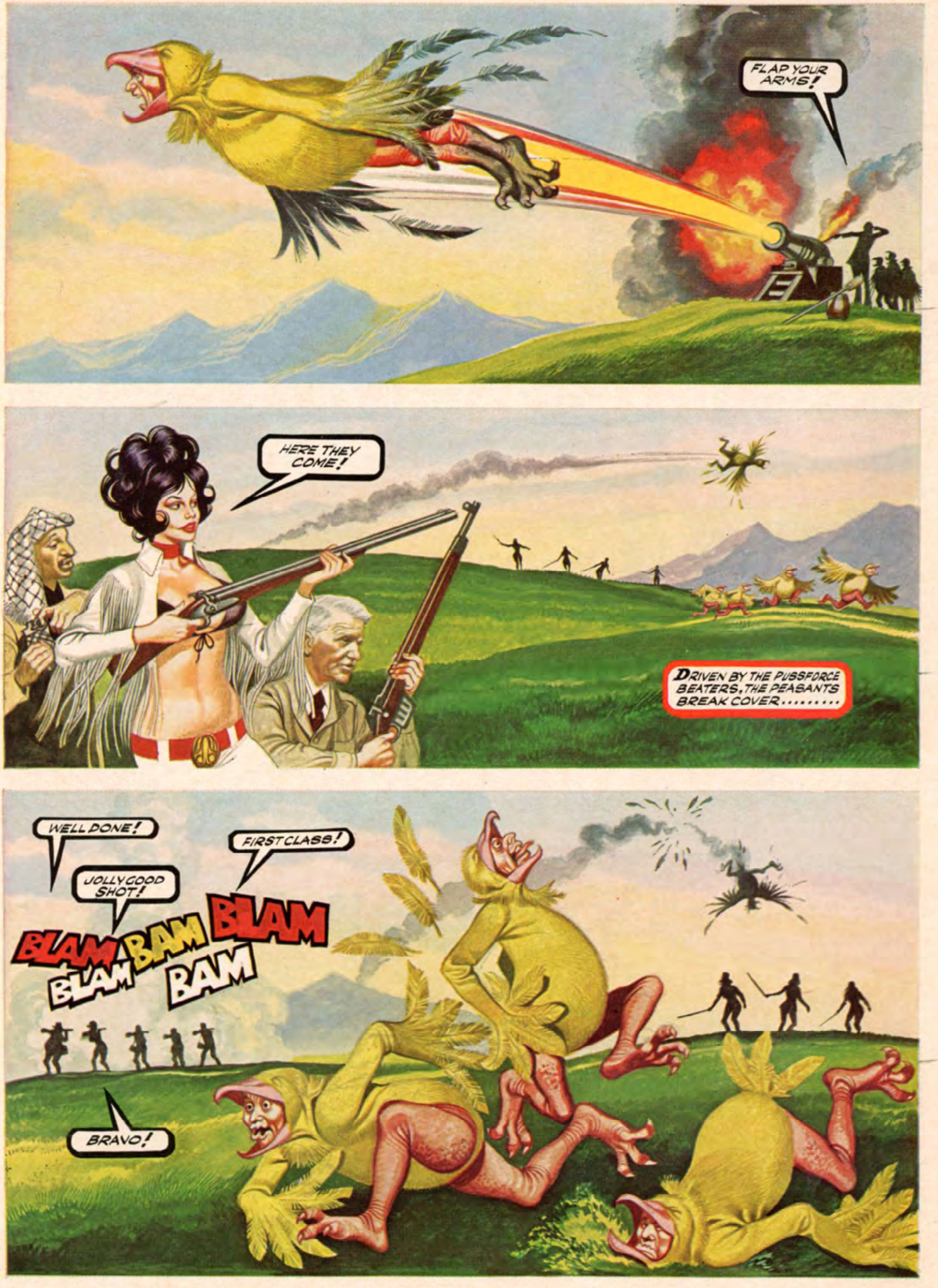

GET THE PUSSFORCE TO SHOW OUR GUESTS TO THEIR ROOMS, GRUD —AND THEN TAKE UP THE BAGGAGE!
HE LOOKS YOUNG AND HEALTHY ENOUGH TO CARRY HIS OWN BAGS!
CHARLIE! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! DAD NOT WITH YOU?
HE'S JUST PARKING HIS HORSE!

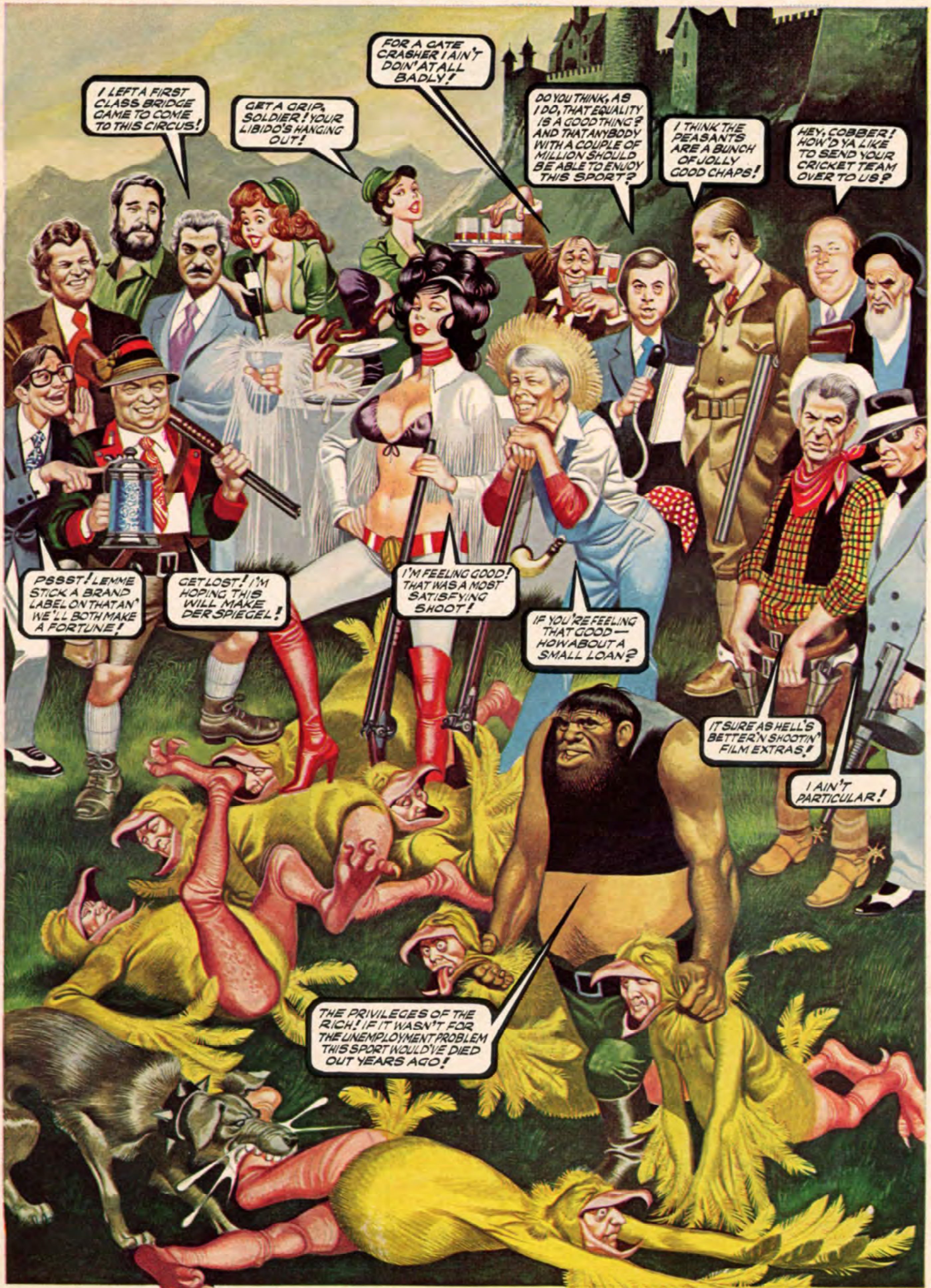

IS THERE ANY —THING ELSE I CAN DO FOR YOU?
NO, THANKS— THAT WILL BE ALL!
I SAID THAT WILL BE ALL THANK YOU!
THAT'S ALL, THANKS!

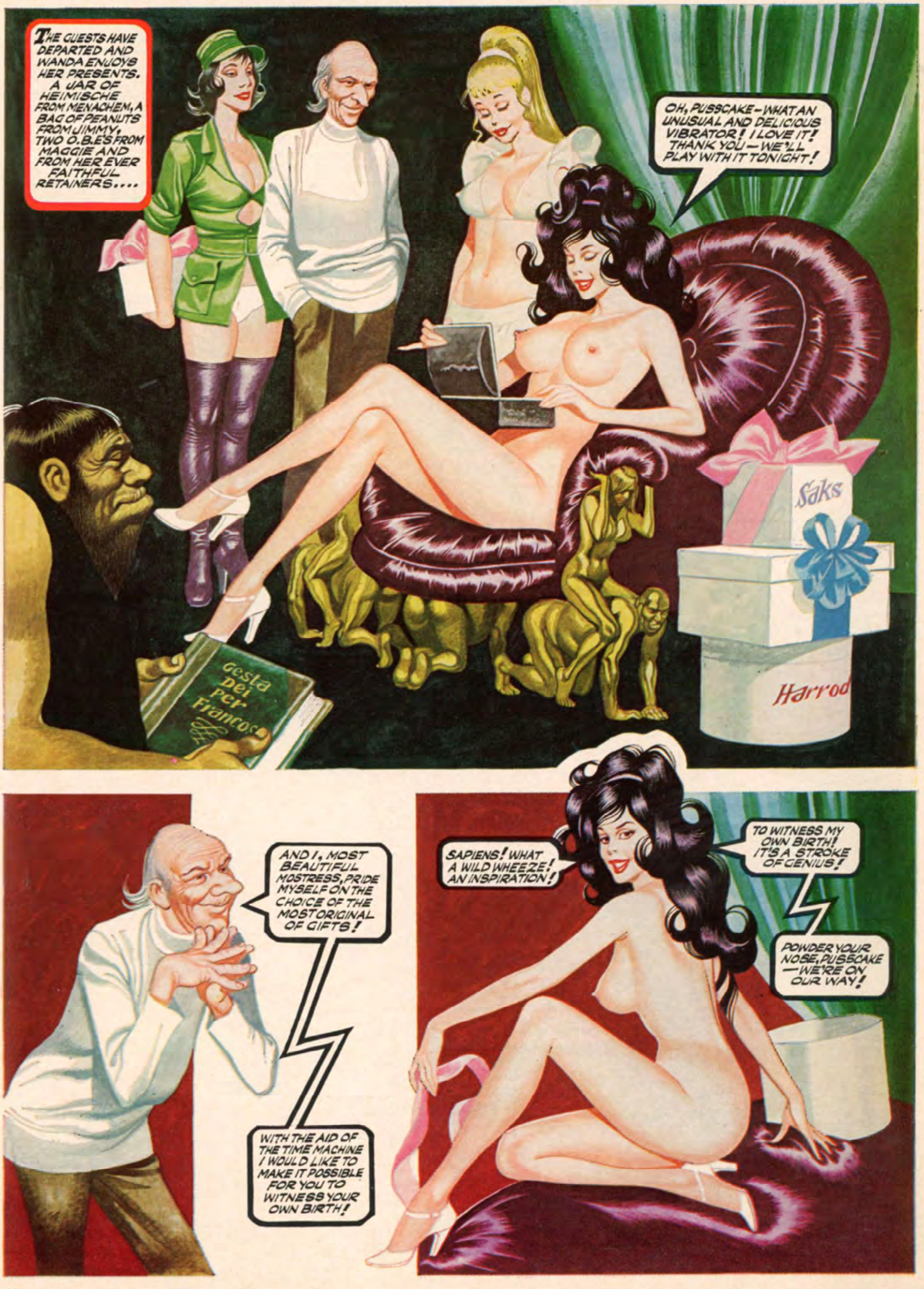

I'LL KEEP THIS ONE WITH ME!

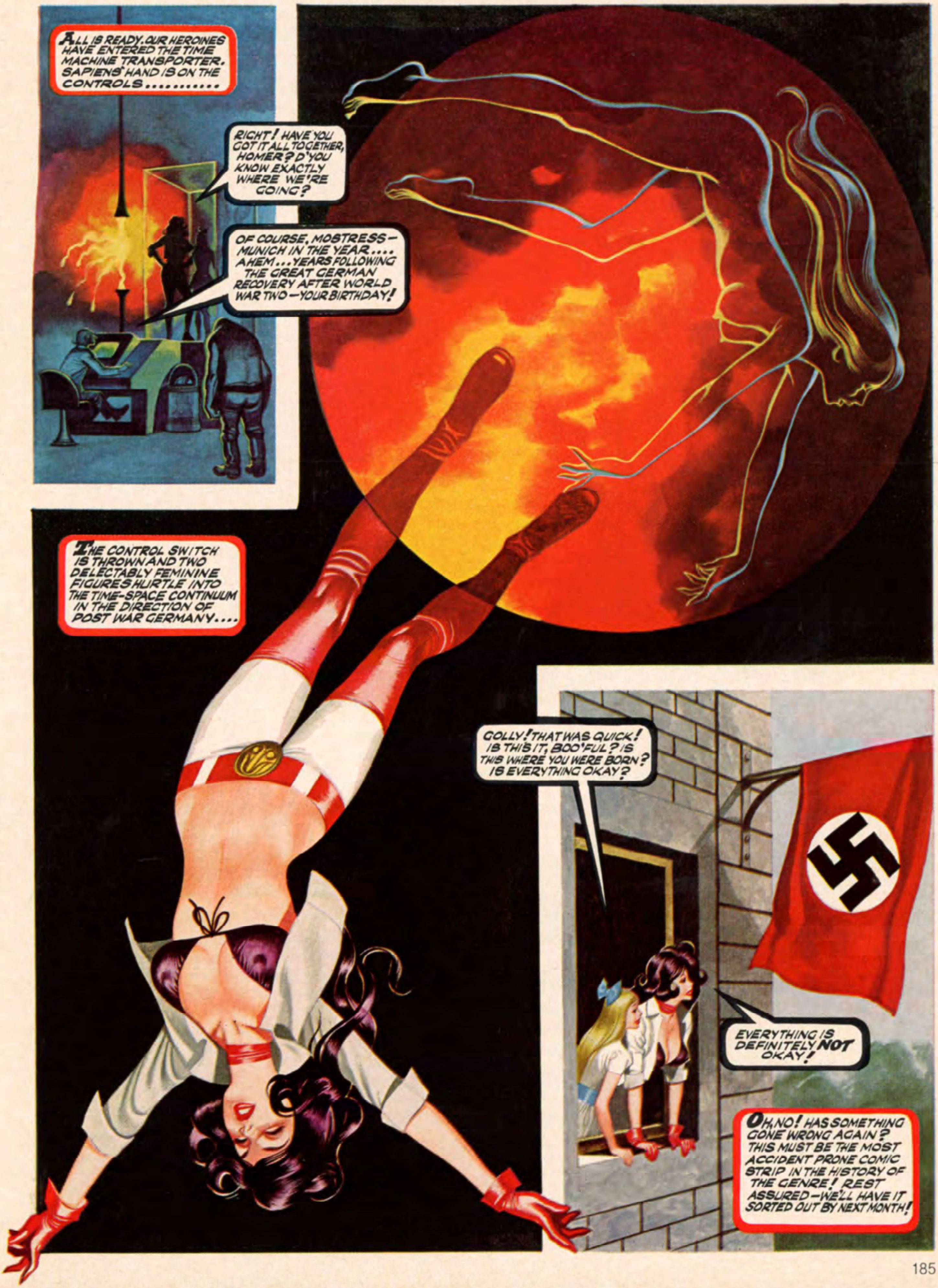

FROM HIS PHOTOGRAPHS IN TIME MAGAZINE YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE HE WAS LIKE THAT!
POLITICIANS!
YOU'VE ONLY YOURSELVES TO BLAME—YOU ELECTED HIM!


THE FOLLOWING MORNING......
EVERYTHING IS READY, MOSTRESS!
GOOD! I DON'T WANT ANY HITCHES! LET'S HOPE WE HAVE A GOOD DAYS SHOOTING!
THE SHOOTING PARTY MOVES OFF INTO THE EARLY MORNING SUNLIGHT............
WHILE GRUD AND HOMER SAPIENS USHER THE PEASANTS INTO POSITION
THE PAY'S GOOD —BUT IT'S SEASONAL!
I WUZ WORKIN' AT CHRYSLER— BUT NOBODY'S BUYIN' CARS ANYMORE!
COME ON! COME ON— LET'S MOVE IT!
I'VE GOT A DEGREE IN SOCIOLOGY!
THAT'S TOUGH!
YEAH! THAT'S WORSE THAN BEIN' UNSKILLED!


FLAP YOUR ARMS!
HERE THEY COME!
DRIVEN BY THE PUSSFORCE BEATERS, THE PEASANTS BREAK COVER.........
WELL DONE!
FIRST CLASS!
JOLLY GOOD SHOT!
BLAM BAM BLAM
BLAM BAM
BRAVO!


I LEFT A FIRST CLASS BRIDGE GAME TO COME TO THIS CIRCUS!
GET A GRIP, SOLDIER! YOUR LIBIDO'S HANGING OUT!
FOR A GATE CRASHER I AIN'T DOIN' AT ALL BADLY!
DO YOU THINK, AS I DO, THAT EQUALITY IS A GOOD THING? AND THAT ANYBODY WITH A COUPLE OF MILLION SHOULD BE ABLE TO ENJOY THIS SPORT?
I THINK THE PEASANTS ARE A BUNCH OF JOLLY GOOD CHAPS!
HEY, COBBER! HOW'D YA LIKE TO SEND YOUR CRICKET TEAM OVER TO US?
PSSST! LEMME STICK A BRAND LABEL ON THAT AN' WE'LL BOTH MAKE A FORTUNE!
GET LOST! I'M HOPING THIS WILL MAKE DER SPIEGEL!
I'M FEELING GOOD! THAT WAS A MOST SATISFYING SHOOT!
IF YOU'RE FEELING THAT GOOD— HOW ABOUT A SMALL LOAN?
IT SURE AS HELL'S BETTER 'N SHOOTIN' FILM EXTRAS!
I AIN'T PARTICULAR!
THE PRIVILEGES OF THE RICH! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM THIS SPORT WOULD'VE DIED OUT YEARS AGO!


THE GUESTS HAVE DEPARTED AND WANDA ENJOYS HER PRESENTS. A JAR OF HEIMISCHE FROM MENACHEM, A BAG OF PEANUTS FROM JIMMY, TWO O.B.E'S FROM MAGGIE AND FROM HER EVER FAITHFUL RETAINERS....
OH, PUSSCAKE—WHAT AN UNUSUAL AND DELICIOUS VIBRATOR! I LOVE IT! THANK YOU—WE'LL PLAY WITH IT TONIGHT!
Saks
Harrod
Gesta Dei Per Francos
AND I, MOST BEAUTIFUL MOSTRESS, PRIDE MYSELF ON THE CHOICE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL OF GIFTS!
WITH THE AID OF THE TIME MACHINE I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO WITNESS YOUR OWN BIRTH!
SAPIENS! WHAT A WILD WHEEZE! AN INSPIRATION!
TO WITNESS MY OWN BIRTH! IT'S A STROKE OF GENIUS!
POWDER YOUR NOSE, PUSSCAKE —WE'RE ON OUR WAY!


ALL IS READY. OUR HEROINES HAVE ENTERED THE TIME MACHINE TRANSPORTER. SAPIENS' HAND IS ON THE CONTROLS............
RIGHT! HAVE YOU GOT IT ALL TOGETHER, HOMER? D'YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE'RE GOING?
OF COURSE, MOSTRESS— MUNICH IN THE YEAR.... AHEM...YEARS FOLLOWING THE GREAT GERMAN RECOVERY AFTER WORLD WAR TWO—YOUR BIRTHDAY!
THE CONTROL SWITCH IS THROWN AND TWO DELECTABLY FEMININE FIGURES HURTLE INTO THE TIME-SPACE CONTINUUM IN THE DIRECTION OF POST WAR GERMANY....
GOLLY! THAT WAS QUICK! IS THIS IT, BOO'FUL? IS THIS WHERE YOU WERE BORN? IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
EVERYTHING IS DEFINITELY NOT OKAY!
OH, NO! HAS SOMETHING GONE WRONG AGAIN? THIS MUST BE THE MOST ACCIDENT PRONE COMIC STRIP IN THE HISTORY OF THE GENRE! REST ASSURED—WE'LL HAVE IT SORTED OUT BY NEXT MONTH!

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medical experts called by the defense squared off against the prosecution's experts. Prof. Karl Bauer, a cancer specialist and also a professor of surgery at Heidelberg University, led off the prosecution's testimony. He derided the Issels concept that cancer is a chronic disease of the whole body, of which the tumor is but a local symptom. On the contrary, claimed Bauer, cancer originates at a single spot and by its action causes general disease in the body. But then he made a strange concession. Judging the efficacy of Issels's treatment against that of conventional medicine was not a matter to be decided by trial, he said, but would require a commission of cancer experts. The issue, he maintained, was not whether Issels had an effective treatment against cancer "but whether he had the firm obligation to perform or refer patients for surgery—the only successful treatment in the early stage of cancer."

Issels's concept of the genesis of cancer, contrary to conventional medicine's theory as expressed by Bauer, is that cancer is "a general chronic illness of the body" which may eventually lead to the body's "permanent inability to destroy cancer cells and finally allows the formation of a tumor. The tumor is therefore merely a late-stage symptom, accidentally triggered off but able to exist and grow only in a bed already prepared for it." This "bed" Issels calls "the tumor milieu." It is the result, according to Issels's theory, of "secondary damage" to the body's organs and organic systems. The causative factors responsible for this secondary damage may originate outside the body—for example, from carcinogenic agents and low-level radiation—or internally, as in the case of viral and bacterial infections or even stress and psychic trauma. It is, in short, the effect of prior insults to the body's systems that leads to their chronic impairment. As Issels puts it, this damage cumulatively affects "the functional, regulative, and humoral balance between organs and organ systems" to the point that one or more systems are severely weakened in their ability to dispose of toxins given off by disintegrating cells. The cancerous condition, therefore, is not cured merely by the removal of the local manifestation, the tumor, but the whole body must be treated in order to restore the body's effectiveness in destroying cancer cells or in preventing them from multiplying into colonies.

Dr. P. Kretz, editor of the Austrian Cancer Society's journal, testified in favor of the "whole-body" approach. Physicians, he suggested, should not be resistant to Issels's whole-body therapy in the face of strong statistical evidence that it is effective and that it "offers . . . an improved chance of a cure."

Prof. Julius Reis, an expert radiologist in gynecological cases, testified for the prosecution that he did not believe that Issels had ever cured "even one genuine case of cancer." Under cross-examination, however, Reis, admitted that establishment gynecologists often could not distinguish between tumor recurrence and the aftereffects of radiation, and that this led to situations in which women were subjected to mutilating radical mastectomies "without any certainty that they definitely had cancer."

Prof. Herwig Hamperl, a pathologist, who took the stand against Issels, had diagnosed a female patient of Issels as having a carcinoma in 1955. Issels subsequently treated her, and in time the carcinoma disappeared. Just prior to the second trial, the medical expert assisting the prosecutor asked Hamperl whether he could confirm his original diagnosis. He wrote back, advising that he could not find the slides containing the tissue sample, that the original diagnosis had not been made by him—and that another pathologist doubted it was cancer. However, Issels's lawyer produced a letter Hamperl had written to the patient's family doctor in July 1961. In it Hamperl had clearly stated that after examining the sample again, he reaffirmed his conclusion that it was cancer. Nevertheless, Hamperl had informed the prosecutor's medical expert, based on his alleged recollection of what the "other pathologist" had told him, that "Issels cannot claim the case as a cure for him."

"How do you explain that?" asked Issels's lawyer. Hamperl couldn't. He was excused from the witness dock.

So it went: the prosecutor's experts, although admitting that patients had had complete remissions after Issels's treatment, resisted concluding that there was any causal connection between his treatment and the remission in every case. They disputed the diagnosis of cancer in each case, even though in all cases these diagnoses had been made by cancer specialists in renowned hospitals and medical institutions throughout Europe and had been confirmed and reconfirmed before the patient ever came to Dr. Issels.

Thea Döhm, Käthe Gerlach, and other patients cured of their cancers by Dr. Issels testified at the trial. In all, 34 representative cases of terminal cancer cured by Dr. Issels's method of therapy were presented with full, meticulously authenticated documentation. The defense introduced evidence that Dr. Issels in 1953 had completely cured Elisabeth Dreyer, the 34-year-old, widowed mother of two children, of a massive cancer that filled her abdomen. Dr. Bodo Manstein, a prosecution cancer expert, had examined Mrs. Dreyer and her medical records prior to the trial; she was still cancer free, 11 years after receiving Issels's therapy and follow-up care. "I am sure the patient would have died without the systematic treatment of Dr. Issels," he responded under cross-examination. He also admitted that it is important to have clinics such as Issels's and that he was "receptive to Dr. Issels's efforts. . . . When he has performed cures, we should recognize them. I recognize the exactness of the case notes and the responsible work in which the clinic engages."

The trial came to an end on December 9, 1964. Two days later the court rendered its final verdict: not guilty. In part, though, the trial succeeded in its objective, for it forced the closing of the Ringberg Clinic—with the resultant deaths of all the patients who were under Dr. Issels's care at the time and otherwise might have survived because of his treatment.

BRITISH BROADCASTING

In 1965, Issels reopened the Ringberg Clinic, and over the next three years he treated 1,545 patients from 36 countries. They came, notwithstanding that he remained the object of false propaganda.

In 1966, after having seen a BBC documentary, "Living with Death," about how a British sociologist, Peter Newton Fenbow, was coping with terminal cancer, Dr. Issels offered the courageous man free treatment at Ringberg. Within three months Fenbow showed a remarkable improvement and spoke on German

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television about the remission of his cancer. Some time later Fenbow showed up at the BBC. The producers of "Living with Death" were amazed by his appearance. Gordon Thomas, one of the producers, recounts: "I saw a remarkable change in the man. The man I left dying . . . was now a vital, living man." Fenbow explained what Issels did. "My first question," says Thomas, "was 'Is he a real doctor or a miracle worker?' Because I couldn't believe, seeing Fenbow, that he was the same man."

Thomas decided to investigate Issels, and he approached Dr. John Anderson, one of Britain's top cancer experts, because he believed Anderson would give him an objective analysis. Anderson, an expert whom the BBC used on occasion for science programs, had impressive credentials: adviser to the World Health Organization, professor of medicine at Kings College Hospital, Rockefeller Research Fellow. Together they went to see Issels.

"Our first impression of Issels, as he showed us around his clinic in Bavaria, was that he is a very . . . dedicated man," Thomas recalls. After spending weeks with Dr. Issels at the clinic and examining his case records, Anderson, in a confidential report to the BBC, confirmed Issels's remarkable results. "I am of the considered opinion," Anderson wrote, "that this is a new approach to cancer treatment and appears to be a considerable improvement on what is usually offered. Dr. Issels is an able physician, a . . . penetrating clinician. . . . He is a shrewd observer. . . . There can be no doubt that he is genuine in what he does and the results he gets. . . . My overall impression is that the clinic is well ordered and fulfills the best clinical traditions. . . ." On the weight of this report, the BBC mounted an exhaustive investigation of Issels's work. The producers not only scrutinized everything connected with the Ringberg Clinic but also tracked down Issels's patients throughout the world. As the investigation went on, Thomas and his coproducers realized that they had the makings of a very powerful film.

During this investigation, however, troubles began at the top level of the BBC. "I was called in by a number of senior BBC executives," Thomas recalls. "One of them, the head of features, Mr. Aubrey Singer, said to me that he didn't want a film that would give any false hopes. . . . I was absolutely astonished to find that Mr. Singer appeared to have made up his mind beforehand what this film might or might not be about." Two other top BBC executives told him they didn't want a film that would raise false hopes or "extend any undue credibility" to a man like Issels. "I then said, 'Have you read the Anderson report?' And suddenly I had an uncomfortable sense that BBC was receiving advice I couldn't quite fathom."

What Thomas soon discovered was that the BBC was being advised on Issels by a trio of cancer establishment experts: Sir David Smithers, a well-known cancer radiologist; Dr. Gordon Hamilton-Fairley of Royal Marsden Hospital, a big-time cancer specialist; and Dr. Robert J. Harris, another pillar of the cancer establishment. Thomas found that they had deprecated Issels in an effort to pull the rug from under the scheduled television production. So Thomas and his associates resorted to making the film covertly on the pretense that they were engaged in another film project. "We put the film together, and BBC looked at it. And then," Thomas said, "all hell broke loose." Thomas was told by Singer that it could not be shown because it gave people hope. Later it was privately screened for "the other experts of the establishment. They universally condemned the film as irresponsible." In an effort to defuse the opposition, Thomas and his associates offered the three experts a free trip to Bavaria to look over the Ringberg Clinic themselves. "When I put the offer to Smithers, Harris, and Hamilton-Fairley, they all came up with the same answer: to even go near Issels would be guilt by association—an astonishing attitude for scientists."

Smithers and Hamilton-Fairley expressed indignation in a letter to Michael Latham, coproducer of the documentary: "First, the programme as presented was tantamount to advertising a cure for cancer which had been pronounced incurable by 'orthodox' medicine. We have made inquiries from the Medical Defence Union, and if anyone in this country, medically qualified or not, were to advertise a cure for cancer, this would, in fact, be illegal under the Cancer Act."

During the heated debate at the BBC over whether to release the film for broadcast, considering the opposition of the medical establishment, Aubrey Singer sought to resolve the question by a *fait accompli*. He seized the film, according to Gordon Thomas, as well as all its archival materials, and he canceled the premiere broadcast of "Go Climb a Mountain," which had been scheduled for March 17, 1970. A front-page article in the *London Observer* on October 18, 1970, brought a swift denial by the BBC of any intent to suppress the film, and it was rushed into the broadcast schedules. On the evening of November 3, 1970, some eight months after cancellation of its first broadcast date, "Go Climb a Mountain" was broadcast to some 14 million British viewers. It created enormous interest among the British public in Issels and his method. And once again, Thomas recalls, "All hell broke loose."

THE ESTABLISHMENT GOES TO WAR

The article in the *London Observer*, the forcing of the BBC's hand, the broadcast of "Go Climb a Mountain"—these were matters that alarmed the British medical establishment. Some British cancer victims were going to the Ringberg Clinic, and that trickle might some day become a flood.

The British Medical Association drafted a resolution calling for action against what it claimed was the "advertisement" for Issels's clinic in the BBC documentary. Other doctors from the British medical establishment commenced campaigning against Issels in British newspapers and magazines. Sir Keith Joseph, secretary for health and social services, noted that Issels's methods and results had not been published so as to "enable a judgment to be given." At the same time, however, British medical journals were rejecting Issels's scientific papers on his methods and results.

As might be expected, the film stimulated intense interest outside the medical community as well. One viewer, the Olympic athlete Lillian Board, who had terminal cancer and was dying, became a *cause célèbre* in the European media when she decided to go to Ringberg. Hundreds of reporters from throughout the world converged on Issels's clinic, and Lillian Board, who had no chance for survival, died in the full glare of the mass media. "The moment she died," Thomas recalls, "Smithers, Hamilton-Fairley, and Harris moved into action. They said Issels was a fraud and a charlatan." The BBC producers were accused of being irresponsible, and false accusations and malicious stories about Issels's background and private life exploded over the front pages of Europe's tabloids.

At that point the British government announced that it would send a commission to Bavaria to investigate Issels. Smithers, Harris, and Hamilton-Fairley, who had opposed the BBC production and had refused to go to Bavaria because they did not want to associate with a "quack," were now the main members of the commission.

GOVERNMENTAL OPERATIONS

In general, the commission found that the clinic was "excellently run." But the commission refused to concede that Issels was actually able to cause remission of tumors. "In our view all the evidence we collected suggests that Dr. Issels's main treatment regimen has no effect on tumor growth. He aims to put each patient in the best possible condition to combat his disease, which is admirable, but there is no evidence from our examination of the patients and their notes that it makes a significant contribution to their survival. We searched for every possible indication of tumor regression not due to cytotoxic

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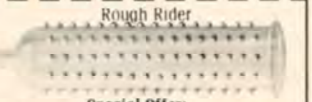

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drugs and found none that was convincing." In essence, it said that Dr. Issels has a good effect on people's psyches but does not cure their cancers with his therapy.

The commission's report concludes: "We are convinced that Dr. Issels believes implicitly in the treatment he gives. We think he does a great deal to help most of his patients. We sadly think, however, that he is misguided in his beliefs and that the treatment peculiar to his clinic is ineffective."

The commission's skepticism centered about the diagnoses made by other institutions before the patients arrived at Ringberg. The report proposes that this was "the main source of confusion about the success claimed by the clinic"; Issels never cured cancer, because none of his cured patients ever had cancer. They merely suffered from "gross overirradiation" or had already been "cured by surgery and irradiation" before arriving at the clinic.

According to Thomas, the actual report was not written after but *during* the visit. Thomas relates that he had people observing the commission, and "it came back to us that they sat around the second night there, saying, 'Well, we've wrapped it all up; let's put the piece of paper together.' And in fact, they wrote the report the second night they were there."

The report's release was accompanied by a massive propaganda effort against Issels. The commission's denial that Issels's treatment had any effectiveness resulted in the refusal of a number of insurance companies to pay the patients' clinic bills. By 1973 Dr. Issels was forced to close the Ringberg Clinic. Since then he has used the facilities of another clinic in Rottach-Egern as a treatment center for his patients.

But that did not dismay Dr. Issels. Cancer patients still sought him out. He still employs the same basic concept and therapy in his treatment. People with cancers still continue to climb the mountains towering over the new Ringberg Clinic and continue to improve under Issels's care.

Perhaps the most important thing to remember is that Issels has a higher rate of cure than anyone else in patients who are beyond conventional help. Remarkably, though, he continues to be blacklisted by the American Cancer Society; but what makes his presence on the Unproven Methods List so invidious is that he does not meet any of the criteria to have been blacklisted in the first place. Issels's combination therapy is condemned as being of no objective benefit in the treatment of cancer.

Dr. Issels is a member of the Bavarian Cancer Society, the German National Cancer Society, and the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh in Scotland. Throughout the years, despite all the obstacles, he has continued to publish scientific articles on his concept, method, and results in reputable scientific journals. An upsurge of interest in his approach has resulted in numerous invitations to address medical associations, including cancer congresses, in his own country and abroad. He has been invited to speak at the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, the Swedish Medical Association for Biological Medicine, at Oxford University in England, and at Sloan-Kettering in New York—citadels of the cancer establishments of two continents.

But despite this upsurge, remnants of the old guard in positions of power in these same medical establishments still continue to regard him as a medical pariah. They resent the fact that the kind of approach he pioneered is more and more beginning to surface in various parts of the Western world, and that there are the discernible beginnings of a new climate in the medical world.

But even the American Cancer Society is beginning to realize that there are things beyond surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy that are effective in the treatment of cancer. That realization is due to the pressure of people asking why we are losing the war against cancer. What happened to Dr. Issels pointedly answers that question. O⊷

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

came looking for us.

I'll never forget that "wilderness trip," and I don't think SMC will either. In fact, she's asked me to go with the group next year as a chaperone. When I told her I wasn't sure, she said, "Don't worry. I'll teach you everything there is to know about nature." The way she said *nature* made me say yes. I'm looking forward, of course, to getting back to nature.—*Name and address withheld*

Porno princess

I, like most, doubted the credibility of your letters until I met the most amazing girl it has been my pleasure to know. I nicknamed her the "Porno Princess," which holds to this day. I was dating her roommate and had not met this gorgeous creature until I was invited to their apartment to ball in the bunk beds her dad had brought with him after he and her mother had separated. The invitation came from Carol, the girl I was dating, not Judy, my "Porno Princess." I accepted readily and rushed over. While I was smoking a cigarette after a bout of not so interesting sex, the idea occurred to me that it would be fun to eat Carol's pussy and have her bewitching roommate suck me off at the same time. Not such a novel idea, but I planned to have Carol in the upper bunk and Judy in the lower. When I asked Carol about it, she was horrified. She finally agreed to ask Judy after we had dressed. And only in a joking manner. I had her climb into the upper bunk, and when I had my face in her crotch, she called Judy into the room to join us.

"How would you like to crawl in there and suck me off while I stand here and eat Carol's pussy?" I asked with a grin when she walked into the room looking puzzled.

"I'd love to!" was her devilish reply.

Carol jumped down, screaming that we were perverts, and ran out of the room. Judy and I followed, and she whispered that she could really dig the idea if I could talk Carol into it. Unfortunately I couldn't and didn't see them until the following week, when Carol invited me to join them at her mother's for a swim in her pool.

When I arrived, they were by the pool, lying in the sun sans tops. Carol is an attractive girl, but she was nothing when compared with Judy. Judy was wearing a crocheted bikini. That hid nothing, and the cheeks of that beautiful ass were just begging to be bitten. The suit was nothing but holes outlined with yarn. I said hello and headed for the house to get a beer. I thought it might cool off the boner I was developing.

While there I decided to take a leak. I had just zipped my fly back up when the door opened.

"Oh! Here you are. You think the toilet seat will be as exciting as the bunk beds?" Judy asked, licking her luscious lips. Suiting action to words, she had my cutoffs down to my ankles and was already running her tongue over the head of my quickly stiffening cock before I could say yes. She looked as if she'd discovered a wondrous, new toy.

She had the most talented mouth I had ever been in. And I was completely hard and straining forward when she abruptly stopped and said she hoped I wouldn't mind what she was about to do. How could I mind anything she did! The sensations were electric. And it was a visual turn-on as well to watch as my hard prick disappeared into her greedily sucking mouth. I was shaking with excitement when she swallowed the whole eight inches. Her head started bobbing up and down on my engorged cock, and soon saliva and my juices were running down her chin, shining wetly on her lips. It was too beautiful a sight, and I tensed as I felt my balls contracting for the ultimate pleasure. She sensed it, too, and jerked back. Grabbing my glistening cock in her hand, she started beating me off, keeping her hungry mouth a couple of inches from the swollen head of my dick. I erupted into her face. The sight was fantastic: her lips were aflame with lust.

I shot many a stream of milky come into her mouth until it filled and ran down her chin, to drip onto her tits. Then she leaned forward and drooled my whole load over the head of my cock and her fingers. Then she started licking and sucking us both clean. I had just finished coming and was still so aroused that I grabbed her head and shoved my dick deep into her throat. My fantasy had always been to get a porn movie blowjob, and was I getting one. She was getting off on the fact that I had just shot my load all over her. I pulled my dick back and started to fuck her mouth with the beginning of another orgasm. This time it was me that pulled back at the final instant and shot a still bigger load than the first one. Come splashed off her lips; milky gobs landed on her eyes and in her hair. And still I came as she groaned and writhed in front of me. I rubbed my come-covered cock all over her face as the drops leaked from my circumcised cockhead. And I then sank weakly back against the sink while she eagerly proceeded to lick me clean again. I smiled down at her, thinking that this was only the beginning of the summer of '80.—*Name and address withheld*

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SOME TRUE SWEETHEARTS OF THE INDUSTRY

Presidential Theft—One of the many hidden frauds of our government is the presidential Secret Fund—hundreds of millions of dollars used secretly over the past 20 years by five presidents to enrich themselves and their families at our expense. Bill Gulley—the officer in charge of the fund under Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter—has decided to tell all in an exclusive first look from the explosive new book *Breaking Cover*.

Some True Sweethearts of the Industry—"Most of the folks in Hollywood are fine people," says author Ben Stein—and he should know, having worked there for several years and having written *Dreemz*, the definitive Hollywood diary. "But," Stein goes on, "there are a fair share of people here who, by dint of superior meanness, hardness, and cunning have risen to positions of great influence in the land of fantasies." In a hilarious article Stein tells behind-the-scenes stories of the record, movie, and television businesses—stories of incredible stupidity and nastiness that insiders in Hollywood have long gossiped and whispered about.

George Jones—"Someday my day will come," sang George Jones in his husky whiskey voice in August 1978. But it seemed then as if his day had passed. One of the great country-western singers was playing roadside honky-tonks, where his name shared equal billing with "Wednesday, beer 25¢," and was reportedly sleeping in his car. Nashville writer Dolly Carlisle records the rise, the fall, and the recovery of a singer who discovered that stardom isn't necessarily permanent.

Boxing as Political Theater—Last October John Tate defeated Gerrie Coetzee for the World Boxing Association Heavyweight Championship in Johannesburg, South Africa. But veteran sports-reporter Joe Flaherty says that this result is of little significance compared with what has happened to the world of boxing. "The possibility for manipulating the heavyweight championship has become global," writes Flaherty. Today promoters have become the real stars of the heavyweight division. And, even more important, "the most glamorous event in sports" has now become a means with which governments try to achieve good public relations. In this in-depth report, Flaherty goes behind the scenes and describes the people and events that shaped the march to Pretoria.

Crisscross—Life in Key West revolves around tourists, the sun, and the pursuit of tonight's high. Growing up surrounded by a variety of hilariously laid-back adults makes the levelheaded Chris Crosse determined to earn enough money to visit his father in a New Zealand monastery. When he stumbles onto an elaborate cocaine scam, he quickly turns the situation to his own advantage, but is Key West ready for a ten-year-old drug runner turned entrepreneur? In this funny, fast-moving short story by Scott Sommer, the "worst fourth-grader in history" learns that not everyone is free to get "Key Wasted."

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy send $2.00 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 1805, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

MISS DIANNE JAMISON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH